From the collection of the

San Francisco, California
2006

THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

v.14-15
1920

VOL. XIV

JULY—DECEMBER

1920

FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1920
BY
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

R050
Un6

Contents

VOLUME XIV

No. 27. JULY–SEPTEMBER, 1920

Work and Play with Herbert Spencer	James Howard Bridge	1
Will the Wage System Last?	Henry Pratt Fairchild	14
Old Examination Hall — China. A Poem	Amy Lowell	34
France and the Mind's Eye	Margaret Widdemer	35
The High Cost of Living	Alexander D. Noyes	43
The Nonpartizan League	Harold S. Quigley	55
O'Dowd. A Story	Donal Hamilton Haines	76
Viewpoint of a Sexagenarian Contributor	Rollo Ogden	90
Confessions of a Septuagenarian Contributor	Brander Matthews	97
Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor	The Editor	109
Private Rights and Civic Beauty	Stephen B. Stanton	130
Certainties. A Poem	Louise Townsend Nicholl	141
Shantung Once More	Nathaniel Peffer	142
Book Reviews	Edited by Paul Elmer More	150

John Marshall and Popular Government — An English Montaigne — A Magnificent Mare's Nest — The Good Old Belief — The Faith in the Unseen — The Goose and the Golden Eggs — Adventurers in Verse — The Cult of Eccentricity Examined.

Correspondence: Herbert Spencer 184

En Casserole: Mr. Howells — Advertisements I Have Known — Prohibition Up to Date — Figs and Fiction — Concerning Picnics — The Joy of Disorder 187

Chronicle and Comment — Henry Irving Brock . . 203

No. 28. OCTOBER–DECEMBER, 1920

The Mark of the Beast	The Editor	223
Poland Today	Charlotte Kellogg	236
The Counter-Revolutionists	Mary Heaton Vorse	25_
Pot Gold. A Poem	Carl Sandburg	270
Aims in College Education	Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.	271
"Dora"	Arthur Bartlett Maurice	288
To Increase Railroad Efficiency	Frank H. Fayant	297
Hellenism and the Fringes of New Greece	John F. Carter, Jr.	309
Shop and Art	Edna Kingsley Wallace	329
Automatism in Writing	Mary Austin	336
Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor	The Editor	348
England, Ireland and Ulster	Stanley Went	372
Rising. A Poem	Lee Wilson Dodd	380
Book Reviews	Edited by Paul Elmer More	381

Henry James Justified — Some Brilliant Inconsistencies — The Race Peril — Muddling it Through — Philosophizing over the Ouija Board — The Bogey-Man Again — A Philosopher-Poet — Humanism in the Humanities — The Social Problem — Some Practical Economies.

En Casserole: Nonpartizanship — The Storm — The Advertising Bubble — A Garden Misgiving — Petty Insurance — Legislating against the Sun — The Tipping Conscience — Glimpses — That Old Assignment 411

Chronicle and Comment — Henry Irving Brock . . 430

209782

The Unpartizan Review

No. 27 JULY—SEPTEMBER, 1920 Vol. XIV

WORK & PLAY WITH HERBERT SPENCER

At the centennial of Herbert Spencer's birth, we congratulate our readers and ourselves upon our being able to give them the following reminiscences from an author who was for five years his secretary.—Ed.

THOSE who have read Herbert Spencer's story of his own life will recall that, during his early manhood, he was engaged in a subordinate capacity in building railways in England. In the Spring of 1882, I stood with him on a bridge crossing the tracks of the London and Northwestern Railway at Harrow Road, near Willesden Junction; and he pointed to the sloping embankment edging the railway as one that he had constructed forty-four years earlier. A short distance across the fields we could see a farm-house at which he had lodged when so engaged; and it was while returning to this lodging that he had had an exciting adventure with a runaway truck. This he narrated as we leaned on the parapet of the bridge. The story is tamely told in the Autobiography, where it lacks the vivid, colorful quality it had when I first heard it.

The occasion was on one of those delightful walks in which Spencer was wont to indulge when his work was possible without frequent reference to notes. Taking a cab or train to the outskirts of London, we would start briskly across the country by paths known to him from long familiarity; and, finding a grassy knoll or shady nook, he would recline with hands clasped behind his head and dictate for ten or fifteen minutes. Then up again for a brisk spurt of a mile or two, until another quiet spot tempted to physical relaxation and the expression of

thoughts that had crystallized during the walk. For these walks were generally silent ones, while ideas were taking shape. This was how parts of *Ecclesiastical Institutions* were written, especially the last chapter entitled "Religion: a Retrospect and Prospect."

The four essays constituting the volume *Man versus the State*, were dictated in the intervals between games of quoits which we used to play in a garden behind the old tavern William the Fourth, nearly opposite the gates of Kensal Green cemetery. Here Spencer paid a few shillings a week for the privilege of working in a beery-smelling room with sanded floor just off the tap room, and a piece of the garden behind in which to play quoits. This tavern was a hundred yards or so beyond the post marking the four-mile circle from Charing Cross; and the first time we drove there, the cabman naturally charged the excess fare which the law allowed for passing beyond the four-mile limit. Spencer disputed the charge, saying that the driver ought to have notified us before passing the mile post; and Jehu, recognizing that an altercation presaged no fee, promptly took up the challenge. The wordy warfare that ensued requires the pen of a Dickens to report it faithfully. Even when angry, Spencer talked "like a book" in polysyllabics of Latin derivation; while Cabby had at command the rough Saxon eloquence of his kind. As the dispute waxed in vehemence, the quoits, which were new, fell from their paper wrapping under Spencer's arm, and I rescued them from the gutter. Thereafter it was his habit to stop the cab a few feet before the fateful boundary was reached, greatly to the disgust of the cabman; and we walked the rest of the way, rejoicing that one of the extortionate fraternity had been disappointed in his expectations. After a time permission was obtained to play in Kensington Palace Gardens, a tiny room in the gatekeeper's lodge having been secured, for a small weekly sum, to work in during the intervals between our games of quoits.

At other times we have alternately worked and rowed in boats on a Scotch loch or along the Sussex shore. In Scotland we once played at fishing from a boat; but Spencer quickly tired of catching perch, which bit too freely and came in too tamely to afford sport for one accustomed to salmon. I remember that here he took out his pocket knife to give the wriggling fish its *coup de grace*, and he looked disgusted while doing it. The gaff promptly ended the struggles of the salmon I saw him hook; and doubtless his sportsman's instinct was thus gratified without painfully violating his humanitarian impulses.

One evening, while sitting over the fire which the Scotch evening chill made comfortable, and sipping glasses of hot toddy — the wee doch and doris that Harry Lauder has popularized — Spencer devised a new kind of knot to fasten the fish hook to his line — one that a single pull would untie whenever he wanted to change the fly. He handed it to me to duplicate if possible; and I surprised him by doing this at once. Answering his puzzled inquiries, I told him that I had learned the trick, and many others with string, from my father, who had been a weaver. "Ah! An illustration of specialization of functions!" was his gratified comment.

He was ever thus alert to recognize such *a posteriori* proofs of his doctrines. At Brighton one day as we walked along the Esplanade, he suggested that we might take a run into the country, he on a tricycle and I on one of those old-fashioned bicycles with a high front wheel, on which, in those days, I was somewhat expert. As he proposed to go and hire these machines forthwith, I smilingly objected that we should be unpleasantly conspicuous riding such machines in high silk hats and frock coats, such as we were both wearing in response to the absurd conventions of the day. Again there were comments on specialization, extending to the minor details of dress. But for my reluctance to attract the amused attention of passers-by, I believe Spencer would gladly

have seized the opportunity of displaying his independent spirit by riding a tricycle along the Brighton front in a tall silk hat and frock coat!

At frequent intervals, as the Autobiography shows, Spencer absented himself from London, to visit friends in the country or to make short trips with some genial companion. On these occasions my own work consisted in gathering material to illustrate the arguments in forthcoming divisions of the Synthetic Philosophy; and, as a guide to research at the British Museum where most of my reading was done, I had a series of memoranda, which varied from time to time according to the character of the subjects to be investigated. For the essays contained in *Man versus the State*, old legal enactments, which had turned out disastrously, had to be hunted through scores of volumes of histories and parliamentary documents, and proved an alternative kind of sport and one as fascinating as the other games we played. In collecting data for the *Principles of Morality*, I had a little book, now before me, in which a page is given to each of sundry moral or immoral attributes accompanying advancing civilization. Here are examples of these pages, which vividly present methods of research by proxy, as well as the mechanics of book making of a certain kind.

Excess and Abstinence in Food or Drink

Primitive gluttony — its adaptation to conditions of irregular supplies of food.

Rise of reprobation of over-eating, when and where and under what conditions.

Over-drinking — considered as subject to no moral criticism; considered as applauded in certain times; considered as reprobated; in relation to societies, habitats, classes, temporary states.

Kindred data in respect of nervous stimulants of various kinds — the approval and disapproval of their use.

Regard for Others' Property

Plundering of enemies held praiseworthy during high militancy; plundering within the society honorable as marking

supremacy; theft praiseworthy if not discovered; respect for property rights increasing as the relation of contract grows; property rights of individuals as coming to be held sacred one against another; ditto as getting more and more sacred in relation to the aggregate of individuals represented by the State; reprobation of injury to property.

Obedience and Independence

The idea and the sentiment of loyalty as growing with militancy; the accompanying duty of submission, and viciousness of resistance.

The idea and sentiment of independence as accompanying the growth of industrialism; the duty of asserting personal claims, with the contemptibleness of servility and the surrender of rights.

There are numerous other pages under the headings of Labour and Rest; Revenge and Forgiveness; Courage and Cowardice; Endurance and Impatience of Pain, Cold, Hunger, &c.; Sexual desires Restricted or Unrestricted; Regard for Others' Lives; Regard for Others' Liberty; Marital Duties; Parental Duties; Humanity; Generosity; Desire to Please, etc.

Then come the general directions to be observed:—

Note the end which injunctions have in view — divine approval, — approval of a living superior, welfare of the community, personal welfare, or a moral ideal.

The facts to be gathered together under the foregoing heads should at the same time be noted in their relations primarily to types militant and industrial.

They should also be considered in their relations to the characters ascribed to the god or gods, and the tacit implication as to what are considered virtues as possessed by him.

Further, the ethical sentiments and ideas are to be considered as being simply identical with the ideas of what the god or gods will, and contrariwise as being separate from, and in the course of time independent of, the ideas of what is willed by the gods.

And in the same way they are to be considered as identical with the requirements of established law or custom, and again later as being independent of, and from time to time opposed to, human law and culture, with the effect of showing under both

these heads the rise and development of the ethical ideas and sentiments as independent of the religious and political.

It may be also noted so far as can be, that this rise of the ethical ideas and sentiments into independence of authority, theological and political, is a concomitant of industrial progress.

Attention may also be paid to the relationship which exists between the rise of ethical ideas into precision and the growth of intelligence and especially scientific intelligence.

Then follow suggestions as to the sources from which these facts are to be gathered: the Zendavesta; the Veddas; the Egyptian Book of the Dead; histories of the Mahabarata; the Sacred Books of the Chinese; collections of proverbs belonging to different races; an Ethical Anthology by Moncure D. Conway; Grote's Greece; Gibbon's Rome; Lecky's European Morals, etc., etc.

"These" concludes Spencer, "sufficiently indicate the scope of the inquiry, and you will be able to fill in the details of it more fully than I can."

Spencer used to say that he always spelt "compliment" with an "e" — meaning "that which is due," which gives a double value to the compliment implied in the closing sentence of this long quotation.

Much has been said and written concerning the value of the Spencerian doctrine as a basis of religion; and the question was well debated at the time of the famous controversy between Frederick Harrison and Herbert Spencer in 1884. At that time Spencer was in unusually poor health, and perhaps did not make so notable a fight as he might otherwise have done. Still the noise of it was heard around the world. His first contributions to the controversy were made from Brighton, where we used to take long walks over the downs, occasionally resting on some grassy bank to write a few paragraphs. The later ones were written in intervals between our games of quoits in Kensington Palace Gardens.

The immediate cause of the controversy — which, besides Frederick Harrison, the high priest of Positivism,

involved Sir James Stephen, one of England's most noted jurists, Mr. Wilfred Ward, an ardent Catholic, Count Goblet d'Alviella in France, and started an infinity of minor polemics throughout England and America, and extending also to Germany and Italy — was the chapter previously referred to, entitled "Religion: a Retrospect and Prospect," now included in the division "Ecclesiastical Institutions" in the *Principles of Sociology*. This short essay of a dozen pages was dictated to me during our strolls about Cassiobury Park, a delightful rural spot within easy distance of our workroom in Bayswater. It was written in a week, and formed the capstone of the elaborate edifice which had taken more than thirty years to build. It is perhaps to be considered the most important part of the Synthetic Philosophy, containing as it does the first presentation of the evolutionist creed by one authorized to make it. It was simultaneously published in London, New York, Paris, Berlin, Milan, St. Petersburg, Budapest, Calcutta, and a week or two later, in Australia, New Zealand and Japan — in Japanese. The special effort taken to obtain simultaneous publication throughout the world is an indication of the high importance Spencer attached to this short statement of evolutionary belief. Now that they are dead, I may say that Professors Tyndall and Huxley both read it in proof, and subscribed to its doctrine.

Count Goblet d'Alviella thus speaks of this important part of Spencer's work in its relation to current religious beliefs:

> The last word of Evolution agrees with the definitions of the most refined theologists, which, transcending vulgar symbolism, have constantly recognized God in the double character of reality and incomprehensibility. We may add that, before becoming the scientific faith of Spencer, Huxley, and even of Haeckel, this religious conception has sufficed for men of the highest mind and the most pious imagination, such as Giordano Bruno, Spinoza, Kant, Goethe, Shelley, Wordsworth,

Carlyle, Emerson, and even M. Renan. It can lead not to religion only but to mysticism.

And then Count d'Alviella cites a passage from a Hindoo mystic:

For the true Yogui, forms become informal, the informal takes form. Mind discovers itself in matter, matter forms itself in mind. In the glorious sun is revealed the glory of glories. In the serene moon mind imbibes of all serenities. In the reverberation of the thunder is the voice of the Lord which makes itself heard afar. All things are full of Him. Open your eyes, behold, He is without; shut them, He is found within.

This reads like a paraphrase of one of the Psalms of David: "Yet," contends Count D'Alviella, "there is not a word in these exalted conceptions in contradiction with the religious conceptions of Mr. Spencer."

In this aspect the Synthetic Philosophy becomes a glorified pantheism. But it is not only a transfiguration of nature; it is also an exaltation of theology; for it teaches the universal fatherhood of God, and the universal brotherhood of man — aye, and of all sentient creation. It is as far removed from materialism as is the Song of Solomon, or the teachings of St. Paul. The Power that holds the planets in their courses and gives the lily its fragrance; that guides the rush of a comet and directs the movement that in ten thousand years produces a microscopic crystal; that has sprinkled the universe with star-dust and put three thousand lenses in an insect's eye; that has given the sun its fire, and the glow-worm its lamp, is the same Power — call it God, the All Father, the Ultimate Reality, the Great Unknown, the Absolute — which wells up in consciousness, inspires our Shakespeares and Miltons, breathes through every living soul, and is behind every impulse for good. Not in the material world alone is its presence everywhere seen and felt; it is manifest in the growth of intellect no less than in the rising sap of every grass-blade; in the voice of conscience as in the song of birds; in the beauty of charity and all kindly sentiment as in the

verdure of awakening spring; in the glow of the poet's fancy as well as in the pink and gold of the sunset sky. To give a scientific basis to this sort of belief is what Spencer has done; and it is this which above all the brilliant details of his great Cosmogony entitles him to the everlasting gratitude and veneration of mankind.

Considered in his personal relations to those about him Spencer was a delightful associate. When his health rose the least above his normal low average, he was bright, cheerful and responsive to all calls for sympathetic understanding. Although I never heard him make a joke or indulge in any light badinage, he had the sunniest laugh I ever heard; and his voice was full of rich sweet inflections. His indignation was easily aroused, however, as we have seen in the case of the extortionate cabman. The current belief of the omnipotence of legislators which finds expression in the saying: "A law ought to be passed" to remedy this or that inconvenience or wrong, never failed to produce an explosion of protest.

His physical aspect was striking, if not imposing; and people seeing him in the street frequently turned round to look at him again. He was above the average height — about five feet ten, of slender build and easy carriage. His features were regular, though the upper lip would seem unduly large but for the strength displayed by the mouth — a characteristic emphasized by the absence of beard or mustache, though he wore short side whiskers. The eyes were gray and somewhat small, but piercing in their brightness. Yet they have been reported as large and brown. That impression of size must have been due to their effectiveness, and as to color, it has been said that the color of some eyes, especially those of geniuses, varies with the direction of the light and the position of the spectator. One friend remembers them vividly as brown. The frontal region was shaped like Shakespeare's as seen in the Stratford bust. A line drawn from the highest

point of the head to the dent between the eyes on his photograph equals in length the rest of the face. The forehead proper is equal in length to the nose and upper lip, which as I have said was unusually long. According to the canons of art, such a face is full of defects. So much the worse for the canons of art: for no one could look into that face without seeing great beauty of an order which defies the tape-measure and compass.

His dress never varied. It was of the fashion of 1860: Prince Albert coat, open vest and a modified stock. In winter he added an Inverness cape.

Spencer never married. During the period of life when marriage might perhaps have come to him, his financial condition made it impracticable. When he broke down in 1855 he was especially warned against living alone; so he took up his abode either with a family or in a boarding house. While I was with him he lived in Bayswater, and within easy reach of his rooms he rented a study and an adjoining bedroom, which served as my own lodgings. Here he worked in the morning from ten until one. After lunch he went to the Atheneum Club and glanced through the new books, avoiding as far as possible any prolonged talk. There he spent most of his evenings, occasionally going to the theatre or making a short call on a friend. His whole life was practically given up to his work.

From America came not only the promptest recognition of his genius, but the greatest amount of sympathy with his views. Many applications of his theories have been made to practical ends in this country, often in directions where least expected. Unfortunately, however, lawmakers have been the last to recognize the value of his teachings, and legal empiricism still presides in our legislative halls.

During our long association we never had a serious difference — a circumstance entirely due to his forbearance; for I had all the assurance of youth, and never hesitated to express dissent from opinions that I did not agree with.

But his sense of justice was never offended by an independent spirit. Indeed, the individuality which was so marked a trait in himself seemed gratified to find kindred; but it had always to justify itself by reasons. For example, he once dictated to me a sentence to the effect that, in opposition to their past functions, the London guilds now exist but "for the benefit of their own members." I did not correctly hear the expression, and wrote "gratification" instead of "benefit." When he came to revise the manuscript he observed the difference, and drawing my attention to it said that the context ought to have indicated that "benefit" was the word intended. I ventured to say that I did not see any "benefit" which members derived from their guilds.

"But don't you know that it is very difficult to get into a guild, and it is considered an honor to belong to one?"

"Yes," I replied with cool assurance; "but that implies no benefit. They eat and drink to a prodigious extent, but properly speaking that cannot be considered more than a gratification."

He thought a few seconds, and allowed the expression to stand as I had written it. The passage occurs in *Political Institutions*.

Here I am reminded of a curious mistake in spelling which can be found in several places in this book. By some mental aberration I continuously transposed the second and third letters in the word "Aryan"; and although the chapters were published serially as essays in a monthly review, where they were read by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of readers, the mis-spelt word reappeared as "Ayran" throughout the book when finally printed. And this despite the readings of proofs, revises and re-revises by Spencer, by myself and by the printer's professional readers. Only when a critic commented on the singularity did any one of us notice it, some weeks after final publication. As the pages had been stereotyped, the error was allowed to stand!

Concerning Spencer's visit to America a whole paper might be written and much of interest and value reported. Here is space only for the briefest reference to it.

He greatly enjoyed the samples of American journalistic ingenuity with which the reporters covered their chagrin at not being able to interview him. For on his arrival he vanished with such abruptness that the newspapers were able at the same time to announce "Mr. Spencer's arrival and disappearance." He was registered at hotels simply as "Mr. Lott's friend;" so the reporters interviewed each other with surprising effect. "He subsists entirely on dry toast and sardines" was the contribution of one. Another wrote, "He is accustomed to carrying around with him a bag of hops, which when placed under his head has a soporific effect; and on Saturday when he arrived at the Bellview Hotel in a cab, he had the hop-bag inside with him and carried it under his arm into the hotel." Another alleged interview, fully a column long, was in this strain: —

"Yesterday, when Dr. Youmans, editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, welcomed Mr. Herbert Spencer on arrival at New York on the Servia, the following conversation took place after the friends had warmly greeted each other:

"The Doctor: My dear Master, how did you enjoy that unceasing redistribution of matter and motion, which was brought about by the conveyance of your homogeneity across that condensation of the primordial nebulosity, which men have come to denominate the Atlantic ocean?

"Mr. Spencer: My dear disciple, not to occasion any disagreement between the objective order of phenomena and the subjective order of thought, I must say that upon the ultimate congeries of ultimate atoms the predominant disintegration of matter occasioned a dissipation of motion in my abdominal viscera which, though it was occasioned by the environment, was excessively disagreeable to the ganglionic interiority, and produced such an

abominable cephalagia that the coherent aggregate of sensations was far different from hedonic."

And so on for a column or more.

This sort of *blague* ceased the moment Spencer allowed Professor Youmans to interview him and send the interview broadcast to the papers. This famous interview will not have been forgotten. It was characterized by the *New York Tribune* as "one of the most profound estimates of the tendencies of republican institutions in the United States which have ever been formed." It ought to be in the hands of every American boy to-day.

The only other opportunity Spencer had of addressing the American people was at the banquet which was tendered him at Delmonico's. His speech was a protest against a form of intemperance which is particularly prevalent here: the intemperance of work. "We have had somewhat too much of the gospel of work," he said. "It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation."

It was on this occasion that the greatest pulpit orator of America paid a tribute such as none but Henry Ward Beecher could utter, and such as none but Herbert Spencer could so fittingly receive; and he closed it with the following beautiful exordium:

"May He who holds the storm in His hand be gracious to you, sir. May you find on the other side all those conditions of health and comfort which shall enable you to complete the great work, greater than any other man in this age has ever attempted. May you live long to hear from this continent and from that other, an unbroken testimony to the service which you have done for humanity; and thus, if you are not outwardly crowned, you have an invisible crown in your heart that will carry comfort to death. And I will greet you beyond!"

James Howard Bridge.

WILL THE WAGE SYSTEM LAST?

I

WE are often told that men's political and economic theories are nothing more than attempts to state or explain social conditions as they exist at the time being; that theories change with changing conditions, and that a change in facts always precedes a change in theory. This is doubtless true to a large extent. Just as in the realm of physical science the hypothesis or theory which, when sufficiently verified, becomes a "natural law" is only our formulation of what has been observed uniformly to happen, so in the field of social relations any general theory or law is a statement of what transpires with regularity under a given set of conditions.

From this premise there is frequently drawn the corollary that since today's theories are the result of today's facts they can therefore have no causative relation to the facts of tomorrow, and that accordingly political and economic theories have only academic interest, serving to explain to the inquiring mind the course of events which move on by their own momentum, but having no bearing upon what that course shall be. This doctrine is profoundly false. It ignores the fundamental distinction between the physical and social sciences, which is that the unit particles in the field of social phenomena are, in some sense, self-governing, which we do not grant to atoms or molecules. All strictly social phenomena, therefore — all the things which differentiate a human society from an unintelligent organism, a coral reef, or a pack of wolves—arise from the *willed* acts of human beings. Every volitional act, in turn, of an individual arises from a belief, and the volitional acts of groups of individuals are the direct results of a consensus of beliefs which we call a social theory.

So true is this that Norman Angell, the keenness of whose political insight the war has amply demonstrated, takes as the text of one of his most significant chapters the statement by another author that "Not the facts, but men's opinions about the facts, are what matter." Men act in the light of what they think about the facts. That their thoughts may be entirely unsound and unwarranted by the facts makes no difference. To be sure, to the extent that men are intelligent, and can learn by experience, their beliefs and theories are eventually checked up against the facts, and corrected. But the process takes a long time and is always far from complete. At any given time the course of social evolution is controlled and directed very largely by beliefs which, though widely held, are erroneous.

History, ancient and modern, furnishes a multiplicity of verifications of this truth. Two examples will suffice. For countless centuries it was believed in the most civilized countries that severe punishments, particularly if publicly administered, would act as a deterrent to crime. Henry VIII of England was a firm devotee of this theory, with the result that 72,000 persons were hanged in the course of his reign. A remarkable passage from a letter of instructions to one of his Dukes makes it clear that his severity was supported by his belief that disloyalty would be reduced thereby. This belief has been one of the hardest for men to abandon. If crime failed to decrease under a certain set of laws it was assumed that the punishment was not severe enough, and the penalties were increased. Within a few months from this writing, a convict was hanged in a Chicago prison in the sight of the rest of the prisoners, in the belief that it would tend to make them "lead better lives." The most advanced theory of today is that severe punishments, especially if publicly executed, tend to *increase* crime. Assuming that this new theory represents the facts, its acceptance today will lead to a

sounder and more humane procedure in the future, though it cannot restore the lives of the hundreds of thousands of victims of the old mistaken theory.

For a hundred years and more myriads of immigrants from Europe have braved hardship, privation, and uncertainty to cross the Atlantic and take up residence on the North American continent. This great social phenomenon — the most spectacular population movement of all time — has rested entirely on human belief, the belief that in the new world the immigrant would find increased happiness, prosperity, or contentment. In countless cases this belief was substantiated by subsequent facts. In thousands of other cases the belief was erroneous, resting upon the glowing delineations of the steamship agents rather than upon truth. But in every case it was the belief, not the accuracy or falsity of the belief, that determined conduct, and gave its character to this stupendous movement. In the meantime, the people of the United States as a whole, though warned by an occasional protesting voice, have acted upon the theory that there was a magical potency in American life which was taking these aliens and smoothly and efficiently transforming them and absorbing them into the body politic, after the figure of the melting pot. This theory dominated our policy for many decades, and it took the great cataclysm of the war to reveal even to "the wayfaring man, though a fool" how thoroughly out of conformity to the facts it was. Now we have swung around, and are trying to avert the consequences of a mistaken theory by the harsh and drastic expedient of wholesale deportations. We *believe* that this will help to remedy the situation. Time may prove that we are wrong. But until it does, we can only act upon what seems the best theory.

Herein lies the great danger of democracy. In the days of Henry VIII the beliefs of one man were the important thing. In every oligarchy the theories of a few

determine events. But the safety of a democracy demands the most unflagging zeal for the universal dissemination of correct political theories, and the universal recognition of the necessity of constantly checking up the theories, however fondly cherished and widely accepted, against the ever changing conditions of a dynamic society. This is something that men hate to do. Having once worked out a theory which satisfactorily explains the facts of a given epoch, they are reluctant to abandon it, and when it becomes evident that facts are changing so as to undermine the theory, there is a tendency to resent the change, and to attempt to prevent the alterations in fact for the sake of preserving the theory. This is a highly dangerous procedure. For a social theory tenaciously held after the conditions which justified it have disappeared may retard progress indefinitely and may transform a smooth, orderly process of evolution into a bitter and catastrophic upheaval.

II

Of all the social sciences, probably economics is considered, and rightly, to have approached most closely the exactitude and fixity of the physical sciences. We are accustomed to think of the law of supply and demand as immutable and absolute, like the laws of gravitation or chemical affinity. Thus a writer in a recent number of *The Unpartizan Review:* "Sentiment is as helpless in the presence of economic forces as it is in the presence of the law of gravitation." Of course every student of economics recognizes that many of the economic theories of the past were mistaken and have had to be corrected; he may even admit that the best theories of the present may need to be modified and amended in the light of farther facts. But most of us are inclined to assume that back of our human formulation of economic laws there are eternal verities in which we can place the same confidence that we do in the basic forces of the physical

universe. It is a wholesome thing to realize that this assumption, if true at all, is true only to a limited extent. The laws of economics must be regarded as tentative and transitory, not only because it is exceedingly difficult to study economic facts by strictly scientific methods, but because the facts themselves — the volitional wealth-seeking activities of human beings — are subject to unpredictable changes. Of course the only economic theories that have any influence worth considering are of the type already described — a consensus of belief or group opinion — not the kind that some individual works out by the armchair method.

For instance, one of the stock arguments against socialism as an economic system has always been that with the removal of the motive of financial self-interest production would suffer from the lack of an adequate incentive. But the war showed us that under favorable conditions the desire for public service, at least when coupled with the need of self-defense, will drive men to more arduous and efficient efforts than the lure of wealth. Until we can be positive that the motive of public service can never become generally operative under peace conditions, this argument against socialism is not conclusive, though perhaps such an outcome, even as a possibility, is too far in the future to justify practical interest. Again, it is a startling but incontestable fact that if the simplest principles of Christianity — "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," "it is more blessed to give than to receive" — should ever be generally accepted (a thing which, however improbable, we are not yet ready to admit unthinkable) every economics textbook in use would have to be thrown into the waste-basket. Our whole economic theory is based on the assumption (safe enough, indeed, for all present action) that men will not do unto others as they would be done by, that they do not love their

neighbors as themselves, and that it is more blessed to receive than to give.

It is hard for us to visualize a state of society where the interest of others would have as much weight in determining conduct as our own interest. Yet it is doubtful whether a development of human sympathy which would be sufficient to overthrow all the laws of supply and demand would require any greater progress in altruism than has actually transpired in the last three or four centuries as represented by the general humanitarian movement.

In these days of flux and transformation, therefore, it is highly important to recognize that even those economic theories which have been regarded as most fundamental are really only relative, that the bases upon which they rest are at least conceivably susceptible of change. Yet it is plain enough that a quick adaptation of theories to fit changing conditions is the surest guarantee of peaceful progress and preventive of violent cataclysm, while premature changes are fatally obstructive. This is particularly true in the matter of the relation of labor to the other factors of production, which is one of the fundamental features of economic life, and one of the problems upon which economists have expended an untold amount of study. With labor disturbances on every hand, and wages problems thrusting themselves forward from every angle, it is well worth while to review the different wage theories which have commanded attention in the last one hundred years and particularly that which eventually dominated thought and practice down to the present time.

III

As an aid to achieving a suitable state of mind for studying wage theories it is well to remember that our present wage system, as a dominant industrial relation, is only a few generations old — a mere instant in the

great span of human experience. It is of course impossible to fix an exact date for its commencement. It is sufficient to recognize that it has come into existence since the system of serfdom, which furnishes many contrasts to show how completely new the wage system is. The greatest contrast obviously is that between status and contract, but there are several other features which, individually or collectively, set the wage system entirely apart from any preceding industrial expedient.

The wage system, concisely stated, is one whereby the majority of the workers in gainful pursuits participate in production solely by their labor, which is sold to other parties, at terms fixed by a free contract, to be expended upon materials belonging to other parties, for the purpose of producing a product which at no time belongs either wholly or in part to the laborer, and over the processes of producing and disposing of which he has no control. Labor has about the same relation to the product as the coal thrown into the furnace of the power plant, or the lubricant poured into the oil-cups.

We are all inclined to feel that the institutions and social forms of our own day are the ultimate and final product of evolution. We admit, of course, that some amendments and reforms may come, but it is hard for us to realize, however assiduously we study history, that in a few generations many of our stable and cherished institutions may be supplanted by other forms as far removed from the present as the modern marriage procedure is from wife purchase or wife capture, or as far as democracy is from the absolute rule of divinely authorized monarchs. The great difficulty is to conceive of the coming of something the features of which we cannot predict. The feudal lords of the middle ages could not have predicted the modern wage system any more than the slave-owning landlords of Rome could have foreseen the feudal system. The fact that we of the present generation, thoroughly inoculated as we are

with the individualistic-capitalistic system of the nineteenth century, cannot depict another system which will not only be different, but which will approach more nearly to the ideal of human justice, is no proof that such a system will not come. In point of fact, in accordance with the law of the accelerating rate of human evolution, changes of a given magnitude occur in ever shorter periods of time as the world rolls on.

Not only do the forms of today come to be looked upon as stable and unchangeable but they acquire a certain moral quality, so that those who predict (not to say advocate) a new order are looked upon as the enemies of society. This is very curiously illustrated by the extraordinary amount and variety of confusion which exists with reference to the various forms of radicalism which are rampant today, whereby one who advocates the nationalization of natural monopolies is classed with anarchists, and one who proposes to give women, married or single, equal financial responsibility with men is consigned to the same category as the advocate of free love. Any newspaper picked up at random will afford illustrations of the prevailing practice of classing one who advocates a different system of property rights as an enemy of the government. For example, an editorial in the *New York Times*, entitled "Enemies of the Republic," contains this sentence, "A gentleman who believes in 'the nationalization of railroads, coal mines, and perhaps other public utilities,' naturally shudders at deportations and has no sympathy with 'the anti-radical policies' of Attorney General Palmer." It would be a tremendous shock to a good many people to be confronted with the proposition that socialism, as an economic system, whether desirable or not, probably could be completely installed in the United States without altering a single important feature of the machinery of government.

The wage theories of the past, present, and future,

therefore, can be adequately considered only by realizing that they are nothing more than explanations of the basis of remuneration of labor, and have to do with morals or governmental forms only as all social institutions have a certain interrelationship.

IV

In conformity with the facts, all the important wage theories of the nineteenth century started with the assumption that labor, or the laborer, is paid for his contribution out of funds belonging to some other individual or group of individuals. This relation has been variously expressed by saying that wages represent advances made to the laborer by the capitalist to enable the former to live while the process of production is being carried on, or as the return to the laborer of his share of the product. A complete wage theory must explain not only why wages must be paid, but how they come to be fixed at a certain amount. It is to this latter problem that economists have devoted most of their attention.

The wage theories which have predominated in economic thought from the beginning of the Industrial Revolution down to the present are four in number. The distinctive feature of each can be grasped without any undue digression into abstract theory or intricate analysis. The first to demand attention is the so-called "iron law" of wages, which held that general wages tend to be fixed at the minimum point necessary to enable the laborer to maintain himself in a reasonable degree of economic efficiency and rear a family to supply the laborers of the next generation. This was obviously a pessimistic theory, which harmonized well with the prevailing conception of economics as the "dismal science," and both rested upon and supported the Malthusian doctrine of population which was its contemporary. It also fitted in well with the social and economic conditions of the early nineteenth century.

The "iron law" was abandoned partly because it was visibly not absolutely true, there being at all times numerous laborers' families who were not living on the bare margin of subsistence, and partly, in all probability, because people did not wish to believe anything so horrible. It was succeeded by the "wage-fund" theory, which held that at the beginning of each year or season of production, the employers set aside a certain proportion of their capital to be paid as wages during the ensuing period. The amount of wages which each laborer received was the quotient derived by dividing the amount of money by the number of laborers. Increases in wages were thus made to depend on the increase of capital, and the limitation of population. This doctrine was very grateful to the capitalists, as it gave the credit for all positive progress to them through the accumulation of capital, and enabled them to answer complaints about low wages by saying that it was the laborer's own fault for having too many children. After long and heated discussion this theory was finally abandoned, because it had no real resemblance to the facts — no employer actually being in the habit of setting aside a certain amount of money for wages at the beginning of the year, or even determining in advance how much he intended to pay in wages during the year.

It was supplanted by the "productivity" theory, which maintained that wages are the return to labor of that part of the product which it has actually created, or in its most developed form, "wages are the discounted marginal product of labor." This was a very optimistic theory, corresponding to the improved conditions of labor, and particularly acceptable to the capitalist because it gave the laborer to understand that he was getting all he deserved, and that the only way to get more was to work harder and produce more. But in time this theory, like its predecessors, has weakened before the attacks of its critics because it cannot stand up beside

the facts. There is nothing in this theory to show why wages differ so widely in a given industry in a given district, or why, as the result of a strike, wages may rise fifty per cent without any change in the price of the product, or why equally efficient women workers receive only half or two-thirds as much as men. It is, in truth, an *ex post facto* argument, one that begs the question. In the complicated processes of modern production no one has ever attempted to demonstrate what the actual contribution of each laborer is. It is sheer assumption that the laborer gets his contribution back, and from that assumption a deduction that what he contributes determines how much he gets.

Every widely accepted economic theory is almost certain to contain an element of truth, and to have a certain relation to the facts upon which it is supposed to rest. None of them is made out of whole cloth. Thus the theory which, beyond all question, best explains the amount of actual wages — the "bargain" theory — takes something from each of the others, particularly the "iron law" and the "productivity" theory. These two theories are very illuminating if considered not as complete explanations of wages, but merely as stating respectively the minimum and maximum limits between which wages must necessarily range. It is clear that over a long period of time wages cannot fall below the minimum of subsistence, else the number of laborers would decline and the competition for those who remained would raise their wages. It is equally clear that capitalists cannot continuously return to laborers more than their product, for this would bankrupt industry. But between the limits fixed by the "iron law" and the "productivity" theory there is an area of undefined extent over which wages range in response to factors not accounted for by any of the older theories. Within these two extremes the amount which is paid for any unit of labor is the result of a genuine bargain, just as

in the case of any other commodity, except that the market conditions are more varied and imponderable than in the case of any other commodity, involving all sorts of conditions of intelligence, foresight, knowledge, need, sympathy, personal relations, venturesomeness, and everything else which goes to make up an individual's economic situation. This is the theory to which any practical employer would subscribe. He knows that he buys his labor just as he buys his coal, or his oil, or his raw materials.

The laborers have always fought against the bargain theory of wages. They have vigorously objected to considering labor a commodity, and court decisions have been invoked to establish the point. They have insisted that a man should receive some especial consideration from the fact of his being a man, and that his productive capacity should not be thrown into the open market like so much inert matter. But these protestations have been of no avail. Whatever the economists might have been deciding as to theory, we have in practice said to the laborer, "You are worth just what we can get you for. Your capacity is subject to economic laws just like any other element in production. Your standard of living, the size of your family, your hopes and ideals have nothing to do with it. Your value is strictly a scarcity value, and you may expect to be paid just what your place can be filled for and no more." Departures from this procedure, which in all candor have occurred in countless thousands of cases, are merely deviations from the theory indulged in by individual employers who choose to be actuated by other principles than economic law. And any employer who habitually pays more than the accepted market rate of wages is almost certain to incur the enmity and condemnation of his class. This is particularly true in the case of domestic service, where the relations of serfdom still survive to a marked extent. Mrs. Jones, who is clever enough to

secure a maid for a dollar less than her neighbors wins the admiration and envy of those neighbors, while Mrs. Brown, who pays her maid a dollar more than the current rate gets herself disliked. The characteristic attitude of the orthodox nineteenth century school of economics was forcibly expressed by one of its most brilliant spokesmen, William Graham Sumner, in the contemptuous scorn which he directed against the very idea of a "Menschenwürdiges Dasein."

V

The modern industrial unrest signalizes labor's eventual acceptance of the bargain theory as the correct interpretation of the actual facts of the remuneration of labor during the nineteenth century, and simultaneously registers a protest against those facts. This protest takes two forms. In its first form, labor accepts the bargain theory unreservedly and proposes to carry it to its logical application. Labor's reply is, in effect, "Very well, if we are worth just what we can be got for, we will proceed to show you just how high that figure may be raised. If wages are to be fixed by an unyielding competition, we will carry our end of that competition to the limit." This form of protest is represented by the trade union movement. Having been taught by long and bitter experience how unequal are the terms of the wage bargain when the laborer dickers as an individual with the employer, laborers have learned to combine, and are only beginning to learn how great is their power if the combination can be perfected.

It must be confessed that labor has been a thorough, though perhaps slow, student in the school of economic bargaining. The devices and expedients which it has developed are appalling in their devilish ingenuity. And the moral indignation expressed by many people with respect to the consciencelessness and general depravity of modern labor is, even while justified, grimly amusing.

We are told that " this overweening greed, this limitation of product, this insatiate desire for advancement, this indifference to the profits of industry are intolerably unsocial." To be sure they are. But so were many of the methods of capital from which labor learned the lessons which it is now putting into application. All's fair in war.

The second form of protest is represented by the extremely radical economic doctrines that there can be no satisfactory economic conditions as long as one class of producers is paid by another class of producers, in other words, as long as the relation of master and servant persists in the economic field. "Wage-slavery must go." Some form of coöperation must be devised whereby the two basic factors of production, capital (including land) and labor, shall be on terms of perfect equality. Of course there is also the ultra radical element, represented by Syndicalism and the I. W. W., which demands a complete reversal, and the placing of all power in the hands of labor as a class. The actual course of events, however, is almost always found in the mean, not in the extremes, and the Syndicalist ideal is no more likely to be realized in the future than is the individualistic-capitalistic system to be perpetuated.

All indications point to the conclusion that the days of the old bargain system of wages and the facts that permitted it are numbered. For reasons which it is not necessary to enumerate labor has acquired a solidarity, a power, and a self-conscious strength which will never permit of the restoration of the old conditions of bargaining. The pious protestations that the interests of capital and labor are identical are now recognized for the pitiful fallacies that they are. Any one who gets the least insight into the economic system of the past century knows that the interests of capital and labor are diametrically opposed, and always must be as long as that system persists. Of course in a general and rather

remote way both capital and labor are interested that production should be as ample as possible. But the direct and immediate problem is how much of a product that belongs to one party the other party can secure as his remuneration. This is the thing that vitally concerns the laborer. He will take his chances on there always being product enough to pay him any wage which he may be able to extort from his employer.

There can be little question that at the present time labor is more unscrupulous, selfish, reckless, irresponsible, and generally unsocial than capital. What else is to be expected from labor's training and opportunities — especially when it has its innings. The one who has the upper hand can afford to be arrogant. And on the other hand, there is no more significant sign of the times than the eagerness of capital, grown most conspicuous within the past half dozen years, to placate and win public opinion.

As long as A hires B to help produce a product which belongs to A, there will always be an opposition of interest between the two as to how much of the product is to be turned over to B as his compensation. When the conflict is multiplied into nation-wide production, it becomes a matter of such stupendous proportions and such unmitigated evils that the general public, the party of ultimate interest, cannot tolerate its indefinite continuance. The bargain system of wages under the conditions of the nineteenth century was intolerable because the terms of the conflict were so unequal. The gains of labor during that century are perhaps to be credited as much to humanitarian violations of supposed economic law as to the capacity of labor to win things for itself under the operation of that law. The bargain system of wages in the twentieth century is also intolerable, but because the parties have become so nearly equal in power that the general public suffers from the fierceness of the unending strife. One of the penalties we must pay for

political democracy is the abandonment of industrial autocracy. We cannot give the great mass of the people education, free thought, free speech, free assemblage, and a free press, and expect them to remain contentedly in a state of economic subordination.

VI

What the solution will be no one can predict with certainty. Those who are concerned that the transition should be by orderly evolution rather than by revolution, and who have the intelligence to help direct social currents should devote themselves soberly to working out a system which will both harmonize with the new economic forms which are most likely to arise, and which will help those forms to come into being by preparing the general public to understand and accept them.

There seem to be two main possibilities, either some method of actually evaluating the contribution of each laborer so that the return in wages may be demonstrably equitable, or else some entirely new system of relationship between capital and labor. The former problem seems almost incapable of solution. Modern production is so complicated and infinitesimally subdivided, that while each minute operation is absolutely essential to the whole, it is impossible to determine its relative importance and value. Even in so relatively simple a matter as the making of ready-made clothes the process is broken up into standardized operations. One man spends all his time making lapels, another pocket flaps, another buttonholes, etc. Who can say what part of the value of a fifty dollar coat is represented by the pocket flap?

One of the foremost economists of this country, in an article published a few years ago, cited the case of a certain factory which had declined from a long period of profitable operation into one of absolute loss. Nobody could discover what the trouble was. As a last resort the superintendent was dismissed and a new man put in his

place. The new incumbent took no drastic action, but spent his time wandering about the plant in an apparently aimless way, but with his eyes wide open. Finally, down in one of the initial stages of production, he found two men who were soldiering on their job, and thereby holding up the entire plant. He dismissed them, put two faithful men in their places, and production at once bounded ahead to profitable proportions. The query with which the author pointed his moral was, "Wasn't this superintendent worth the fifty thousand dollars the company had to pay him?" The answer is obviously affirmative. But another question insistently intrudes itself, "How much was that piece of work worth, upon the faithful performance of which the entire prosperity of the plant depended? Does a man who can detect poor work deserve any greater pay than the man who does good work?"

Last summer 1,114 policemen went on strike in Boston for something better than $3.66 per day in wages. During the first day that they were off duty damage was done because of their absence estimated at $300,000. How much are a policeman's services worth per day? A little later from 30,000 to 40,000 longshoremen went on strike in New York. The loss caused by their idleness was estimated at more than $1,500,000 per day. What is the value to the community of the daily labor of a dockhand?

The simple fact is that under the complex conditions of modern life we are all infinitely dependent on each other. The contribution of many of the humblest workers is virtually indispensable, and therefore of immeasurable value in itself. It has doubtless been largely because we could not determine the actual worth of a service that we have had to fall back on the scarcity valuation, and say that the price of a job is measured by the sum for which somebody can be found to do it. It has accordingly come about that those pieces of work for which the greatest number of people are fitted, which are never-

theless often the most necessary and essential, are regarded as worthy of the lowest pay. Just because a man has qualities which are common to the great mass of humanity, even though they are the most necessary qualities, he must content himself with a minimum remuneration. Abraham Lincoln is reported to have said that the Lord must love common people — he made so many of them. The Lord may love common people, but the fact that he made so many of them is no evidence of it while the bargain system of wages prevails.

Even though a method could be worked out for evaluating the contributions of laborers, it would hardly be more than a temporary solution of the labor problem. For the problem is much more than one of wages. To assume that the ambition of the laborer can be permanently satisfied by increases in wages, however munificent, is entirely to misread the signs of the times. Labor will be satisfied, and a stable adjustment reached, only when labor as a body (it usually helps to interpret economic problems to think of the aggregate "labor" rather than of individual laborers) attains a degree of dignity, responsibility, independence, and interest equal to that of capital.

It would be vain to try to work out in advance the exact steps by which this result is to be achieved, or the definite lineaments of the new system. Neither should we expect the change to occur immediately or all at once. The natural way of progress is by successive steps in a given direction. Some of our industrial plants which have provided for the election of labor members on their boards of directors are unquestionably moving in harmony with the developments of the future. They are anticipating in a small way the time when labor will share with capital in both the control of production and the ownership of the product.

The stock objection to such schemes as have been proposed in the past for labor's participation in the gains

of industry, such as profit sharing, has been that, in all logic and fairness, if labor is to share in the gains it ought also to share in the losses, but that labor is not in a position to assume the risk of loss. This is perfectly true of the individual laborer, but it is not true of labor in the mass. The enormous union funds revealed by recent strikes show how large a surplus labor can make available for purposes which it believes in. Possibly in the future some form of insurance will be devised whereby labor's risks may be widely distributed, and reduced to proportions bearable by the individual laborer. Or some form of labor investment may be devised which will do for labor what the limited-liability joint-stock company did for capital.

It is not necessary for peaceful progress that we should foresee far in advance what the new forms will be. Nor is it desirable that we should attempt to hasten their coming prematurely. To do so would in fact be disastrous. What is necessary is that every thinking man and woman should recognize the transient character of the best economic theories, and should realize that those who impede progress by clinging to an outgrown theory must share the responsibility for any violent upheaval which may come, equally with those who try to force the adoption of new and untried devices before the time is ripe for them.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

In fact, in what we fondly call the social "sciences," not much has ever come or is going to come from "devices" or "theories": the material is so complex that substantial progress results almost entirely from experience, with some little assistance from deliberate "trial and error."

Not only the transitoriness of human institutions, but the specific indications of capital and labor point to the gradual disappearance of the wage system. In its primitive and least equitable form — of payment without reference to product — it is disappearing already, and this despite the unconscious

efforts of the unions to retain it against their own desires, by restricting product, making that of each man's day the same as each other man's, and of course the consequent pay even. The able men are not all submitting to this, even now, and the number who do will decrease rapidly. That will make pay depend more and more on production, and will rapidly increase the property-holders among laborers, and take them out of the wage class as at present constituted.

But there is a growing tendency to place capitalists into the wage class and into the unmeasured-production section of it, at that. The rapid increase of corporations is turning the old-fashioned individual owner, as such, into a stockholder; and the same man, as a director of the business, into a wage-paid officer of the corporation.

Meanwhile the more capable laborers are also becoming stockholders in the business, and to that extent their own employers.

Thus employers and employees are approaching the same status and becoming, each man, a wage-payer as well as a wage-receiver in the same coöperative enterprise. In this coöperative relation, there will be less and less need of the capitalist bargaining with himself as producer, and the producer bargaining with himself as capitalist; and there will be more and more tendency of what either loses in one capacity being made up to him in the other.

As far as we can now see, this process must go on until the present wage system disappears, and the capitalist and the laborer become the same man.

That this process is going to be materially increased by taking part of the able and industrious man's share, and giving it to the stupid and lazy, is an opinion worthy of, and generally held by, only the stupid and lazy. Private property is going to continue, with the family, as both have always been, the cornerstones of civilization. It is significant that those who attack the one are generally those who attack the other. But we see private property, at a geometric rate, taking the shape of stock in coöperative enterprises. For the state, however, to become the only such enterprise, would attack the individual initiative on which, as far back as we can see, progress has depended, and will depend as far ahead as we can see, whatever "devices" or "theories" may be invented to paralyze it.

THE EDITOR.

OLD EXAMINATION HALL—CHINA

THICKLY green is the moss on the corroded roof-tiles
of this hall,
Loud, loud, the cry of the wind striking and moving the
hinges of the old doors,
Silver as evening mist the spiders' webs spun about the
corners.

They broke their hearts here, bending over the pen-
brushes,
They tore their hearts upon the glittering words of the
T'ang poets,
They went mad, babbling Confucius and Mencius to the
cold clouds passing above an open window.

All this they did to wear a violet coat and a belt-clasp of
agate stones set in rubies.

Now through the windy hall sucks a cadence of falling
seas,
Seas withdrawn along an ancient shore,
Backward seas
Turned,
Running in great strides upon a bold and distant con-
tinent.

AMY LOWELL.

FRANCE AND THE MIND'S EYE

"SO you are really going to France?" inquired the thousandth kind friend. "But they haven't any bathtubs. Do you think you will be able to get any butter? And what do you expect to see?"

My thoughts on butter were very delicately balanced. Sometimes, when I felt optimistic, I was certain that the usual luck of the head of the house would cause untold butter to make smooth our path before us; at other times, when I considered probabilities and reports from returned travelers, I felt sure that I'd never taste any again till I got back home. So much I could report to her. But as to her last inquiry, I knew there was no use trying to tell her anything about it.

It isn't that I don't know what I expect to see. I have what Jane Austen called a "complying mind," which, when requested to see anything, immediately and docilely sees it, right or wrong. It did in this instance. It has, every time the question has been asked. But I have an uneasy conviction that what I expect to see is a little different from what is really there. Of course I have been shown maps, but all they did was to make me feel that France was partly pink, partly yellow and partly green, with a bright azure Paris as a focusing-point.

One focuses, of course, on Paris. I know a lot about Paris, because I have read about it in novels and history-books, not to speak of A. E. F. letters. Books of travel, as one might gather, I have never knowingly read. My picture of Paris is dazzlingly clear, but I am afraid a bit scrappy. However—

There is, to begin with the freshest impression, a long wide street, brilliantly lighted, name unknown. This is the one R. and K. wrote me about with such fervor,

where they were both kissed on armistice night by all the Frenchwomen they met. I picture it as very like Fifth Avenue, excepting that the Arc de Triomphe (suspiciously like the plaster arch till lately decking Madison Square) surmounts it at about Sixty-Eighth Street. Up and down this avenue my vision, what my grandmother used to call "my mind's eye," sees crowds of Frenchwomen running at top speed. They are all very thin and brown, but *chic* to the last degree, clad uniformly in widows' weeds, and embracing hordes of embarrassed, khaki-clad figures. They are throwing confetti and, (it must take technique) blowing whistles as they kiss. It is no place for an American woman, and I hasten away around a corner guarded, so inelastic in the mind's eye, by the usual comforting American traffic cop.

I have seen the street around the corner, with the mind's eye aforesaid, since early childhood. It is old, narrow, ill-lighted and rather creepy. The shouts of the pursuing French women a few feet away, and the despairing wails of their American prey, can only be faintly heard. Against the steepest and humpiest of the gray houses which line it is crouched a shivering figure in ruffed baggy white satin. It is my old friend from *Au Clair de la Lune* that they sang me to sleep with, Mon-Ami-Pierrot. (I know that he really was inside, the householder of the incident, but I always think of the protagonist by that name. So did the man who drew the picture in my nursery book.) He is quite exhausted by his prayers of

Ouvre moi ta por-te
Pour l'amour de Dieu!

It is, if somewhat sad and chilly, very peaceful after the row of armistice street, and there is a feeling thrown in with it of being a very small, thrilled girl, which adds to its charm. But I can do nothing for poor Mon-Ami-

Pierrot, not even rid myself of a conviction, carried over from that thrilled small girlhood, that Monammy is his first name and Peerow his last; so I hurry on to the gaieties of the Latin Quarter.

This too, I first heard about in early youth; in consequence it still spreads itself before me, a region shaped like a generous wedge of pie. It is entirely composed of garrets, insecurely poised in air on many flights of stairs, very much as a juggler poises chairs and tables one above the other on a single stick. But when you have mounted to them they are charmingly large and agreeable. They are studios, you know. The only studios I have really seen are the American kind, very ruggy and candlesticky; and I cannot tear from the Latin Quarter mantels the conventional Billikens, candelabra and incense-holders by which the American kind are distinguishable from housekeeping apartments.

Francine's muff lies on an opulent Navajo rug which in real life belongs to my batik-making friend Hazel; and on the table, near the frugal meal of bread-and-cheese so favored by the *Vie-de-Bohême*, glitters, alas, the three-tiered grill which really brightens the corner where Eleanor and Jack, a pair of happily-wedded American cubists, are.

On the same landing is that more delightful studio where the Three Musketeers of the Brush painted Trilby. You can tell it by the foot drawn outside on the plaster, and the bursts of laughter from within. In spite of the single candle dimly lighting the *Murger* studio next-door, this one is filled with morning sunshine. But then the sun always does shine in Du Maurier's Paris, and its population is nearly all English or Franco-English; and these gigantic, handsome young people, even if horrible things are worrying the life out of them, manage to be as gay and friendly and delightful as real people should. I should like to go in, for I know I would scarcely require an introduction. They are as friendly-mannered as

Americans, or as if each was a visiting celebrity. But then Du Maurier, they say, was not a realist.

The Seine flows near the Quarter, and I suppose I owe it a visit. I don't care much for the Seine. I am afraid that I shall see too many corpses of young women and murdered detectives being fished out of it; I always think of it as turgid with the dead of detective fiction. The Morgue, I know, is conveniently close, full of tenanted slabs, including Hood's one More Unfortunate, who really shouldn't be there: for I suppose she wearied of breath in the Thames; but my mind's eye is obdurate. It insists on lining her up on the next slab to Count Fosco, of Wilkie Collins' *Woman in White*. It really doesn't matter. The Seine would never mind a corpse the less or more.

I don't know much about intervening localities. I have a passing vision of the *Bois de Boulogne*, where elegant carriages drawn by proud dock-tailed horses drive continually up and down. I think it must have figured in forgotten mid-Victorian novels of my early youth, because the ladies who alight dimly from the victorias and landaus, bowing graciously to elegant cavaliers, seem to possess curls and tiny impossible parasols; and the cavaliers rather run to waistlines and sidewhiskers. An occasional shell from the Big Bertha, alighting amid all this decorum, seems incongruous, but apparently does the polite ladies and gentlemen no harm. Even the dock-tailed steeds never turn their heads, nor cease curvetting.

Somewhere in Paris is a group of historical buildings; but I cannot visualize them. The *Tuileries*, of course, the *Petit Trianon*, the cemetery of *Père-La-Chaise*, a dim and musty place with the grave of Abelard and Heloise sticking boldly out in its center, topped by one of the shirtwaist-box tombs which really impressive graves always have over there. The *Invalides* is the only point of interest really clear to me. My mind's eye sees it, a

handsome tomb of Napoleon in the center of a sort of sanitarium, surrounded by rows of sick old gentlemen in bath-chairs, being given airings by chic French nurses from a musical comedy chorus.

Planted somewhere in this vicinity is a highly historical square. All the things in the *Guizot's historie de France* went on in a square, which insists on being, in the mind's eye, the same one. In its middle is the guillotine, working day and night. Quite undisturbed by it, Catharine de' Medici leans from a balcony and efficiently superintends the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which, unhindered by processions of tumbrils in all directions, is going on, picturesquely costumed, under the feet of the *Tale of Two Cities* knitters around the scaffold. Dumas musketeers on smoking steeds, brandishing letters of cachet, pursue villainesses across this mix-up (it would take a Dumas musketeer); while shouting crowds, also costumed but somehow with a drooping-ringletted and high-stocked effect of 1830 along with the doublets and hoses and *cornichons*, pour from the Cathedral of Notre Dame, next door, with the fevered desire possessed by all Victor Hugo characters to murder someone.

In another corner, I am sorry to see, they are burning Joan of Arc, and Peter the Hermit has found a spot to preach a crusade. It is all thrilling, but seems a little crowded for comfort, and strikes me as somewhat dangerous to an innocent bystander. Thank heaven, near by is that blessed avenue of escape, the *chemin cheminant* of Rabelais; an accommodating medieval equivalent of the department-store escalator, stretched *ventre d'terre;* the road which we are informed would tell one the way, politely allow itself to be mounted, and carry one to any remote destination "*sans autrement se poiner ou fatiguer.*" I wonder why poor Marie Antoinette, whom I can see over my shoulder being driven to execution in a boudoir cap, with her chin in the air (she

was a chromo in the maid's room) didn't hop on it. Too much *du people*, I suppose.

My destination is Normandy, which, in spite of those ravages of the Hun of which the popular songs inform me, is by now entirely covered with apple blossoms. In fact, in the Normandy of my mind's eye apple blossoms rage at all seasons of the year. So do the herds of Norman horses which gallop up and down it, all attached to coal-carts. I wish my mind's eye would let me detach the coal-carts. They always have them in America, of course; but in their unbartered youth I think they should have a little freedom. But my vision is obdurate.

Under the spreading apple trees stand Norman peasants, the women in high caps, the men in bloomers and sabots, but all very stingy. In fact, they are so stingy that the principal feature of the Norman landscape, the picturesque cottage we hope to rent, (hot and cold water, extra quantity of apple blossoms, steam heat and the only bathtub in France) heightens its price automatically. Perhaps I had better move that cottage to the more generous hearted next-door province of Brittany.

Here the natives have *du sensibilité*, rigid though they appear, and fatally reminiscent of my set of Quimper plates. You notice that the population is entirely composed of small children who were born hand-in-hand, elderly *peres* and *meres* who stiffly hold, respectively, long pipes and milk-pails with the backs of their wrists; with here and there a disconsolate young bachelor gazing sorrowfully at the three colored lines which constitute the Breton horizon. There are no young girls.

The reason, I have been led to believe by literature, is that every fall after the English and American artists go, all the young girls commit suicide from Mont St. Michel or die automatically from grief. Many of their native lovers follow them; only a few are of sterner stuff and become *curés*. The only time when the Breton, weighed down by these unescapable sorrows, really

enjoys himself, is at his national sport, the *pardon*. At this period, which I take to continue throughout all the year except the open season for artists, the peasants leave all household and farm work to take care of itself, and attend *pardons* all day, austerely singing and dancing on their way to them. (Like all their countrymen, they have a fondness for dancing and light wines.)

We plan to take in Nice and the Riviera, too. Of course I know that the Riviera really isn't a river, but I can't see it as anything else; a polite, long, winding stream with spiky green and gilt railings, backed by a boardwalk. Up and down this boardwalk one strolls, crossing at every turn E. Phillips Oppenheim characters; beautiful ladies superbly dressed in black and heavily veiled; fat German spies disguised, even now that the war is over, as American millionaires, (I wonder how they would disguise themselves for that rôle. Would they wear a dollar sign for a watch-fob, one wonders?) and especially clean-cut young men, always remarked upon as being gentlemen to the core. These are at times a little moody, but always willing to share their last crust with a lady, or even when down to the final ten thousand pounds, to finance the terrific taxi and restaurant bills which all Oppenheim heroines, of whatever state of virtue, demand. Riviera taxis are far from safe. They invariably hold a villain or two, when they seem most empty, and a majority of the cab-drivers are confederates. I wear black a good deal, and if heavily veiled, and as thin as the lack of butter is sure to make me, I might be taken for a heroine and abducted. Truly France is full of snares. . .

"I don't think you heard me," repeated the thousand and first kind friend a bit sharply. "I asked you what you expected to see when you reached France?"

But between her inquiry and that of the thousandth interrogator much water had flowed under the *Pont d'*

Avigon, populated for all time by small *Boutet de Monvel* children doing minuets in costume.

"Oh, I don't expect to see anything!" I was able to answer her brightly. "We have nearly decided not to go. You see, the butter — butter is so much to both of us —"

It was unkind of me, for she had just been poising on the butter's brink, and I had snatched it from under her, if such a thing can be done to a brink. However, she immediately made the only other move on the chessboard.

"*So* wise of you," she murmured, "when you think of all one hears about the lack of bathtubs!"

I agreed with her sweetly. But my happy mind was otherwhere, careering over a fair, fantastic country which now I may keep undesecrated for another year. I knew that I could not tell any of my friends the truth — truth is in the ear of the beholder. And they would never any of them believe that it was neither butterlessness nor bathlessness which had made me throw my weight against the French flight; but the knowledge that France, once seen with the eyes of reality, would never be the same again.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

A VERY little while ago, the question uppermost in many minds was whether anything could stop the steady and rapid rise of prices. We were sometimes told that it could not be checked at all until Europe in particular and the world in general had very greatly increased production; or until the immensely increased paper currencies, both of Europe and of the United States, had been forcibly reduced; or until the wages of labor could be either lowered, or at least fixed where they now stood. None of these three things has happened. Yet the talk of the present season has suddenly veered to an almost unanimous prediction that a general fall in prices is coming, and the newspapers in the middle of May were filled with detailed reports of sudden reductions of twenty, thirty and fifty per cent in prices of goods at the retail stores throughout the country.

What does this mean? Why has the situation changed (if it has changed); how far will the downward readjustment go, and with what general results? To answer such questions, one must first be sure that he understands the real cause and meaning of the advance itself. Then it will perhaps be possible to ascertain what influences, previously operating to cause that advance, have either ceased to operate or have been more than counterbalanced by other influences new to the situation.

Several very striking facts are manifest to every intelligent observer. The prices of necessaries, cost of living, use of bank credit, and magnitude of the whole world's paper currency issues, including our own, are utterly abnormal. In the matter of prices, the war no longer seems to be an explanation. In the first place, the war and the war purchases by governments ended with 1918. Moreover, hundreds of necessary articles

of food or daily use which have had no relation to war requirements or war influences, have gone up with the rest. In New York it is a common saying that the only things which have not risen in price are street-car and taxicab fares, which are regulated by law; shoe-blacking, whose practitioners are apparently afraid of reducing old customers to do the work for themselves, and investment bonds, which rather notoriously decline whenever the cost of living rises.

Shoes, cotton goods, flour, tools and hardware, may have been forced up to abnormally high prices by the war and the urgent necessities left in Europe by the war; but how will this explanation answer for the doubling of the price of fish, of paper, of apples, of a hundred things which do not appear to have any connection either with the war or with exports to Europe? If we answer that the rise in prices of such things was a result of the rising cost of labor, we get the answer that wages went up only because of the rise in cost of the laborer's living. This rise in living costs on the one hand, and the rise in the cost of capital on the other, have had an extremely serious effect, not only in the ordinary citizen's balance of earnings and expenses, but in the case of people with fixed incomes derived from investments made in former years. An estate invested in high-grade bonds at pre-war prices, yielding the pre-war rate of interest, will provide for hardly half the actual purchases and comforts which its beneficiaries would have procured with the distributed income, six years ago. If the bonds are sold, they will possibly produce less than two-thirds of the principal which was originally invested in them.

Whether considered as an inevitable outcome of the prodigiously wasteful and destructive war, or as a result of over-expanded credit, or as a consequence of inflated currencies, or even as the work of speculators and profiteers, the one certainty seemed to be that the process must presently reach its limit. The demand for what

was more or less vaguely called "deflation" was not more positive than the conviction that, sooner or later, deflation would be forced by the movement of events.

Perhaps the only statement on which every one would agree — economists, statesmen, merchants, bankers and everyday citizens — is that we are living on a basis of war inflation. Sometimes the particular conditions of the day will be ascribed to inflation of the currency; and the plain man in the street can at least understand what that should mean, because he knows by tradition, if not by experience, what happened to prices when our government flooded the country with legal tender paper money during the Civil War. Sometimes one hears the present situation described as a result of inflated bank credit. That does not convey so clear an idea to the average mind, because the rise or fall of loans and deposits at the banks is to most people largely a thing of mystery.

There remains the influence of the war itself on production of goods, consumption of goods, and trade in goods. The present situation not only began with the war, and was not only an evident consequence of the war, but our histories also tell us of an exactly similar situation during every other great war of modern times. They also, however, tell us of the downward movement in prices which eventually followed the upward movement — a decline which sometimes came immediately after the war was over, but on other occasions only after long persistence of the abnormally high prices. Most readers of history have a more or less clear impression that every prolonged and exhausting war has been followed, in the space of a few years, by a formidable financial panic, in which prices of merchandise as well as of investments came down, not gradually but with a precipitous collapse, involving commercial bankruptcies and hard times, yet leading the way to normal conditions. All these impressions and recollections cut some figure in the people's talk of "deflation."

While the war continued, the people at large were both able to understand why prices were going up, and willing to submit to it. The able-bodied laborers of Europe were being drafted into the army, and thus became consumers instead of producers. The war itself had increased the demand for certain commodities, while cutting down the normal production of them. Important producing areas of some European countries, agricultural or industrial, were overrun and devastated. Some countries whose products were exported in immense amounts to consuming countries in time of peace — Russia, for instance, with her grain and mineral supplies — were cut off by the blockade. Central Europe, which in 1913 sent more than $200,000,000 worth of goods to the United States alone, ceased almost entirely to export. Even with neutral countries which maintained or increased their former production, the shortage of shipping, due to commandeering of merchant vessels for war service, either prevented the free access of other markets to their goods or else greatly enhanced the cost of such goods because of the high rates of freight and insurance. On top of this, the most active manufacturing countries in the world which were beyond the reach of war on their territory, began to divert their machinery from goods for ordinary uses to war munitions for the belligerent governments. There was no mystery about the general rise of prices under such circumstances.

But now the war was over. The abnormal purchases of war material ceased. The blockades were partly lifted. The disbanded armies gradually returned to their homes, where they had formerly worked in the fields and the mills. Even the ships were released from transport service, and ocean communication for international trade was restored. Yet the cost of living did not come down.

There had been a prevalent belief that termination of the war would cause a general and violent decline in prices. This had happened on some similar occasions,

notably after the wars of Napoleon. The extent to which such a result was expected, even in the circles of trade, was shown during the recent war whenever a well-defined rumor of peace negotiations circulated, by the extremely violent decline in shares of manufacturing companies on the stock exchanges and in grain prices on the produce exchanges. After the armistice there was, in fact, a considerable reaction in wholesale prices. The American "index numbers" reported an average decline between November of 1918 and the spring of 1919 of about 10 per cent in prices of commodities; the English average was reduced about 9 per cent during the same period.

But with that, the reaction ended, and the rise began again. By midsummer of 1919, the average both in England and in this country was above the highest of actual war-time, and it has gone higher this past season than it was last summer. The Department of Labor, after adding together the prices of some 328 commodities in 1913, and taking their average as 100, has calculated that the average of December, 1918, was 207; that in February, 1919, it was 197, and that in February of 1920 it had risen to 249. Nearly one-third of the total rise since the year before the war had occurred in the year after the armistice. These figures referred to wholesale prices; retail prices, which principally concern the average citizen, have advanced even faster on the renewed upward movement since the war; partly because of the doubled influence, in their case, of the continuous marking-up of rents and wages. The outcome of the year-and-a-half since November, 1918, is that the plain man's cost of living, in the matter of food, clothing, rent and ordinary comforts, is higher by 25 to 50 per cent than it was when the German army broke through the western front, and the war seemed likely to be indefinitely prolonged. On the stock exchange, shares of producing and manufacturing companies broke with violence in war-time on the mere rumor of coming peace, but, since

peace actually returned, prices of the same shares have been rising, with the most extravagant violence; apparently in expectation of continued rise in price for their products.

This persistence of the abnormally high cost of living has necessarily turned public attention to the inquiry as to whether some very powerful influence other than war or scarcity might not be at work. Such an inquiry at once brought out the fact of the equally abnormal increase in bank loans and in the circulating money supply. The figures are startling on their face. In July, 1914, when the war began, loans of the New York banks were $2,600,000,000; in the armistice week of November, 1918, they were $4,700,000,000; last January they were $5,300,000,000. There had been a similar increase at all other American banking centres; in the first nine months of 1919, loans of all the national banks of the United States increased a thousand million dollars.

The Federal Reserve was not in existence when the war began. At the beginning of last May, the Reserve Banks were lending $2,900,000,000, and this was an increase from $2,100,000,000 in the preceding April. As for the Federal Reserve notes, which now make up the bulk of our circulating money, all of these have been issued since November, 1914, when the system went into operation. A large part of these notes were issued in exchange for the $2,000,000,000 gold reserve which the Reserve Banks hold. But the total note issue stood at more than $3,000,000,000 last April; one-third of the new paper money circulation, therefore, was actual addition to the currency supply.

Remembering the effect on American prices of the government's paper money issues during the Civil War and in the dozen ensuing years, it was natural that the theory of an inflated and depreciated currency as the cause of the oppressive prices should have got a hearing. We had the huge increase in paper money. We had the

abnormal rise of prices. It was a natural assumption that the paper money expansion was cause and the high prices the effect, and that the way to bring down the inflated prices was to reduce immediately and heavily the amount of our Federal Reserve notes issued. This suggestion, however, called forth the reminder that the case could not be quite the same as it was in the period after 1861. In the Civil War our government itself issued and circulated the paper legal tenders. They were not redeemed in gold, and indeed they were not really redeemable at all; because either the banks or the government, on receiving them by way of money payment, paid out the same notes again for their own purposes as money. They were declared to be lawful bank reserve money; a bank could expand its loans, under the law, until its deposits were four times as large as its reserve, and the more notes the government issued, the greater was the inducement for the bank to use the new circulation as a basis for increased loans. Since these legal tender notes would not exchange at face value for gold, and since no one knew when redemption in gold would be resumed, they necessarily depreciated in purchasing power as compared with gold — which meant that prices were higher when measured in the legal tender paper than when measured in gold coin. An expert report to Congress calculated afterward that, taking the average of 1860 prices as 100, the average measured in gold was 108½ for the five-year period from 1860 to 1864, inclusive, and 118¾ in the next five years, whereas the average measured in paper money was 131½ in the one five-year period and 178⅞ in the other. The premium on gold was the measure of the difference between the two kinds of prices.

Such was the status of the paper money of our Civil War, and the status of most of the present war-time paper of continental Europe — issued at the government's will to meet a deficit in revenue and not as applied

for by the business community — its irredeemability in gold, its consequent depreciation and the enhancement of "paper prices" as compared with "gold prices "— is substantially the same. But the peculiarity of our present very large paper money circulation is that it is redeemed in gold. It is not depreciated. There is no gold premium, and there can be none, when a banker holding $1,000 in Federal Reserve notes may present them at his Reserve Bank (as he may do today) and get $1,000 in gold, for export or for any other purpose. Federal Reserve notes, moreover, are not available as bank reserves. Their frequent redemption is compulsory. The amount will decrease automatically unless the business community applies for more of them. The government does not issue them to pay its own bills; they are practically bought from the issuing Reserve Bank by private banks, in exchange for good commercial paper of their own, and in response to the requests of customers of their own who wish to draw on their deposits in that form. In the Civil War inflation days, the government issued its own notes according to its need for money to pay its own bills, and it forced people with a money claim on the Treasury to accept the notes as money. But the Federal Reserve notes are not put out by the Treasury. They are not only not forced on the banks and the public, but they cannot be issued at all by the Reserve Banks unless the public has asked for them, and has shown that it needed them for business purposes. These circumstances have made it perfectly fair to contend that the expansion of Reserve note circulation, instead of being a *cause* of the increased prices was an *effect* of them; that is to say, that the depositors in the banks asked for more of the notes because, with prices and wages higher, they needed more circulating money for cash purchases, for till money, and for pay-rolls.

The bank loans are another matter. In a measure, it is true, their increase also may be partly an effect

rather than a cause of the high prices; for even an ordinary merchant who borrows from his bank to conduct his business, if prices are doubled, wages doubled, and his own capital no larger, must borrow twice as much as before to carry the same quantity of goods. But the loan expansion has not stopped with this. A continuous rise of prices gives greater boldness and assurance to a very large number of even usually conservative traders, and it vastly increases the number of those who are simply speculators. When, however, one group of speculators instantly follows another in the same market, when all are infected with the idea that the advance in prices cannot stop, the amount of goods actually held on extended credit, with a view to the coming profit, will increase progressively. This inevitably emphasizes an existing scarcity of goods, even when the merchant has no intention of actually forestalling the market. The essential thing is credit, with continued certainty of his own access to it. But during the past twelve months, the demands on the banks for such purposes have increased at a pace which months ago began to cause great misgiving among experienced bankers.

But what was to stop it? Either of two causes; first: such actual increase in supply of goods or such decrease in demand as should make it a dangerous banking risk to lend money on them at existing prices, or second: actual exhaustion of the available credit fund itself. The first possibility is always present. It has been kept back from active influence through the high cost and uncertain performance of labor, through the continuing abnormal needs of Europe, and through occasional decrease in production of such staple products as wheat and cotton. Yet the matter of demand from the home consumer may be a different matter. Some things he must have at any price; but he does not have to buy the same amount of them, and prices can hardly go on rising, or even hold

at the present level, unless the ordinary consumer continues to buy. But his buying power has already during the past twelve months been so far reduced by the rise of everything, including rents, that he is steadily cutting down his purchases. Last year, this was more than counterbalanced by Europe's unprecedentedly heavy buying in our markets to meet her own urgent requirements, by the greatly increased purchases by the laboring classes whose wages had gone up, and by the utterly extravagant expenditure by the newly-made "war millionaires" and by people who are emulating them by living beyond their own means on borrowed money.

But these counter-influences were of a sort which has always been temporary at such times, and which cannot possibly last on the scale of recent months. They are in fact not continuing on that scale. The laboring classes are learning — as a year's experience was sure to teach them — that, in a very large portion of their numbers, higher wages merely balanced higher prices. The past year's lavish expenditure from the increased pay-rolls was a blunder. It was inevitable that it should be so recognized. The larger the purchases in 1919, the surer the shortage in 1920, and this year's rise in rents has emphasized the lesson. There is also a limit to the purchases of actual necessities, even by "war millionaires." As for the people who, copying their habits, with great rapidity along with the sudden tightening of the credit market itself and the violent decline on the stock exchange, have been living extravagantly on credit, they have lately been approaching the end of their rope.

The present year's spring season began with a visible change in the markets for commodities. The clothing trade began to talk of the difficulty of holding up prices, when so large a part of the community was refusing to buy new clothing at the prevalent prices, and were making their old clothes last another year. The same attitude, visible among rapidly increasing numbers of consumers

in the boot and shoe trade, change the reports of manufacturers in that industry from last year's positive prediction of the certainty of a continued and uninterrupted rise in prices, to an expression of doubt in the trade itself as to whether the market was not overstocked, and the necessity of marking down prices imminent. Reduction of purchases to a minimum, by an increasingly great body of the trade's best customers, could not possibly fail to affect the industry. These influences, combined with the rise in rates on merchants' loans to 7½ per cent — a rate not paid at this time of year in a quarter of a century — sufficiently explained the attitude of the markets. They explained even more directly the sudden outbreak of advertised announcements by the great department stores of an all-around cut of ten to thirty per cent in prices for their goods.

All precedent of the financial markets goes to show that such abnormally high money rates as now exist, such abnormally low bank reserves, and so abnormal a tension on credit — all this, moreover, in advance of the real pressure of accumulated requirements, which comes in the autumn — should mean compulsory nation-wide liquidation of debt and a fall in prices. The purely speculative elements in cost of merchandise will to a great extent be forcibly eliminated. On the other hand, we have labor costs advanced 75 per cent, 100 per cent, 150 per cent over 1914, and even if prices decline wages are not likely to be reduced in the present state of the labor market and the present labor situation. Furthermore, either actual scarcity of labor or diversion of labor from the farms to the cities has not only progressively increased the actual cost of producing such staples as grain and cotton, but it has impelled farmers to cut down their planted acreage. It is unlikely that either the cotton crop or the wheat crop of 1920 will be equal to the war-time average; but demand will not decrease with supply. The housing problem, meantime, is com-

plicated by actual scarcity of material for building, by the attitude of labor, by the cost of raising money on mortgage, and by the same feeling as prevails in other industries, regarding the inadvisability of opening extensive new contracts with the possibility of lower prices for materials later on. New houses are not being built to meet the urgent needs.

Such influences as these may delay and divert the readjustments; they will certainly prevent reduction of living costs in some directions. Yet it would certainly seem that the downward movement of prices, on a considerable scale, cannot now be avoided. If it continues, it will inevitably bring some trying experiences to trade in general. That it will bring one of those formidable credit crises which we describe as our "great panics" is not, so far as one can see, an early probability. Usually, that comes long afterward when the foundations of genuine national prosperity have been much more weakened than they are today. But an unpleasant reckoning for the orgy of extravagance, speculation and credit expansion, particularly as practiced since the war, is not at all unlikely. That is the price which a modern community must pay for even partial and preliminary "deflation." There are always individuals, corporations, sometimes banks, which at such a time will have engaged their credit on the presumption of unchanged or higher prices, and will have committed themselves so heavily that they cannot save themselves when their market breaks. But it is only when all this shall have happened that we shall be able to measure the real nature of the position and the prospect of ultimate return to something like normal conditions in living costs. The most that we now know is that the resultant level of prices will not be the status prevalent before August, 1914.

Alexander D. Noyes.

THE NONPARTIZAN LEAGUE

NORTH Dakota today is something more than a geographical expression. It *was* known as a region capable of producing one hundred million bushels of wheat annually. It *is* known far and wide as a laboratory of the social sciences, a commonwealth, 83% rural, whose citizens have shaken the hayseed out of their hair and best clothes, and fared forth to elect to legislative halls and executive offices and judicial chambers men upon whom they may depend to act in these several capacities according to a farmers' program. The banner under which they are marching is inscribed: "The National Nonpartizan League." The Nonpartizan League originated in North Dakota where today it has about 43,000 dues-paying members. Its national offices are now located in St. Paul, but will soon be moved to Minneapolis. The League is organized, more or less completely, in thirteen states, and counts its membership as 230,000, of whom 55,000 are in Minnesota, 43,000 in North Dakota, 22,000 in Montana, 24,000 in South Dakota, 16,000 in Nebraska, 16,000 in Colorado, 12,000 in Washington, 7,000 in Wisconsin, 12,000 in Idaho, and the balance, about 19,000, distributed throughout Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Iowa.

Although membership was originally limited to farmers, there has recently been organized a Workingman's Nonpartizan League which co-operates with the League and whose representatives meet with the farmers in convention. Since the last meeting of the national committee the cost of membership is $18.00, which pays dues from the date of entry into membership up to the end of a prescribed two-year period, and entitles the member to the *Nonpartizan Leader* and the official state newspaper in his state. Seven dollars of each eighteen are used by the

national office, the remaining eleven, exclusive of the 25% commission to which a canvasser may be entitled, are to be distributed between the state and local organizations when the latter get into running order. With 230,000 members paying $18.00 into the war chest every two years the League has a possible annual budget of over $2,000,000. The temptation to misappropriation of these funds is sufficient basis for insinuations against League officials that misappropriation has taken place. But to date no evidence of underhandedness has come to light. The League officers assert that the League's books are open to inspection by members, and an annual audit is made by some reputable auditing concern. Complete publicity of accounts is regarded as prejudicial to the League's work because of the revelation of its plans that such publicity would involve.

These facts regarding the national organization suffice to indicate the momentum that has developed from the original protest of a handful of North Dakota farmers against the methods of Big Business. Such a protest was to be expected from North Dakota, if from any state, since it is the centre of the hard spring wheat region which includes also Minnesota, South Dakota, Montana, and the Canadian provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Throughout all this area the principal topic of conversation is wheat, and upon wheat the banks, the railroads and the few simple industries depend. Naturally enough, that group of interests was inclined to guarantee itself in the fat years against the certain sacrifices of the lean years. Hence high interest rates and a grudging spirit in the providing of side-trackage, platforms, cars and other requisites for the marketing of farm products by the individual farmer or a co-operative society. Hence also the persistent domination of the state legislature by the lobby of these interests, a control from which the farmers finally have broken away because, they affirm, there

was no other way to secure the treatment that they deserved.

The principal grievance of the farmers, however, lay in the conditions under which they had to market their grain. In North Dakota flour mills are few, so that the wheat must be sent out of the state. Most of it goes to Minneapolis and Duluth. A distant market, operating under the laws of another state was a likely breeding ground for suspicion that all was not right if a farmer's wheat was graded No. 2 when he had expected No. 1, or docked more heavily than he had anticipated. Undoubtedly once such a suspicion became aroused, any slight defects in the terminal market machinery were magnified, under the lenses of ignorance, from mole-hills into mountains. The only public grain warehouses or elevators in Minneapolis, Duluth, St. Paul, and Superior were those operated by dealers in grain, themselves intent upon buying as cheaply as possible from the farmers. Therefore elevator facilities were difficult to procure in those markets, at times practically unavailable. A great deal of grain shipped from North Dakota arrived at the terminal markets in poor condition. It often needed cleaning and drying before it was fit for the market. Without elevator facilities, together with cleaning and drying machinery, this grain necessarily was sold at a discount: that is, the farmer had to accept a stiffer dockage and a lower rate per bushel than his grain would have brought had there been facilities for handling it properly. If, on the other hand, storage facilities *were* available, the charges, based upon the urgent demand, might be exorbitant. In storage mixing was likely to occur, with the result that the farmer took out of storage wheat that had depreciated one or two cents a bushel as compared with what he had put in. These are facts upon which it was easy for the farmer himself, and easier for the clever propagandist, to build up a tissue, partly truth, partly exaggeration, regarding the manipu-

lations of the so-called grain trust, culminating in the conviction that the large grain-dealers were using the farmers as their tools in the making of huge profits, speculative and otherwise. The experience of the farmers with gang control of the North Dakota legislature did not incline them to rely upon state inspection or federal inspection of elevators, to cure the alleged evils. They sought instead to secure terminal elevator facilities which they could control.

They decided early that the investment necessary would be larger than they could handle by co-operative effort. The only alternative was to get the state to make the investment. They thought it legitimate to use the credit of the state in this way, because they constituted more than four-fifths of the population of the state and, they contended, whatever meant prosperity to them meant advantage to the commercial, industrial, professional and other groups in the state. For two decades the call grew continuously more insistent for an amendment to the constitution that would allow the state to go into the elevator business. Time after time the legislature, controlled by the "old crowd," refused to pass the desired amendment. Finally, however, one amendment, authorizing the state legislature to erect, purchase or lease, and operate state-owned terminal elevators in Minnesota or Wisconsin, or both, was adopted in 1912; and a second, authorizing the same action within the state, was adopted in 1914. It was generally expected that the legislature of 1915 would enact a terminal elevator law. Two hundred members of the Equity Co-operative Exchange, in convention at Bismarck, lobbied ardently for the measure. George S. Loftus, sales manager for the Equity, came to the capitol and used every device of cajolery and many epithets of invective to secure the passage of House Bill 336 providing for the erection of a terminal elevator at St. Paul or Superior. But the Board of Control, which

had been authorized in 1913 to investigate and report to the state legislature a concrete program for constructing and operating state-owned terminal elevators, reported adversely to the whole proposition, and the bill was killed in the lower house. To the protesting farmers, led by Mr. Loftus, the injunction was given, so the story goes, — "Go home and slop the hogs."

Into this atmosphere of disappointment, surcharged with the combustible gases of suspicion and hatred, it was only necessary to introduce a spark of leadership to secure a real explosion and a resulting conflagration. Arthur C. Townley emitted the spark. He knew the farmers' problem, he had tried to farm on a large scale in western North Dakota, had been bankrupted by drought and early snow to the amount of $86,000. For a time he had been a lecturer upon socialism. Twice he had run as a socialist candidate for the state legislature. He saw in the situation in North Dakota in 1915 the forelock of Opportunity for his belief that a nation-wide agrarian movement could succeed, and he did not wait to test the proverb further. He constituted himself the farmers' leader, chose a few colleagues from the socialist party, and set quietly to work organizing the farmers, to the end of securing control of the government of the state. A. E. Bowen is given credit for suggesting that the organization be confined to farmers, and that it be nonpartizan. With Townley, constituting the "big five," were F. B. Wood, O. S. Evans, N. O. Nelson and E. A. Bowman. These leaders got together a motley band of organizers: "Young preachers without pulpits, young lawyers without briefs, office-holders without offices, students who were familiar with the book-agent's life and, of course, some who were working with sincere and non-commercial motives." Using the combined appeals against "Big Biz" and the "old gang" these solicitors had garnered 40,000 memberships within a year, so that in June, 1916, the League was able to

enter politics. North Dakota has a modern direct primary law, but the League held a convention at Fargo in April, 1916, and there ratified a slate of candidates prepared for it by the Big Five. In the June primaries every one of these candidates was nominated on the Republican ticket, and in the November elections all but one, the candidate for the position of State Treasurer, were elected. The "old gang" had "nothing on" the "new gang" as master-mechanics in party politics.

When the legislative wheels began to turn in January, 1917, the League was in control of the administration, of the lower house of the legislature and of the supreme court. The new governor, Lynn J. Frazier, a farmer, a graduate of the state university, honest, silent, bald and rounded, was in hearty accord with the League's president and with his program.

The legislative program of 1917 proposed six important measures: state-owned terminal elevators; state-owned flour mills; state-owned packing-houses; compulsory state hail insurance; the exemption of farm improvements from taxation; and rural credit banks. Of all these save the terminal elevators, the state constitution barred the way. Amendments could be secured either by popular initiative and referendum, a process requiring two years at least, or by combined legislative and referendum action which would require four, possibly six years. Here Mr. Townley's penchant for big projects came into play. Why not regard the state legislature as a constitutional convention, revise the entire state constitution, and pass it as an ordinary law would be passed! This project was un-American, unsupported by precedent and contrary to the letter and the spirit of the constitution of North Dakota, which was framed in open convention. Nevertheless such an attempt was made in House Bill 44: "A Concurrent Resolution for the Submission of a Proposed New Constitution." But there were enough hold-over senators to block it, and the session ended

without having incorporated any of the leading planks of the League platform in the law of the state. Even the terminal elevator law that was passed, was vetoed by the governor at the advice of Mr. Townley, on the ground that the facilities it sought to provide would be inadequate.

The League therefore had an alibi and a new issue, — the senate. This inner keep must be taken at the next general election. In the meantime foundations could be laid for the work of the next legislative session. The needed constitutional amendments could be obtained through initiative and referendum. For the initiative twenty-five per cent of the voters in at least one-half the counties in the state were required as petition-signers. These signatures were secured and at the general election in November, 1918, the amendments so initiated were submitted to the voters. Briefly, these authorized the state: (1) to engage in any industry, enterprise or business except the liquor business, (2) to borrow by bond issue up to $2,000,000 upon the state's credit alone, up to $10,000,000 upon property of state-owned utilities and to an unlimited extent upon first mortgages on real estate provided the mortgages did not represent more than one-half the value of the security, (3) to collect additional taxes on land to pay for losses done to growing crops by hail, and (4) to exempt from taxation personal property, including buildings and other improvements upon land. The state board of canvassers certified each of the amendments as adopted by the affirmative vote of a majority of the voters voting upon it, and the supreme court, safely Nonpartizan after the election in 1918, decided that the amendments had carried.

Armed cap-à-pie with these new and sweeping constitutional powers, the legislature met in 1919, Nonpartizan in both houses and buttressed by a Nonpartizan governor and supreme court. The members of the legislature were of the same high average of honesty and

good intentions as those of the 1917 session, likewise the same low average of familiarity with law-making policies and processes. The important bills were framed by outsiders, the rank and file received their instructions in caucuses dominated by outsiders, the bills were enacted into law with a minimum of delay. Laws were passed by which the state of North Dakota took its place beside New Zealand and Australia, in some respects in advance of either, by pledging its credit in millions of dollars to carry on business enterprises, and by providing state officers and agencies to carry them on. In the United States the régime thus set up is unprecedented.

The new day in North Dakota, that dawned when the Bank of North Dakota at Bismarck and the state-owned flour mill at Drake opened their doors for business, has not yet brightened into perfection, since the constitutional right of the state to issue bonds for the purposes sought is still in question before the United States supreme court. Until the question is settled, the bonds will not sell readily. In June, 1919, Federal District Judge Amidon, a man of the clearest reputation for integrity and fairness, dismissed a suit brought by forty-two taxpayers of North Dakota to restrain the state from issuing the bonds, and to have the laws authorizing the issue declared invalid as authorizing the taking of private property for other than public use. This case is now being heard on appeal by the United States supreme court, with the probabilities favoring the approval of Judge Amidon's ruling.

If, however, the atmosphere of the new day is still somewhat murky, with the barometer reading "unsettled," the dawn, perceived with shudders by many beside the milkman, is undeniable. Statutes now in force in North Dakota carry out the purposes for which the League was organized, and in addition seek to provide the necessary funds to assure to the farmers independence of Big Business. Together these 1919 enactments furnish a fairly complete system for the protection of the farmer.

The system evolved as the culmination of the long struggle includes the state regulation of grain-grading, the state operation of state-owned elevators, mills and other enterprises necessary to the manufacture and marketing of all kinds of farm products, the operation of a state-owned bank, the provision of funds for these enterprises by loans and taxation, state hail insurance, a home-building association and a revised system of taxation. The legislature began by setting up a state inspector of grades, weights and measures, with power to establish grades and to investigate complaints of wrong grading. Without a license from him, no one, great or small, the owner of a long line of elevators or of a single warehouse, can do business unless the recent decision of a lower federal court declaring the law unconstitutional is sustained by the supreme court. But obviously a North Dakota grading and inspecting system might be perfect, and still the North Dakota farmer be unprotected if he were compelled to sell his products outside the state. Hence the next step, the creating of the North Dakota Mill and Elevator Association, to provide state-controlled markets and facilities for manufacturing the raw product into flour and its by-products. The state is to go into the grain and milling business on a grand scale, building or buying, owning and operating all the real and personal property needed for these purposes. On a grand scale indeed, no petty scheme this, to be confined within state bounds. Elevators and mills may be secured and run anywhere, in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Europe, if you like. But policy waits upon finance. Great undertakings require large funds. Of these an insignificant proportion is to be raised by a mill tax; the bulk of them is to come from the sale of $5,000,000 worth of bonds. These bonds are to be secured by first mortgages upon the property of the mill and elevator association, and the interest and principal are to be paid from the profits of the association or by taxation if the profits

do not suffice. Bids were opened on April 5th for the construction work on a 3,000 barrel flour mill and a 1,600,000 bushel terminal elevator at Grand Forks.

To assure the farmer of the instruments of production and a product to take to market, the state agrees to loan him money on his real estate up to one-half its value, improved or unimproved. That in some cases North Dakota farmers have been heavily mulcted by the bankers in past years can hardly be questioned. Reports of usurious interest demands and unjustifiable commissions are numerous. Yet, considering the speculative nature of farm loans in pioneer times, the 8.7% which Bulletin 384 of the United States Department of Agriculture gives as the average rate of interest paid on farm mortgages in North Dakota does not seem exorbitant. However, the state now promises to cut down this charge nearly one-third, using the plan evolved by the Federal Farm Loan Board.

To critics who carp at the twenty-five dollar maximum appraisal fee, the reply is that the same fee is exacted by the Federal Land Banks. To others who assert that the Federal Farm Loan Act provides all the protection the farmers need, the latest figures of state loans are quoted. These show that up to January 15, 1920, 1895 applications for loans had been received, totaling $8,236,474. It is argued that farmers in North Dakota who need loans need them more quickly than they can be provided by the slow-moving federal machinery.

To these arguments in favor of the real estate loans project, it is answerable that private capital was willing and anxious to find investment in North Dakota farm mortgages until the state legislature, in the 1917 session, amended a previous law authorizing counties to issue bonds for the assistance of farmers needing feed and seed grain. The amendment gave the counties a prior lien, up to the amount of the loan, upon the crops of the borrower. This weakening of their security drove the

more conservative trust and bond companies out of the state. A second law, placing a three mill tax upon mortgages, frightened away most of those that were left. Finally, when the legislature proposed to give a foreclosed person two years in which to pay up his mortgage, although this bill did not pass, the remaining adventurous private capitalists shook the dust of North Dakota from their shoes. Ask the men in St. Paul who are buying bonds for trust companies and banks, what they think of North Dakota state, municipal, county or real estate bonds. They will probably answer that they believe the bonds to be as good as gold, but that they are not buying North Dakota bonds at any price. Bankers and other investors are afraid of North Dakota as an investment field. They allege not only that the state legislature takes a light view of the sanctity of contracts, but that the supreme court shows the same proclivities. They fear that the people of North Dakota may be influenced to repudiate their obligations, private as well as public. The interest rate in a state depends very largely upon the confidence that investors have in the people of that state. Prior to the Nonpartizan régime, in eastern North Dakota money was available at as low as 5, 5½ and 6%. With the destroying of this confidence interest rates rose, indeed private capital became unavailable at any reasonable rate. Even the Federal Land Bank was forced to demand from North Dakota borrowers surety bonds which cost them a minimum of twenty-five dollars a year in addition to the interest upon the loan. Viewed from this angle the farm loan feature of North Dakota's new day is an attempt to make the wagon of farm development not only carry a fifth wheel but run upon it.

The question now naturally arises: by what agencies are these new industrial and business ventures to be initiated and conducted? One might reply: by A. C. Townley. Actual management rests with the newly-

constituted Industrial Commission, made up of the Governor, the Attorney General and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor. Since the revolt of Mr. William Langer, Attorney General, Governor Frazier and Commissioner Hagan have been the effective Industrial Commission. Nothing can be done by the Commission without the approval of the Governor; the Governor, it is generally asserted, does nothing without the approval of Mr. Townley. Q. E. D.

The Industrial Commission is to purchase or build and to manage the state mills and elevators, to sell the mill and elevator bonds, and to sell the real estate bonds. In addition the Commission has established and is operating the Bank of North Dakota. This is the most tangible thing that the Nonpartizan League has accomplished. In the capital city of Bismarck, in a brick building, substantial but unpretentious outside and in, with its employees badly crowded together, the Bank of North Dakota has been doing business since July, 1919. It intends to have a capital of $2,000,000 as soon as the supreme court of the United States gives a decision reassuring to bond-buyers. Why Big Business should be expected to buy Nonpartizan League bonds might be a hard query for the League to answer. But "Big Business" is counted upon to buy. Already the Bank has received over $13,000,000 in deposits from the state, local governments and state institutions. Upon these it pays 2% interest. The public funds are then redeposited in local banks which are required to pay the Bank 4%. This apparent juggling with the public funds is explained away by declaring that the Bank is able to assure to the local banks a steadier level of public deposits than they formerly enjoyed, and that this service is worth the additional expense to them. The Bank acts as a reserve depositary for the banks of the state, and as a bank of rediscount, and general clearing house for its depositary banks.

The Bank of North Dakota does not do an ordinary banking business, receiving private deposits and making loans generally. It is essentially a farm and industrial loan bank, founded to encourage and promote agriculture, commerce and industry. It is the agency for the sale of the various series of state bonds. It may loan its funds to the industrial enterprises of the state, apparently without security and to an unlimited extent. It also makes loans to farmers upon the security of real estate or warehouse receipts up to 50% of the value of the former and 90% of the value of the latter. For farm loans, however, in excess of 30% of the Bank's capital plus 20% of its deposits, the funds must be secured through the sale of the real estate bonds already discussed. It would seem that there is needed some legal check upon the transfer of the state funds to the service of the state enterprises. Otherwise the public deposits lie at the mercy of the Industrial Commission, their only protection the honesty and competency that are not always characteristic of public servants. Without such legal restraint upon the careless or improper use of their funds, counties, municipalities and other local units are bound to experience increased difficulty in the disposal of their bonds. The recent decision of the North Dakota supreme court that examination of the Bank of North Dakota is not a function of the state auditor, is a step in the opposite direction.

In its capacity as a farm loan bank, the Bank of North Dakota had received, up to January 15, 1920, as above noted, 1,895 applications for loans, amounting to $8,236,474.00; 269 applications, amounting to $1,103,925.00 had been withdrawn either before or after appraisal. Only 19 applications have been rejected, and 611 loans, amounting to $2,327,550 have been approved. Loans actually made amount to $892,199.04, leaving demands to the amount of $6,240,349.00 still not satisfied.

There remain to be described two other business excursions of the state, one into the field of insurance, the other into home building. The first permits of taxation, if necessary, up to 53 cents an acre, upon tillable land in the state, to compensate for damage done by hail. All tillable land must pay an administration tax of 3 cents an acre. An indemnity fund, in addition, estimated for each year by the state department of insurance, is secured by further taxation upon tillable land not withdrawn by its owner from the obligations and benefits of the statute. For 1919 there are about 13,000 claimants.

As a home building association the Industrial Commission makes loans up to $5,000.00 to help build town homes and up to $10,000.00 to help establish farm homes. If newly-weds do not wish to plan and direct the building of a home the Commission will do it for them. Loans are to be repaid within twenty years. This enterprise is to be financed through deposits of Association members, the sale of state bonds, and legislative appropriations.

The new Board of Administration demands some attention. This significant departure from well-established models consists of five members, two ex-officio, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor and three especially appointed by the governor, Geo. A. Totten, Sr., an unfrocked clergyman, Robert Muir, the brother-in-law of William Lemke, and Patrick Casey. Mr. Totten is chairman of the Board. Miss Minnie Nielson, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, secured her office after a very hot contest with the former incumbent, a Nonpartizan Leaguer named N. C. MacDonald, and she can hardly be supposed to have much influence upon the Board's policies. In fact Miss Nielson has led many to believe that the Board was created to deprive her of her proper functions, and her office has been a centre

of revolt against the League. Into the hands, therefore, of a group of men in whom the most charitable critic would be unable to find special training or fitness for any part of its task the state has placed the supervision of its entire educational system, primary, secondary and higher. For good measure it has added the control of all the penal and charitable institutions. The Board of Administration supplants three former Boards, those of Education, Regents and Control. Granting that a single administrative board whose members serve continuously may find the time to deal with the affairs in all of these fields, it is very doubtful whether or not any single group of officials will be able to combine the unselfish public interest and the due deliberation that were secured under the former system.

The special session of the North Dakota legislature held late last year was ostensibly called to give relief to drought-stricken farmers, but the laws passed by the safe Nonpartizan majority were largely the reflection of the rupture in the League ranks caused by the defection of the attorney general, the secretary of state and the state auditor. The revolt of these men, the first the strongest personality in the North Dakota cabinet, the second an office-holder of long standing, the third a rather sputtery, irresponsible sort of individual, was the first appearance of the cloud of internal rebellion against Townley domination which, at first "no larger than a man's hand," has been growing bigger and blacker and more menacing to the League ever since. To forestall direct obstructive action the League caucus ordered and the faithful voted through various acts transferring powers from foes to friends and curtailing appropriations previously provided for hostile departments. Each of the three officials mentioned was displaced on one or other of such important agencies as the Board of Equalization, the Auditing Board, and the Emergency Board.

The Attorney General was deprived of three of his five regular assistants, and of his power to name special assistants, the latter power going to the Governor. A new appointive office was created, that of State Sheriff, the holder to form, with the county sheriffs and their deputies, a state constabulary. The state licensing department was turned over from the office of the Attorney General to that of the State Sheriff. The Commissioners of Public Printing were authorized to designate official state and local newspapers, these to enjoy a monopoly of all official publications for their respective areas.

The tendency of League leaders to follow the policy of that now famous aphorism: "What in h——l is the constitution between friends" has already been remarked upon. House Bill 60 of the 1919 special session deserves a place alongside House Bill 44 of 1917. The North Dakota constitution requires a two-thirds vote in each legislative house to declare an act an emergency measure, and thus put it into immediate effect. Seventy-two measures, among them all of those above outlined except the newspaper bill, passed without the majority required to declare them emergent. That meant that they would not take effect until July 1, 1920. It meant also that referenda could be secured by 7,000 petitioners whereas 30,000 are required for reference of an emergency measure. Hence House Bill 60, which differentiated between bills passed in regular sessions and those passed in special sessions, declaring that the latter shall go into effect ten days after the close of the session. If declared emergency measures they are to become effective immediately after the session ends. The purpose of this bill was to evade the constitutional requirement for emergency legislation. It got no further than the state supreme court, which declared it unconstitutional.

The special session was full of thrills. One that was transmitted throughout the state resulted from a casual

browse of Representative Burtness in the state library. Upon a shipping-box used to circulate books among schools, this anti-Leaguer discovered two books by Ellen Key, — *Love and Marriage*, and *Love and Ethics*, together with books upon socialistic topics by such well-known authors as Ferê, La Farges, Blatchford, Spargo, Russell and Sinclair. Included also in the list of the proscribed found by Mr. Burtness were Myers' *History of the Supreme Court*, Dewey's *New Schools for Old* and, alack and alas, Beard's *American Government and Politics*, a favorite among college textbooks. Although it was proved that the conjuncture of the shipping case and these particular books was entirely accidental, and that most of the awful volumes had been purchased before the present régime took office, the sentiment of criticism throughout the state was so strong that some one had to be "the goat" and the lot fell upon C. E. Stangeland, who had recently been appointed head of the Public Library Commission. The reaction of the Burtness revelation has very seriously affected the prestige of Ex-Rev. G. A. Totten, who, as chairman of the Board of Administration, appointed Stangeland, and who has never been ranked in ecclesiastical circles as one of the moral pillars of the Frazier government.

Mr. George Wallace, Tax Commissioner of North Dakota, has been called upon to do some hard thinking lately in order to devise ways and means of persuading the farm-owners of North Dakota that they are not suffering from an overdose of taxation. The appropriations for 1919 and 1920 represent an increase of seventy per cent over those for 1917 and 1918. The 1919 tax levy for state purposes exceeds by 118% that for 1918, this without reckoning in the hail taxes, which for 1919 increase the taxes of the owner of tillable land by nearly one-half of his total state and local obligation. As the levy of the local taxing agencies is increased more than

proportionately to the state increase, the total tax comes nearer to trebling than to doubling what the farmer paid in 1918, this without consideration of other than the general property and hail taxes, and with consideration of the twenty-five per cent reduction in the state levy authorized by the special session.

The North Dakota tax commissioner meets the general outcry against these heavy increases by recalling the decreased purchasing power of the dollar, and asserting that in Minnesota the increase in state taxes for 1919 over those for 1918 is 133%, for Wisconsin 124%. But in these states the bulk of the increase is secured from the corporations. In North Dakota the added revenue must come directly from the pockets of private citizens. Examining the objects for which the money is to be spent, one finds little to criticize. Out of a total appropriation, for 1919 and 1920, exclusive of hail and soldiers' bonus funds, of a little more than $7,000,000, more than $2,900,000, or 40% goes for education, 22% goes to other non-industrial institutions, while but 6% ($435,000) goes to finance the new state industries.

The Nonpartizan League is losing rather than gaining ground in North Dakota today. This situation is due to the growing fear that the leaders of the League are not to be trusted. It is not due to regression from the original farmers' program of state-owned marketing facilities for farm products. The need for terminal elevators and fair grading is no less keenly felt than before. But it is one thing to establish an elevator or two, trying out the plan upon a small scale at first and developing it as the warrant for development appears, and it is quite another thing to authorize state and local governments, composed of inexperienced farmers, to go into any business that may appeal to them, to establish a state-owned bank governed by a group of political officials, to empower it to transfer its funds freely to any business

institution the state may set up, to act as the state's agent in borrowing many millions of dollars, and to legalize a centralized control over state affairs that is not only susceptible to outside domination but is actually subject to it. The farmers of North Dakota are not Bolshevists, nor atheists, nor free-lovers, nor doctrinaires of any type. Many of them are socialistic in tendency, but they are not revolutionists. They have felt that they were being mishandled, and have united to manhandle the persecutor. They have no expectation of creating Utopia. The men in the League who properly represent the farmers are respected and trustworthy; but, unfortunately for the prospects of the League, the rank and file of the people of North Dakota do not entertain a high regard for other League leaders, some of them men high in the League or the state administration. The secret of their disapproval is the increasing evidence that these leaders desire to shut out from the benefits of the new day the bankers and business men and manufacturers whom the farmers regard as essential to the development of a well-rounded state life.

In speaking of the present régime in North Dakota as an agricultural democracy, no analogy with the soviet system in Russia is intended. The inference suggested is that a class has, through organization, not by force, gained control of the government of North Dakota, and is using that control largely in its own interest. It cannot be assumed that the farmers desire to injure the legitimate interests of other classes in the state. But the interests of other classes have been injured, and the danger that they will be more seriously injured if the present régime continues is evident. Granting that the experiment of a socialistic state would be worth the injury it would cause, the people of North Dakota do not want the experiment.

Undoubtedly there would be less distrust of League leadership, in spite of its socialistic tinge, if people could

feel that the men who are attempting to revolutionize politics and business are big enough for the job. The genius of a Vanderlip is needed to organize the Bank of North Dakota and connect it up with the complex financial system of the nation. The Bank is designed to do the work of a unit in the great Federal Reserve system, a system which has been evolved only through the most intense application of the best banking brains this country can produce. Yet it is isolated from that system, and in charge of men who have had no experience in big-banking circles. The same incompetence exists in the Industrial Commission and the Board of Administration. It honey-combs the entire structure that the League has created. The striking fact about the men in official capacity is not their dishonesty nor their depravity nor any of the traits with which their enemies credit them, but their ignorance. They are on their way, but hardly a man of them knows where they are going, nor how to get there. This fact is mentioned not as a criticism, but as indicating the handicap that reform movements have to carry.

The constant ringing of the changes upon Townleyism by the forces hostile to the League has had its effect. It is not without justification. Townleyism is responsible for the Langer-Hall-Kositzky revolt. It is the cause of the resignations of editors engaged to run Nonpartizan League newspapers. It is bossism of a highly autocratic type. Bossism is not new, nor is it necessarily evil. But its effects in North Dakota are inimical to the League's prospects.

Many of the League's organizers and some of its official appointees have come under the censure of the church. Although the force of this disapproval is partly neutralized by the recognition of the devotion of other Leaguers to the work of the church, the prestige of some of the higher officials is greatly weakened by the constant fire of criticism directed at them by the clergy. This criticism

is based in part upon their socialistic tendencies, in part upon their attitude toward religion, the home and the school.

The sentiment most frequently expressed today throughout North Dakota is that the times are ripe for a leader. The call is for a man who will stand upon his own feet, who will represent all classes, a man of broad vision and courage. Such a leader, supported by the best brains among the farmers and business men of the state, could maintain a combination of government with business more akin to the experiment now being tried than to the old *laissez-faire* régime. One may say with assurance that North Dakota will never return to the conditions that prevailed before the Nonpartizan League was organized. The force that is undermining the League is rather apprehension for the future than dissatisfaction with the past. If the League is to survive it must slough off its demagogic appeals to class prejudices, broaden its policies and membership, and shorten its stride to the pace of constitutionalism.

HAROLD S. QUIGLEY.

O'DOWD: A STORY

IT wasn't much of a day for a man with three hard-won hours of leisure. O'Dowd realized that the instant he was outside the hospital and at the mercy of the elements. A wind, which might have been called roistering but for the fact that there was so obviously no fun about it, whipped round the corner of the gray stone building, and made a mockery of his clothes, chilling him to the bone. There was no snow to give the street a faintly cheerful appearance and take the edge off the wind. It caught up dun-colored clouds of dust and dirt from the wide pavement and whipped them this way and that. One of them enwrapped O'Dowd almost the minute he appeared, fairly blinding him, and leaving in one eye a minute particle which promised every second to yield to his efforts to get it out, and was yet destined to stay there for all of the three hours.

He started up Broad Street, principally because the wind was blowing in that direction and its buffeting made him feel too wretched and spiritless to think of trying to face it. For the same reason, he walked at a sharp pace, his thin overcoat bellying out in front of him, one ungloved hand clutching his hat, his flapping trousers revealing the leanness of his legs. For two or three blocks he was hardly more sentient than the newspapers and other flying objects scudding northward before the blast. It required that much walking to give him back his breath and power of thought, to return the human identity of which he had been so rudely despoiled. But even when he got his breath he was still conscious that his underclothes were too thin for winter. He hadn't bought heavier ones because so much of his time was spent inside the hospital that it seemed

an extravagance. Now he regretted that carefully planned bit of economy.

By the time he reached Washington Avenue, he had managed to forget how cold he was. He had done so largely by dwelling upon the comforting thought that he had two dollars and some cents in his pocket, and three whole hours in which to spend it. There were places of amusement as far south as this where he could have spent his money, but O'Dowd had no eye for them. He was going clear down into the city, to warm himself in the coddled luxury of lower Chestnut and Walnut streets before he even began to spend his money. He had done that before. Without a cent in his pockets he had managed a spurious intoxication of the senses by mingling with the richly dressed crowds, by stopping before the wonderful display windows of the exclusive little shops. Today he meant to do that again, but this time he would not be cheated of his climax. He would spend all of his two dollars in one terrific dive into sensuous pleasure. He had no idea how he would spend it. The details did not greatly matter: it merely needed to be something that he had never done, one of those extravagances reserved for the lucky rich.

As he crossed Lombard, he chanced to glance up, and saw the hands of the clock in the city hall tower through the eddying clouds of dust and smoke. The sight gave him a shock. He had not realized that it would take him twenty-five minutes to walk down from the hospital, even with the wind behind him. Twenty-five minutes wasted in mere walking, and he only had a hundred and eighty of them altogether. No, he didn't have that many; only a hundred and thirty, because it would take another five-and-twenty to walk back. He made this computation forgetting to allow an extra ten minutes at least for facing that merciless wind.

The sight of the clock-face produced in him a nervous haste. He fairly ran three or four blocks farther north,

and then swung sharply to his right. It was now that he began to experience real torment from the infinitesimal bit of dust which had lodged in his eye. It hadn't seemed so bad when he was walking, but when he got round the corner and the solid wall of buildings sheltered him from the wind, it became acute torture. He found it quite impossible to keep that eye open more than an instant. He dodged into the shelter of a big doorway, and wasted another five minutes in vain efforts to get the mote out. There was no use bothering with it. He could use one eye, and when he got back to the hospital one of the nurses would whisk it out in a jiffy.

When he peered out from the shelter of his doorway it struck him that Chestnut Street was not nearly as alluring as usual. The bleak wind seemed to have swept it clear of the beautiful women and the carefully dressed, idly sauntering men. Its pedestrian population was surely cut in half, and the remnant seemed composed largely of shabby people with bent heads hurrying to get somewhere else. O'Dowd made up his mind to stay where he was until he decided exactly what he was going to do. It wasn't the sort of day in which he could enjoy as much of the window-gazing as he had planned. You simply can't do that with pleasure when you are so cold that you begin to shiver the instant you stand still. And he was shivering now, even in this partial shelter. His decision, moreover, had to be hurried. Forty minutes had elapsed since he left the hospital, and he had done nothing.

Going to a theatre, not a movie but a regular theatre, had really been the height of his desire, but he held this out of the question. It was after three; the performances would already be an hour along. To spend most of his money for part of a show seemed the height of folly. The more he dwelt on the idea, however, the greater became its appeal. Missing a bit of it didn't so much matter after all. It had been years since he had

been inside a theatre, but he remembered it clearly enough. And it would be warm! The thought of leaning back in a thickly upholstered seat in a warm and faintly scented atmosphere decided him. He left his shelter, went down the street and stopped at the first theatre he reached, without giving so much as a glance at the playbills outside.

"I want a seat," he said to the man inside the glass box.

The man did not interrupt his conversation with a friend. He selected a slip of green card-board and pushed it forward, yet retaining a hold on its corner.

"Two dollars," he said.

O'Dowd was thunderstruck. He hadn't planned to spend all of his money on the ticket.

"I want a cheaper one," he announced diffidently. "I don't much care where it is, since the show's part over anyhow."

The man favored him with a bored glance.

"No matinee today," he said and resumed his interrupted conversation.

Bitterly disappointed O'Dowd went back into the street. For a few forlorn minutes he tried to look into the windows, but it was an ordeal beyond his powers of endurance. In three minutes his teeth were chattering; in five he was so conscious of his shivering body that he did not know what treasures lay before him in the windows. The incessant winking of his eye made it impossible for him to get a good look at anything anyhow.

"Maybe I'll feel better if I get something to eat," he muttered.

Again he trembled on the verge of indulging another long-cherished desire. Times innumerable he had dreamed of eating down here, not in any mere lunch counter, but in one of the moderately swell places, where you sat at a regular table with a cloth on it, mirrors on every side, an orchestra playing somewhere. He

began hunting for such a place. Almost at once he found one, but instead of going in, he walked past, his heart beating painfully. He went as far as the corner, turned and came back. A second time his truant legs refused to take him through the ornate doorway. It was difficult for him to realize that he was actually afraid to go in. With this very entrance in mind, he had taken the very pick of his slender wardrobe, that he might have no need to feel ashamed of his appearance, and quail beneath the eye of a waiter. Even when he knew the truth, he would not admit it to himself. But after he had walked a fourth time past that entrance, and had commenced to feel that people along the street and in the windows must be watching him, he gave up the attempt. But he lied to himself in an effort to save his pride.

"I ain't really very hungry," he said to himself. "I'd be a fool to blow a lot of money just for eating, specially at this time of day."

He went finally into a white-fronted restaurant where at certain hours of the day chefs in snowy caps manufactured griddle-cakes before the huge windows. But there was almost nobody there, and half-a-dozen waitresses were standing in a whispering group at the far end of the room. None of them seemed in much of a hurry to take O'Dowd's order. He slipped into the first chair and eyed them furtively. One of them was very pretty. She had a full, shapely figure, red cheeks and high-piled masses of very dark hair. To have her wait on him would be nothing less than high adventure. He thought she was going to do it. She glanced at him once or twice, and seemed minded to come. Then a thin, unlovely girl with flat features and a bad complexion came. O'Dowd discovered that in his lately muttered excuses he had unwittingly told the truth; he *wasn't* particularly hungry. But he managed to give an order, and then took as much time as possible in eating it,

because the steamy warmth of the room was grateful. As often as he could, he looked at the girl with the black hair. He amused himself by conjecturing what might have happened if she had taken his order. Somehow or other he would have managed to begin a conversation. After that there seemed limitless possibilities: anything might have happened!

So attracted was he by these imaginings that he considered ordering something else when he had finished eating what he had, waiting until she was looking at him, and them summoning her by a crooked finger. She could hardly fail to come then. A moment before, it had seemed to him that he could not possibly finish the stack of round, thick, yellow cakes piled on the plate in front of him. Now he drove himself to the completion of the task, stealing glances at her while he ate. Just as he finished the last morsel, she turned carelessly and disappeared through a swinging door at the rear of the room. He waited as long as he dared, but she did not come back. He spent some time deciding whether or not he should leave any money for the girl who had served him. It seemed rather superfluous. She had given him scant attention. He finally left a dime because he felt rather sorry for her. She didn't look as though she got much more fun out of life than he did. But even then he was denied the satisfaction of seeing whether she found it or not. He had an uneasy feeling that it found its ultimate way into the pocket of the dirty-faced boy who went around with a basket gathering the soiled dishes.

While he was in the restaurant the weather had become worse than ever. It seemed no warmer, and the wind was surely just as strong, but a dash of stinging rain had been added. You could hardly see it falling, and yet in no time it made you feel damp. O'Dowd took a cross-street and went over to Market, a thoroughfare which lacked, he knew, that air of opulence which

was to have formed so great a part of his adventure, but there were more lights, more places where you could dodge for shelter without making people look at you suspiciously.

By this time he had reached a point where nothing much mattered except keeping warm. The revolving door of a great department store lured him and he passed through. A thick, heavy air, composed of innumerable odors assailed him. Before him stretched a wilderness of counters, an army of clerks. He took refuge behind a table heaped with boxes, glanced at a clock on the wall. He had just an hour left.

As he stood behind the sheltering table he made up his mind that he would buy something. After all it was a much more sensible way to spend his money. He would walk around until he saw something that he really wanted, buy it and go back to the hospital. It wouldn't satisfy all those vague longings which had driven him out into the storm, but at least it would leave him something to show for it. He left his corner and began to wander through the aisles.

To some people the mildly predatory feeling derived from aimless looking at goods displayed for sale is highly satisfying. O'Dowd was one of these people: he had never known this, but he now fell suddenly upon the knowledge. Unfortunately he had never before had a chance to indulge the propensity; his purchases had always been those of hurried necessity, he had rushed into the nearest store, bought what he required and hurried out again. Now, for the first time that afternoon, he really began to enjoy himself. It made no difference that he was surrounded by thousands of dollars' worth of objects for which he had no desire whatever; the fact that they were there and that he was present for the ostensible buying of them was sufficient. He roamed from one counter to another, feasting his eyes on goods whose mere newness was their chief charm,

finding a counter heaped high with books just as attractive as a case full of glittering firearms.

There is no telling how long the enchanting journey might have lasted had not O'Dowd been suddenly confronted by a particular showcase. Pure chance directed his eye toward it, actually focused it upon a pipe there.

It was exactly the sort of pipe he had wanted to own since the day he had seen one like it at the hospital. It had a big, capacious bowl of brier and a thick stem of clear amber that looked as though it would exactly fit the peculiar formation of his teeth.

The one at the hospital had belonged to the thin man in the ward where O'Dowd had been frequently during the last few days. As a rule he didn't pay much attention to the people in the white beds, but he had noticed the thin man, probably because of his eyes. They were very sharp, and it seemed to O'Dowd that they were always on him.

Now that he saw the pipe in the show-case he thought that perhaps he knew why the thin man had watched him. He had been afraid that O'Dowd would steal his pipe!

The doctors and nurses hadn't let the patient smoke, of course, but one day, when he seemed better, they had given him the pipe and let him sit up in bed with it clamped between his jaws. It was then that O'Dowd had seen it — and probably the sick man had seen the covetousness in his look, and watched him closely thereafter.

He walked up to the case and extended a finger.

"I want that pipe," he said.

An hour before he would have paid some attention to the girl behind the counter, who was decidedly better looking than the brunette who had so caught his attention in the restaurant. But at the moment he had no thought or eye for a woman; he did not even notice the bare and shapely arm which she reached into the case after the pipe. She laid it on the counter and he gloated over it.

"You needn't wrap it up," he said. "I'll want to use it right away I guess."

She did not so much as glance at him or show that she had heard his words. A negligent hand reached for the pencil thrust through the thick coils of her hair.

"Three-fifty," she said.

"What?"

"Three dollars and a half," she repeated.

O'Dowd glanced at the little ticket hanging from the pipe. She was right. He muttered something unintelligible about the change, turned on his heel and slunk out into the street. He did not bother to look for a clock. He was through! He thrust his hands into the pockets of his overcoat, lowered his head against the wind and started south.

It took him forty-five minutes to walk the two miles. It was more of a battle than a walk, and yet he was not really conscious of the struggle he had to make. The incessant effort required to bore his way into the blast and maintain progress was no more than a sort of accompaniment to his thoughts. Had there been an open ditch in front of him, O'Dowd would have stepped into it. Had there been dangerous crossings to negotiate, he would have been run down a dozen times. He was spared a score of head-on collisions with other pedestrains only because they gave way to him. Only force of long habit made him stop when he reached the hospital; otherwise he might well have trudged steadily southward until his way was barred by the marine at the League Island gates.

It cannot be claimed that there was any sharpness in the man's suffering. Acuteness of mental or spiritual pain demands a swift or a very considerable transition, and since O'Dowd had never really more than touched the fringes of happiness at infrequent times, his present desolation could not become more poignant by contrast. His suffering was dull, heavy, yet profound. It seemed

as though the events of the afternoon, piling one disappointment on the other, had ended by showing him what a wretched, useless, utterly forgotten and worthless creature he really was. A single ray through the gloom might have changed everything. If the wind hadn't blown, and his eye tormented him — if he had been in time for a play in a gorgeous theatre — if he had dared to enter the forbidding door of that restaurant, or had managed a mild flirtation with the black-haired waitress! Even if all these had failed, he could have trudged happily back to the hospital, comforted by the thought of the new pipe in his pocket. It *was* such a fine pipe! Just the presence of that pipe in his pocket would have meant everything. As it was, he had nothing.

Had he been gifted with more self-assertiveness, he would have gone and jumped into the Delaware, just to prove himself capable of some originality of action. As it was he went back to the hospital, hating it dully. It was a place where he ate and slept and was given a pittance, most of which he sent to his mother in Harrisburg. They gave him that for doing indescribably filthy and horribly endless tasks. Nobody paid him any attention. He was as much a part of the mechanical apparatus of the building as one of the wheeled tables. None of the doctors knew him by name; they called him "Say!" or "You there!" He was glad he hadn't often to come into contact with them. The nurses weren't much better. They called him Jim, which wasn't his real name at all, but was short, convenient and soon out of their mouths.

As far as he could see, he might very well go on doing the same thing indefinitely. He didn't complete the thought by saying "until he died." He lacked the imagination to conceive of death as a possible termination of the monotony of existence. Death was something that visited those who were sick, the white figures in the beds after the screens were put up in front of them.

It was something which could have no possible connection with him. He was wretched enough but he never was sick. He didn't dare be sick: they would fire him in a minute if he should be unable to work. And that thought was appalling. He hated the hospital, and yet could not even face the thought of existence without its shelter. There had once been a frightful, noisy, hammering factory full of huge, powerful, shouting men. He had worked there three days, sweating with terror. The hospital was infinitely better than that; here at least he was pretty well let alone.

He made his way into the building, went to the tiny cupboard in which most of his hours were spent, changed his clothes and armed himself with the mop, broom and other paraphernalia of his unlovely labor. Then he trudged spiritlessly through the bleak corridors to his work. He had hardly entered the ward where he was busy when a voice spoke to him from the nearest bed, a voice faint but very compelling, —

"Jove, but I'm glad you're back! Where have you been?"

O'Dowd turned and faced the bed. It was the first time the thin man had ever spoken to him. The tone was kind, and now O'Dowd saw that the eyes too were kind and not merely sharp. He wanted to dislike the man because he possessed — a mere trifle — what to O'Dowd was a treasure beyond reach. But he couldn't dislike him, because the man was smiling. To find someone actually smiling at him almost frightened O'Dowd.

"Why, I've been out," he stammered.

"Oh," said the man in the bed. "Not going out again soon, are you?"

"No."

"Glad to hear it."

The man said no more and dropped his head back on the pillow, yet O'Dowd could feel the big eyes following his movements. The consciousness of this unbroken

scrutiny now was not in the least disquieting; in fact it had a far different effect. Somebody was actually watching him, actually paying some attention to what he did! The man had missed him when he went out, had said in so many words that he was glad he had come back! And he wasn't just an ordinary man; O'Dowd knew that in spite of the sameness of the beds and the hospital garb. He was one of those fortunate creatures who ate where they pleased and went to theatres every night. From time to time O'Dowd paused in his work long enough to turn toward the bed, and invariably the big eyes in the white face smiled at him. In spite of himself he had to finish his work and move, but he was as long about it as possible, and went away with a little warm feeling around his heart that he had never felt before, and which almost choked him.

An hour or so later a doctor came in and stopped beside the bed.

"What have you done to that scrub-boy?" he asked abruptly.

The man on the bed opened his big eyes wider.

"Done to him?" he repeated, "Nothing. Spoke to him was all. Why?"

The physician sat down beside the bed, chin in hand.

"What made you speak to him?" he asked. "Never done it before, have you?"

"No. I like to watch him. I don't know exactly why. Some species of mental snobbishness, I fancy. He is *such* a clod! There is something awesomely attractive in the spectacle of his cloddishness. I watch him and try to imagine what he is thinking, or rather what can possibly be going on inside his head, because he so patently isn't thinking."

"I see," the doctor said shortly, then added a short laugh which had no mirth in it. "I wonder if most kindness isn't built of that sort of stuff," he mused.

"What do you mean?" asked the sick man.

"You aren't the only one who has watched the chap," said the physician. "I've done it for months, done it almost subconsciously, had much your speculative thoughts about him — when I bothered to think about him at all. I happened to encounter him in the corridor a bit ago as he came out of here. I was startled. The man was transfigured! That sounds like exaggeration, but it isn't. I can't find words to describe the change in him. He glowed! I was so startled that I didn't speak to him, which I meant to do. Later I made inquiries. Inquiries! You might as well make inquiries about a fly that has crawled across the counterpane of your bed, and then flown out of your window! Nobody knows what happens to him when he isn't in sight. If I were a metaphysician I should wonder if he *had* any existence when nobody was watching him. Well, I hunted him down and asked him questions. I had to tread warily. Men like that, Jarvis, can't be handled as you and I handle each other and our sort. They're timid with a timidity we can't grasp at all. I pried out of him that he had been for a walk, and that you had spoken to him. I dared greatly and probed a bit farther. It couldn't have been the walk, for he'd gotten cold and eaten something that hadn't agreed with him. So it must have been you. What did you say to him? "

"Let's see — ! I think I said I was glad he'd come back. And I rather grinned at him. It *does* get beastly monotonous, you know."

The doctor rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"All these months," he said, "he's been a dead thing. You spoke to him, and he comes to life, opens like a flower. Good God, Jarvis, wouldn't you expect at least a doctor to be quicker to see such things? I spend my days prying about people's insides, and never see a soul starving to death under my eyes! — I say, you'll very likely be in this bed three weeks longer. In fact, I'll see to it that you are. Go on talking to the fellow, will

you? And try not to think of him just as a clod, amusing because of his cloddishness. How about it?"

"Of course I will," promised the man in the bed.

After the doctor had gone the man called Jarvis, summoned a nurse, asked her for his coat, and fumbled through the pockets. Then he shoved something under his pillow.

"There's a man scrubs floors and — er — empties things and so on, in here," he said. "Do you suppose you could find him for me?"

"Oh, Jim? Why, I guess so."

Ten minutes later O'Dowd, bewildered and very badly frightened, followed the nurse into the room.

"Oh, hello!" Jarvis said cheerfully. "Sorry to get you clear back up here, but there was something I meant to give you this afternoon, and it slipped my mind. And a sick man is funny about things like that, you know. Here —" and he reached under the pillow — "it'll be months before they'll let me have such pleasures, and it'll be ruined unless somebody uses it. Tell me if it's good brier, and I'll get another for myself when I'm on my pins."

He held out his hand, and O'Dowd gave a cry like a child. It was the pipe like the one in the show-case!

Dònal Hamilton Haines.

VIEWPOINT OF A SEXAGENARIAN CONTRIBUTOR

The *Garrulities* seem to have stirred up in some of the younger men a tendency to assume the *toga venerabilis*, and so we have welcomed some of the reflections of this youngster of sixty and another of seventy who follows him, as leading up to our own matured cogitations. May these youngsters also mature into riper decades!—THE EDITOR.

IF the old but knew! And yet today every man of sixty, unless he is as obtuse as he is wicked, does know that something pretty serious is the matter with him. The sad truth is flung at his incredulous ears that his "day" is past. The meek — meaning much younger men — have arisen to inherit his earth. That they are young, he perceives, but he is not so sure of their meekness. He is told that his political arteries have hardened, and that his civic vision is clouded with cataract. He has neither the social sympathies nor the cataclysmic energy which the hour demands. As a brute obstacle athwart the march of progress, he must remove himself, or be removed. This is put to him kindly. Personally, he may not be such a bad lot. In the first appeal to him to take himself out of the way of the advancing era, pity is stressed, rather than anger. If he will only see himself as the cumberer of the ground that he is, much may be forgiven him. But resistance will be futile. It will merely make compassion give way to stern measures. To persist in lagging superfluous, will only render his forced exit the more humiliating. Youth begins by knocking at his door. It will end by knocking him on the head.

All this is what "everybody says," therefore it must be so. The sixty-year olds do not question the fact. But they think it needs to be explained. And age has at least one privilege left — the privilege of knowing. The *pouvait* it must surrender to *juenesse*, but is not the *savait* its own proverbial right? Yet precisely there comes in the trouble. The old men do not know. Anxious

as they are to comprehend the state of affairs described to them, they cannot. Hence they scrutinize, compare, put questions. Are they presented with the whole truth, or only a fragmentary and partly-imagined article?

The man of sixty is warned to get out of the track of young men resolved to create all things anew. But who are the messengers of warning? Some of them, he perceives, carry a still more fatal burden of years than his own. They verify the saying that the hope of agitators lies with either the young or the very old. No root-and-branch reformer is so impetuous as an old man in a hurry. And the tale of years gets strangely confused in all this business. Seventy gravely points out to sixty the perils of senility. Forty-five protests that sixty cannot possibly understand how twenty-four feels. Many of the self-appointed spokesmen of youth have, in fact, left their own youth behind. Look closely at those who discourse most pontifically of the new generation pressing on to take from the mighty their seats, and you will see their temples graying. The sixty-year old observer notes this with excusable puzzlement. Have these middle-aged exponents of infallible youth a more sympathetic insight than he into the heart of twenty? Or have they simply a greater capacity for self-deception? Their cocksureness is admitted, but is their sincerity entire? Vain longings for the sensations of a youth over-passed often make forty seem the really "dangerous age." Physicians know about this. So do social moralists. And there are intellectual hazards, too, for the man of middle years faced with youthful ferment. He may let his mind toy with it instead of grappling with it. Eager to be in what he thinks the great movement, dimly conscious that it offers him one more fleeting chance to satisfy vanity or feed notoriety, he embraces what he does not understand, and hastily abandons his old convictions without getting any new ones.

Passing by these gray-haired harbingers of the Day

209702 PUBLIC LIBRARY

of Youth, the inquiring man of sixty next turns his face upon the young men themselves. Are they so radically different from what he was at their age? Is their attitude towards his own generation more impatient, less tolerant, more high and stern in resolve, than was his own, forty years ago, toward the elders of his youth? For the life of him he cannot see it. He marks his samples. Of course, he is not so foolish as to think he can touch and penetrate the whole youthful mass. All he can do is to seek to recognize the young Hercules *ex pede*. And the feet of so many are kicking a foot-ball! There he has his first class of menacing young men — the athlete and the devotee of athletics. Wholesome human beings, tingling with life, filled with the joy of the play of muscle and skilful coördinated effort, out-of-doors boys, sworn to the best ideals of sportsmanship, these swarming and typical young Americans can be thought of as possible enemies of the established order only by those who look at the facts as the eye likes the look. They are not without their ardors and devotions, these young men of abounding vitality. We saw them in the great war pledge their all to their country. Such a flowing of youth to arduous service, the nation, mighty mother of men, never saw before. The sight warmed the hearts of old men. Do not tell them that these boys, who were attended on their way to hardship and death by the vision splendid, are going to dynamite the state!

The old may not know all about the young, but they know something. They understand — and approve — the generous heats that youthful minds feel. They have not forgotten the time when for them, too, it was bliss to be alive, and very heaven to be young. Aspiration and the forward look are inseparable from the early twenties. If boys and girls did not display them we should despair of the republic. The hope of renewal and vivifying must always lie mainly with the young. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, God perfecteth

strength. Let our young men go on dreaming dreams. It is better to pursue an impossible ideal than to have none at all. No real cause of disquietude springs from youthful eagerness to question the old and to experiment with the new. These young men and women, fired with thoughts of social and political betterment, are only setting their feet in the path trod by their fathers and grandfathers. Soon enough will come to them the sobering and steadying of the tough facts of life. They will discover in their turn that man does not live by reform alone. The needs of the individual as well as of society will persist in asserting themselves. Work must be found and done. Wives and children will tug at the coat-tails of ardent renovators as they did at Erskine's. Into the routine and struggle of later years let our youth carry as much as they are able of their early passion to leave the world better for their having lived in it. This will be to them afterwards both a souvenir and a stay.

How can old men penetrate the secret of youth? Well, they can make a try at it by observation. And the longer and more narrowly they observe, the more they become convinced that it is, after all, an open secret. Nature is infinitely various, yet she renews herself. One generation differeth from another in the externals of life and in the opportunities that beckon; but the stuff of human beings changes slowly. And if one strives to note the qualities displayed by the young men and women today, at whom the old are bidden to be alarmed, it will appear that they ought simply, like the young of former times, to be admired and loved and thought of as the embodiment of great hopes. With fresh minds and unexhausted vigor they confront the world. Upon most of them the hand of necessity is early laid. They must elect their livelihood. They must think of their place and work in the order into which they were born. Into their hearts steal dreams of love and mating. Nature

smiles at them as they find themselves wondering at the way in which deep-seated instincts prove stronger than reason. The wise Mother has seen to that. Her concern is perpetuation. To this all fevered passions for making society over out of hand have to give way in the end. Marriage? That means the family. It means children. They mean property — firm roots in the soil. This is why ardent Young England of 1853 became to the Young England of 1882 very like bigot Toryism. So it always has gone with Young America. And the thing that hath been shall be.

Americans upon whom age is stealing can afford to be patient, while quietly amused, with the restless folk who cry for great changes, leading they know not whither. To open-eyed sixty, both the fact and its meaning should be intelligible. There is nothing really new in it all. Only the form and emphasis shift with the lapsing years. Many times before, as to-day, discontent has been the troubled waters in which ambitious men fish. Perhaps the numbers are at present greater of those who, having nothing else to do, fish more for the titillation of the sport than for what they hope to carry home in their baskets. But the whole phenomenon is much the same, generation after generation. And what is the use of having had a long experience unless it braces a man in the conviction that the bases of life and society and government lie too deep to be shaken by passing and changing gusts of agitation? Moreover, the man of sixty comes to have a "sense" of what his countrymen think and will do. He may not be able to prove it, but he is sure of it. And why not? If he was born in the true American tradition; if he has had a business or professional activity which has brought him into contact with various parts of the country and with all sorts and conditions of men; if he has worked with his hands as well as his brains; if he has kept his curiosity alive; if he has by use and wont made of his perceptions

a kind of register of what the mass of his fellows are feeling and planning — how can he possibly admit that raw upstarts — many of them alien-born — can read the mind and heart of Americans more accurately than he? Age hath this also that it makes one more certain of his ground and feeling.

If the old but knew! There are so many things that they cannot find out. They put no end of questions to which satisfactory answers are not forthcoming from the glib and heady exponents of millennial changes. Who will pay the bills of Socialism? That used to be asked of the old Socialists. They did not make convincing replies; nor do their successors, even with the vast powers of taxation now available. Much has lately been heard of the "new" political economy. It sounds too much like a new way to pay old debts. Men who have been trained to rule out legerdemain in arithmetic cannot understand it. The supposition that lessened production will make the world richer and happier is easily made, but wrecks itself on the rock of fact. And if man must have a real motive to work, so he must have to save and to invest. Undoubtedly we can endure, for good reason shown, much heavier taxes than we used to think tolerable or possible; but there must always remain a point at which the citizen will refuse to accumulate wealth only to have it taken from him by the Government. So that when we ask today who will pay the bills of Socialism — bills running beyond the income from our entire national wealth — it is plain what the answer must be. They will not be paid at all. Property will be confiscated and creditors told to go hang.

The big question will always remain that of organization. Even the most fantastically imagined "new" social order must yet be an *order*. It must provide somehow for the ongoings of life. Labor must be done by somebody. Somebody must think and plan. Somebody must lead. He may do it with an air of utter

servility. Under pretense of being the servant of the people, he may fasten upon their neck his yoke of tyranny. But, one way or another, there must be organization. This means subordination. Certain qualities have got to be in command. The only room for dispute is which ones they shall be. Can the new world struggling to be born, be organized with intelligence and power at the bottom? If the attempt is made, it will not be long before in some manner they find themselves at the top. Our Federalist forefathers thought that their political party must be dominant because it was made up of "the wise, the rich and the good." With our later lights, we admit the wealth, but we have serious doubts of both the wisdom, and the goodness. Self-complacency is not necessarily virtue. And it is not wise to reckon without the democratic impulse. Yet the fundamental of the Federalists was sound, and has endured through all the shifts of American party names. What will happen to us when the beggars are on horseback? Well, as Lowell reminded the timorous of his day — and what trifles light as air now appear the things of which they were apprehensive — the beggar in the saddle ceases to be a beggar.

Anyhow the man of sixty today refuses to be frightened. He may be amused at the dire prophecies of what is about to befall him and his generation, but he will not be terrified. He knows that he and his fellows still have the ultimate power under their control. If it comes to a real test of force, they need not fear the issue. And he is as ready to fight and die in defense of the solid achievement of those into whose labors we have entered, as any rash innovator is in order to destroy it. So, if you please, prophets of the new day, do not think of the men of sixty in a blue funk. They are curious about you, interested to know what you will say and do next, but are they filled with dread of you? Not for a single moment!

Rollo Ogden.

CONFESSIONS OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN CONTRIBUTOR

I

WHEN a man finds himself nearing the end of the voyage of life, when he is almost in sight of Pier No. 70, as Mark Twain called it, when it is time to take in sail, as Emerson put it, he is tempted to lift down the log-book and revive his journeyings. He is inclined to be a little self-conscious and to wonder whether he had not become more or less of a conservative in consequence of the hardening of his mental arteries. If he is wise he is not unduly disenchanted with things as they are to-day, and he is not unduly enthusiastic about things as they were half a century ago. Yet of course the most potent of the reasons why this paper of reminiscences has been written is the vanity of an elderly man, snatching at a chance to talk about himself; and if he is tolerant of the eager young fellows pressing forward to push him aside, as is ever the custom of youth, he may cherish the hope — which may also be vanity — that what he is here setting down may convey counsel to his juniors by which they may benefit if they will.

It is now very nearly fifty years since I made my first contribution to a magazine, — the first of five hundred at least. In that half-century, I have signed my name to articles of many kinds in many kinds of periodicals, — daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly. I have written verse, serious and comic, and serio-comic. I have written fiction, serials as well as short-stories. I have written essays and critical reviews, biographical sketches and descriptive articles. I have had five contributions in a single number of a leading magazine; and I have contributed in a single month to five different magazines. Articles of mine have appeared almost simultaneously

in *Harper's Monthly*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar* and *Harper's Young People.*

At one time or another the editors of the *Yale Review*, the *Princeton Review*, the *New Princeton Review*, and the *Columbia University Quarterly* have opened their pages to me; and so have the editors of the *Musical Quarterly*, the *Political Science Quarterly* and the *Art World*, — an incongruous conjunction, especially as I recall that the conductors of the *Theater*, the *Dramatic Mirror* and the *Billboard* have been equally hospitable. To make the incongruity even more obvious I may add that my name has also been appended to papers in *Modern Philology* and *Modern Language Notes.* I have had several articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* and about as many in the *Unpopular* — now the *Unpartizan Review.* I have written book-reviews in the *Nation* of New York and in the *Saturday Review* of London, although I have not contributed anything to either of these once respected weeklies for now a quarter of a century.

I have had a serial in *Saint Nicholas;* and I have had one article in the *Catholic World* and one in the *American Review of Reviews.* I wrote for the *Independent* when it was a blanket-sheet without illustrations, and for the *Christian Union* before it experienced a change of heart and became the *Outlook.* I have prepared both prose and verse for the earlier numbers of *Puck* and *Life.* Book-reviews of mine and other articles on literary topics were not infrequent in the *Bookman*, which still survives, and in the *Critic*, the *Reader*, and the *Library Table*, which have all three departed this life. Essays of mine have appeared in magazines bearing their publishers' names, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, and *Munsey's* which are flourishing to-day, and in *Lippincott's*, *Longman's*, *Leslie's*, *Appleton's* and *Putnam's*, which are now no longer seen on our news-stands. Other essays of mine have been printed in magazines which bear names not identifying themselves with the patronymics of

their publishers, — in the *Atlantic* and in the *Century*, which are still alive and lively, as well as in the *Galaxy* and the *International Review* which departed this life nearly two score years ago.

As I read over this catalog I see that it is far from being complete, since it omits *Once a Week* (which is now *Collier's Weekly*), the *American* (a Philadelphia weekly supported by Wharton Barker) and *Punchinello* (a comic weekly which lived through the spring and summer of 1870, and which, as I found out later, was supported by Jim Fisk and Jay Gould, Tweed and Sweeny).

II

Although I had managed to get some "comic copy" into *Punchinello* in 1870, the earliest article of mine to bear my signature, appeared in the *Galaxy*, published by Sheldon and Company and owned by the late Colonel William C. Church (editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*) and by his brother, Frank P. Church, one of the most brilliant of the editorial writers of the *New York Sun*. The *Galaxy* contained serials by Colonel J. W. De Forest, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Annie Edwards, all three of them story-tellers with an assured following in those distant days, although I question whether any reader under sixty is likely to be familiar with Colonel De Forest's stirring "Overland" or with Mrs. Edward's piquant "Ought we to visit her?"

I question also whether any reader of any age is likely to recall the sprightly papers of Junius Henri Brown and of Albert Rhodes. A third of the essayists of the *Galaxy* was Richard Grant White, who contributed to its pages most of his studies of Shakspere and his inquiries into *Words and Their Uses* and who founded the quartette of which the *Unpartizan* editor discourses in his *Garrulities*. A fourth essayist was the late Henry James, whose father was then alive, and who therefore signed himself, "Henry James, junior." It was in the

Galaxy that he printed most of his appreciative criticisms of *French Poets and Novelists*.

The *Galaxy* seemed to me then, as indeed it does now, one of the most interesting of American monthlies; and I had more than personal reasons for mourning its untimely demise. After a long struggle the stars sank beneath the sea — that is to say, the *Galaxy* was absorbed by the *Atlantic*, which was glad to take over most of its planets. As I was only one of its asteroids, I was not greatly surprised when the editor of the *Atlantic* returned to me with his polite and printed regrets, a paper which had been accepted by the editor of the *Galaxy*.

This editor of the *Atlantic* was Mr. Howells, who was kinder to some of my later offerings; and his kindness was inherited by his immediate successor, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and by a successor of more recent years, Professor Bliss Perry. While the *Atlantic* was in the care of these three men of letters it retained the characteristics impressed upon it by its first conductor, Lowell, who had made it the most literary of all American magazines, — literary in its high standard of style, and literary also in its constant attention to themes of bookish interest. While not neglecting the topics of the moment, it did not seek to be strenuously contemporary; and it always had room for a leisurely essay by Colonel T. W. Higginson, by Henry James, or by John Burroughs, which reveal themselves as good reading to-day as they were in those cheerful yesterdays.

In this persistent attention to literature the *Atlantic* was rivalled by the *Century* when that monthly came under the editorial control of Richard Watson Gilder; and this rivalry was a feat of difficulty, since the *Century* was an illustrated magazine with a rapidly increasing circulation. It may be doubted whether any popular illustrated monthly to-day would risk the inclusion of Stedman's solid evaluations of the Victorian and

American poets. In fact, I think that several of our leading monthlies were more frankly "literary" in their likings thirty and forty years ago than any of them are now. I mean by this that they were less intentionally "popular"; and I do not mean that they were better written, for although the standard of style was high in the *Atlantic* and in the *Century*, there was, two score years ago, not a little writing distinctly less skilful than that of the average magazine contribution of this twentieth year of this twentieth century. We may have fewer stars of magnitude, but we have more star-dust and a more brilliant milky way.

Perhaps this more literary quality may be ascribed to the fact that many of our twentieth century editors have been newspaper men, whereas many of the nineteenth century editors were men of letters. The magazine, monthly or weekly, may be regarded as a half-way house between literature and journalism, and its editor is likely to know best the path by which he himself has aproached it. Howells and Aldrich and Gilder had for companions John Foster Kirk (the biographer of "Charles the Bold"), who edited *Lippincott's*, and John Gilmary Shea (the translator of the *Jesuit Relations*), who edited *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. The *International Review* of forty years ago was in the joint control of Henry Cabot Lodge and John T. Morse, Jr. *Appleton's Journal*, changed from a weekly into a monthly, was in charge of Oliver Bell Bunce, who was later to put together a manual of manners, peremptorily entitled *Don't* and destined to attain a sale of several hundred thousand copies. It was in *Appleton's* that the somewhat saccharine serials of "Christine Reid" appeared, and also the more vigorous and veracious short-stories of Constance Fenimore Woolson.

In the late seventies and early eighties, the *Nation* still edited by its founder, E. L. Godkin, and still office-edited — if I may dare this novel vocable — by Wendell

Philips Garrison, had for its chief literary critic, William C. Brownell and for regular reviewers Henry James, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Thomas R. Lounsbury. The *Nation* owed the high esteem in which it was then held mainly to the pungency of its political editorials, whereas the *Critic*, founded by Jeannette L. and Joseph B. Gilder, eschewed politics, and confined itself to literature, art and the drama. The *Critic* was never able to establish itself on a secure and solid foundation; and it struggled unavailingly for a score of years as a weekly, a fortnightly, and a monthly. It opened its pages to Walt Whitman, who there printed a large part of his later prose notes. But it never printed any review of any of the volumes of verse by Richard Watson Gilder, who was a brother of the editors, and who therefore desired them not to notice his books.

Twenty or twenty-five years ago, *Harper's Weekly* was one of our most interesting periodicals. It was truly what it declared itself to be — "a journal of civilization." Although it could no longer contain the convincing editorials of George William Curtis and the convicting cartoons of Thomas Nast, it maintained its best traditions. The editor was Henry Loomis Nelson, and the office-editor was Henry Gallup Paine. The cartoonist was W. A. Rogers, as inventive and as effective as Nast. The chief political writer was Carl Schurz. And Mr. Howells often contributed a column or two entitled "Life and Letters," dealing with the books and plays which seemed to him deserving of attention.

III

With the editors of a majority of the magazines I have just mentioned, my relations were cordial. Not a few of them were my friends, and half-a-dozen at least were my intimates. They were most of them older than I by half a generation; and as we went down the years together, we came to a more complete understanding.

I knew pretty well what each of them wanted, and also what each of them didn't want. So it came about that when I offered an article it was more likely than not to be accepted, although not infrequently it came back to me with a line of kindly explanation for its return. Mine was not the happy lot of Colonel Higginson, who confided once to me that he had never had an article rejected. Yet I had no reason to complain; and the struggling novices of those days were wont to include me as a member of that "inner ring," which they falsely believed to be monopolizers of the magazines.

I suppose it is natural enough for the outsiders to denounce those whom they consider the insiders, as members of an affederated group, so to speak, unjust usurpers of pages which ought to be filled by the writings of men and women less known, not to call them unknown. This may be natural, as I say, but it is also absurd. As editors are human beings, it must be admitted that they are likely to have prejudices in favor of the contributors who have become their friends, and whom they know to be competent craftsmen. But they know also that these friendly craftsmen are mortal, and that they will depart this life sooner or later, even if they are not attracted away from magazine-writing, as many of them are likely to be. The editors are well aware that they cannot long rely on the Old Guard, and that they must keep on opening their pages to the new recruits. They also appreciate the fact that their readers are always ready to hear a new thing told in a new way; and they are therefore ever eager to enlist young contributors who promise to possess individuality.

The myth of an "inner ring," standing on guard inside a high stockade, and admitting newcomers within the walls only by favor, or by caprice, — this more or less perennial myth, flowering afresh in every generation, was once amusingly demolished by Lawrence Hutton. A lady whom he knew very slightly sent him a manu-

script with the request that he should use his influence to have it accepted in one of the Harper periodicals. As she implied in her letter that the editorial judgment was not independent, and that it could be influenced by what is known in political circles as a "pull," Hutton answered her letter admitting that he was a personal friend of the several editors of *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, and *Harper's Young People*, and also an intimate associate of several members of the firm. He then explained that these cordial relations gave him no "pull," as she could see by the perusal of the four notes he enclosed, one from each of these editors, courteous in tone but also frank in explaining the reasons for the rejection of articles that Hutton had proffered to them severally.

I made it a point never to speak to an editor about business, except in his own office; and, in fact, more often than not, I offered my suggestions and submitted my articles by mail. Even when I was only a youthful novice, a rank "outsider," I did not go to see an editor until after he had accepted a manuscript of mine. It is true that I broke this rule once, when I went to the office of *Harper's Monthly* with a letter of introduction to Mr. Alden; and it amuses me now, — although it did not amuse me then — that Mr. Alden courteously but promptly declined the article. I took it to the *Century* (then *Scribner's Monthly*), and Gilder accepted it. A little earlier or a little later, when I took another article to Gilder, he had no sooner seen its title than he gave the manuscript back to me, and at the same time handed me the page-proofs of an essay by another writer on the same subject.

I have rarely written to order, that is to say, at the suggestion of the editor. I have preferred to write as the spirit moved me — to say what I had to say as I wanted to say it, and, in short, to please myself first of all. As a result I have often finished an article which

I had found interesting to compose, without seeing before me any periodical likely to want it. Some of these essays have had to bide their time, and to await my discovery of an editor inclined to be hospitable. Yet I have never had to wait very long; and every one of these articles sooner or later found its haven of rest, — more than once in a periodical which had unexpectedly come into existence after my essay had got itself written.

In all my years of contributing to periodicals, weekly and monthly, I have only once been defrauded of my pay. And only twice have I met with discourtesy. One editor returned to me an article which he had encouraged me to write, with the explanation that in the months which had elapsed since I had accepted his commission, the publishers of the magazine had decided to modify its program. Another editor asked me to prepare a paper on a topic in which he and I were both interested; I wrote it, he put it into type and I corrected the proof. Then to my complete surprise, he returned the page-proof, with the curt statement that he had changed his mind as to the importance of the theme he had requested me to treat.

IV

Free-lancing is a precarious calling for anyone who is not a story-teller. Of late there has been so great an increase in the number of weeklies and monthlies with enormous circulations that there is a fierce competition among editors for the short-stories and the serials of the authors who have won the favor of the reading public. The price paid for stories has risen far higher than that paid for any other literary commodity. The income of a successful novelist to-day is at least four or five times what it was thirty or forty years ago. And in spite of the increased cost of their fiction, the editors seem to feel compelled to enlarge the proportion of fiction in their tables of contents. The very magazines

which in earlier days were glad to print three or four short-stories in every number, now proclaim loudly that they are publishing eight or ten. They seem to rely on this miscellany of fiction to appeal to the casual reader even more than on the polychromatic cover designs.

One result of this expansion of fiction is of course a contraction in the space available for contributions of a less exciting nature. A magazine has only a given number of pages in every issue, it surrenders a goodly portion of these to its sheaf of short-stories and another goodly portion to its serials, now sometimes as many as three or four. Then it may have other serials, not fiction, a biography or an autobiography, a "muck-raking" investigation or a history of an industry about which the public is believed to be immediately interested. Furthermore it must be noted that many, if not most, of our magazines have one or more editorial departments. And the pressure of these several kinds of contribution is constantly tending to crowd out other kinds of contribution, the leisurely essay, for example, the literary criticism, the discussion of artistic principles. Many of our most popular magazines altogether exclude articles which their more or less uncultivated readers would dismiss as "high-brow" stuff.

This makes it still more difficult for unknown writers to gain admission, and it makes the reward of their labors even more precarious. They have little chance of acceptance so long as they remain unknown; and they cannot become known until after they have been accepted. Perhaps the most helpful advice that an old-stager can proffer to an ambitious youngster would be to emphasize the value of cultivating a definite specialty, with the hope that he may sooner or later win more or less reputation as an authority on that subject. Indeed, he will do well if he can achieve recognition as being well informed in several different departments of human activity. One friend of mine has specialized in topics as different

as the drama, the history of the English language, the art of book-binding and the theory of prose-fiction.

One other suggestion is to appeal from the fugitive readers of periodicals to the permanent readers of books. Whenever a writer has prepared a succession of articles on subjects within the same field, he will do well to gather them into a volume. He must not hope that this volume will be largely remunerative, but it will bring him before the reading public far more clearly than the articles themselves scattered through different periodicals. In other words, he must rely on the periodicals for most of his cash reward, but he can count upon the book to bring him an enhanced reputation, — to focus upon him, if only for a moment, the attention of the newspaper reviewers and even of the editors of the periodicals wherein he has printed the articles which make up his volume. As the poet has assured us, "a book's a book — although there's nothing in it."

That there should be nothing in his book is always a possibility; and there is a valuable warning in Douglas Jerrold's caustic explanation of the poverty of a volume he was once reviewing as due to the fact that its writer "had taken down the shutters before he had anything to put in the shop-windows."

V

Jerrold was not always a kindly critic. It was said of him once that he was wont to review a book "as an east wind reviews an apple tree." A more balmy breeze blows across the pages of Mr. Howell's critical essays, which are gentle and genial, sympathetic and appreciative. I feel that I should be derelict to my duty if I fail to call the attention of aspiring novices to the counsel and comfort they can find in two papers by this author of far riper wisdom. In the volume of his collected essays (all of them graceful, suggestive and stimulating) which Mr. Howells has aptly entitled "Literature and Life,"

there are a pair of articles deserving thoughtful consideration from all who desire to practice the art of literature. One of them is called *The Man of Letters as a Man of Business*, and the other is termed *The Editor's Relations with the Young Contributor*. Once upon a time Mr. Howells was himself a Young Contributor; and later he was for a while an Editor; he was our foremost Man of Letters and he showed a characteristic shrewdness as a Man of Business.

From the second of these two papers I borrow this useful advice: "I should think it would profit the young contributor, before he puts pen to paper, to ask himself why he does so, and, if he finds he has no motive in the love of the thing, to forbear."

"Am I interested in what I am going to write about? Do I feel it strongly? Do I know it thoroughly? Do I imagine it clearly?" The young contributor had better ask himself all these questions, and as many more like them as he can think of. Perhaps he will end by not being a young contributor.

The old contributor who is making this quotation used to ask himself these questions in the days of his youth; and when he could not answer in the affirmative the first of them, — "Am I interested in what I am going to write about?" — he forebore. And now when his youth has long since departed, he always asks himself the same question. He was interested in writing these confessions; and he would like to hope that his own interest in them may be shared by at least a fair proportion of his readers.

Brander Matthews.

GARRULITIES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN EDITOR

III. Loose Ends. College Days. Does Human Nature Improve? A Nomination

THE first of these papers began with the author's apology, which he found in sundry requests that he write his reminiscences. As they include nothing unusual in the way of travel or adventure, or of military or political service, he found his justification for writing them, such as it is, in the unusual length of his experience, and its inclusion of glimpses of many people eminent in arts and letters, and of intimacy with several of them. These preliminaries of the first paper, he repeated in the second. Here in the third he feels no need of more than this brief summary of them, but is privileged to add that the previous papers have aroused calls for "more" which appear to justify continuing the egotistical proceedings.

First: to pick up some threads neglected or misplaced in the previous papers, and to correct two or three errors.

The first paper, amid many digressions, was fundamentally an account of the experiences to which I attributed my unusually active old age. One of those experiences I have since found misleading. I attributed the preceding year's exceptional freedom from uric acid trouble to a liberal use of potatoes, which had been declared to contain an alkali inimical to uric acid. Now for a month past I have had increasing twinges of neuralgia, and am just recovering from a pronounced attack of sciatica and neighboring rheumatic trouble. This was attributed to accumulation of waste products in the blood; and great moderation in sweets and starches was recommended. It seemed plain that I had eaten too many potatoes: I had entered one of those blind

alleys where a thing good on one side was bad on the other — the alkali had been good, but the starch had been taken to an extent where it had become bad. A reform of diet had begun to help the neuralgia when the attack of ordinary rheumatism set in. It was only then that I let up on potatoes, and with apparent success. I have taken them occasionally since, however, and begin to suspect that excessive use may have developed an idiosyncrasy against them. I hope I have not misled anybody into a similar fix.

Another point that should have been included in the advice to those seeking a satisfactory old age, is in regard to night work and consequent sleeping in daytime. This involves a darkened room and consequent deprivation of the tonic effects of sunlight. In connection with this comes the fact that vitality is lowest about three or four in the morning. At that time most deaths occur, and at that time one is apt to wake and lie awake; and in cool weather if more bed-clothes are drawn up, one is apt easily to get to sleep again.

Another error I fell into was naming Paderewski, Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski as my ideal musicians. My ideal musicians were really three you probably never heard of, and I forgot them at the moment because for sixty years their names have been little before the public, and they have not played in the places which would have kept me reminded of them. They were Camilla Urso, a violinist; Theodore Ahrend, a cellist, and Bottesini, a player on the double-bass. That they all played on bowed instruments is one more illustration of the superiority of those instruments.

A single sustained note from Camilla Urso brought more thrill than most sustained passages from other artists. Her career was brilliant but was not long. I think she began as a child wonder. Before she grew old, she married, I believe, a Third Avenue druggist,

and probably grew fat: for, poor woman! she perspired so that she could not use gut strings, but had to turn to steel ones, and then her peculiar thrilling vibrato was gone.

I never knew any critic who had heard Ahrend and did not pronounce him the greatest cellist — probably the greatest artist — that he had ever heard. He developed all the merits of the cello farther than any other artist I have known, and added to them most of the merits of the violin. He was apt to introduce his theme in the extreme upper register — flute-like notes with a vibrato and glides that the flute cannot produce, and he made much use of harmonics. After giving the theme, he would develop it with all the varieties of which the cello is capable. But he was far from being merely an exceptional mechanic. He was of a passionate temperament that swept his auditors along almost in unconsciousness of the marvelous skill he was using. And all this was done more in the beer saloons of Baltimore than in all the rest of the world. I remember once, with the ecstacy of youth, turning the pages for the pianist when Ahrend played in a trio, with only a score of people present, at the house on Hillen Street, of that amiable and liberal connoisseur, David L. Bartlett, whose musical gatherings are still remembered by a few in Baltimore, and who, I trust, has long been enjoying Ahrend in a higher plane of existence, where his cello must surpass all the traditional harps and trombones.

Bottesini I heard but once. He was brought over about 1856 by Jullien in his orchestra of about forty, many of whom were very great virtuosi. I doubt if a larger orchestra had been heard in America up to that time. Boehm's improvement in the wood-winds was just making its way, and I doubt if it had invaded any American orchestra. But for it, and Saxe's later (I think) work on the brass, we should not now know the great works of Berlioz, Lizst, Wagner and Tschaikowsky. But to return to Bottesini. Jullien's orchestra

toured several cities, and received great attention from the press, not omitting the caricaturists. Bottesini was depicted leaning over his big fiddle to reach the high notes, with his claw-hammer coat-tail flying higher than his head. The notes he reached were like the higher ones of Ahrend's cello, only richer in proportion to the size of the strings. I have heard no other notes like them. They could produce great solo effects in the orchestra, in passages like those usually given to the flute or clarinet, but I presume nothing has been written for them because probably there has never been but one man who could play them. There may be some in Bottesini's own operas: I believe he wrote one or two fairly good ones. He had not Ahrend's wealth of temperament, but enough to be thankful for.

I wonder if my enthusiasm over these artists is largely due to their being here when I was a boy! There can be no mistake about Ahrend's art: for regarding it I have had too much testimony from older people, and I would risk my soul on my impressions of Camilla Urso; while Bottesini must have been, at least, one of the most astounding phenomena in musical history.

By the way, all these supreme artists played on what are called the stringed instruments, but are rather inexactly so-called: for even that invention of the devil, the piano, as I consider it when played with the orchestra, is a stringed instrument. Shouldn't the instruments we now colloquially call "the strings" be called *the bows?* And doesn't their expression depend upon the bows as much as the strings? And aren't the bows even more difficult to handle? But these questions are much like those upon the comparative importance of fire and water.

When I began this paper, I had no idea of inflicting upon you all this musical talk, and mixing it up with digressions on diet, bed-clothes and rheumatism. But I don't care much where I wander in these papers, if you don't, and if I don't bore you.

Still another thread to pick up. When I fell into telling you that I was elected class poet, I ought to have told you that it was by only one vote, partly because, I see now, I was in some respects a very disagreeable fellow, and partly because I had come down from another class. With more experience, I should have declined unless the vote was made unanimous, but my backers shouted down my awkward deprecations. Perhaps I ought also to have told you that the backing came from the Skull and Bones men, in some sort of compensation for my treatment by the society of the previous class.

I am tempted to linger longer on college days than there was space for in the last paper.

I often think it was an illustration of Puritanism of that day that the faculty shut up my "Yale tooters." For some function, the Germania Orchestra of Boston came down to New Haven, and a lot of us, learning that nine of them could resolve themselves into a brass serenade band, engaged that group to go out and serenade our best girls. The music was enormously beautiful, and so aroused my enthusiasm that I got seven other fellows to unite with me in buying eight saxhorns; and by rigorous practicing we reached the point of quite an endurable noise. One night we thought to entertain the college world by tooting on the campus, and the college world seemed to be entertained; but within a day or two we got word from the faculty that it must not occur again. Why they objected to this, and did not object to singing, I never found out; or if I did, I have forgotten. Said tooters, by the way, all belonged to ΔKE, and on festive occasions we nearly blew the roof off. We didn't know any better than to play brass instruments in the house, or, I suppose, had temptation offered, bowed instruments out of doors.

As to our teachers. We did not have the benefit of Dana, who was laid off by over-work. We used to see his beautiful and noble face in the street; seldom, if ever, on

the campus. But somebody read us his then-famous lecture on the conformity of the Mosaic account of creation with the geologic record. I was of course skeptical about it, as I was about everything. But I have since read, in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research and elsewhere, enough reliable accounts of veridical visions to give me a very strong impression that Moses had one, and more than one, and that all the great religious leaders have had them. The materials of dogmatic religion, as distinct from ethical, are in the verities beyond our knowledge. But they are so often misapprehended and misunderstood and merely assumed, regardless of fact, that dogmatic religion has been a very doubtful blessing.

Another vivid recollection of those days is of the elder Silliman, the great chemist. He was then professor *emeritus*. He was as impressive a figure as I ever saw — very tall and well built, with his shock of gray hair standing straight up over a noble forehead. His statue, holding a crystal, is on the college grounds. No man in New Haven wielded greater authority, or was more quoted. The only two expressions of his that I remember are hardly illustrative of his greatness. One was: "If bread is the staff of life, bread and butter is the gold-headed cane." The other was when he complimented a singer with the rather unemotional phrase: "Sir, you have remarkable powers."

Another impressive figure was Mr. Sheffield, the founder of the Scientific School. Still another was Mr. Street, with his long white beard. He founded the Art School. Mr. Farnam, too, who built the dormitory, was a man to remember. That was an age of benefactors, and they sent Yale ahead with an impulse which revolutionized her — just when it was too late for my revolutionary spirit to get the benefit of it.

Another eminent Yale professor of those days was Denison Olmstead whose book on "Natural Philosophy"

survived in general use for many years. He was retired before my class came to him, but I heard while at school his course of lectures, which began with a disquisition on matters and things in general, and knowledge and religion in particular. His definition of wisdom abides with me still: "The estimate of things according to their true value"; which prompts me to the paraphrase: seeing things in their true proportions. Worthy objects of thought, he followed the fashion of designating as "The true, the beautiful and the good," and as the respective fields of the philosopher, the poet and the Christian — which to a boy who had Christianity crammed into him *ad nauseam*, and who recognized supporters of the Christian Dogma all the way from St. Francis to Alexander Borgia, was a bit puzzling.

Olmstead reminds me of my only glimpse of Thackeray, at a lecture in a New Haven church, after which Olmstead went up into the pulpit to speak to him. Thackeray was a big man and, despite a broken nose, a very fine-looking one. I should not mention him were it not for one thing he said — substantially this: "My little girl looked up from her *David Copperfield* and asked: 'Papa, why don't you write books like Mr. Dickens?' Ah! Why don't I?"

It is part of the tradition at the Century that Thackeray was very fond of the club, and pronounced it the most delightful in the world. Part of the American education administered to him there was that he was never to cut a raw oyster. After the boys thought him duly indoctrinated with this principle, they caused a colossal oyster to be inserted among a batch set before him. He was game and got it down. Then they asked him how he felt, and he said: "Devoutly thankful, and as if I had swallowed a little baby."

Here's a story that carries its comment on human life. A professor had a beautiful daughter, a majestic creature always in black, who dwelt apart. I just now

realize that I never met her in New Haven society, although I frequented it all that my ill-judged attitude toward the curriculum allowed; but very few students went into the faculty circle. She was older than the students, and probably looked down upon them. We called her Julia Regina. She was attended to chapel by a cousin, a little fellow whom we envied, and despised because he was no bigger than Napoleon. Some forty years later I asked an agricultural experiment station to send an expert to look at the parasites on some apple-trees. He deprecated my thanks because, he said, I had shown him the finest collection of the creatures it was his mission to study, that he had ever seen! This led to general conversation, and I learned that he was Julia Regina's envied cousin — and he didn't know whether Julia Regina was alive or dead.

The name Hadley was even as far back as my day, an honored one at Yale. The father of the present president was then professor of Greek, and afterwards wrote a grammar that was in very wide use. It was then the fashion in Junior year on Saturday noons for the students to read "disputes" on all sorts of topics previously set by their teachers, and for the teachers to sum up the discussions. Hadley's summings-up were famous. And yet in spite of the fine literary sense he showed in them, when he taught us Homer, it was, in conformity with the spirit of the times, simply a process of grammatical dissection. His dwelling on "the force of *ρα*" was a standing joke. Whitney, in his introduction to a posthumous collection of essays by Hadley, pronounced him the greateat philologist that America had produced. Hadley undoubtedly would have said the same of Whitney.

Speaking of philologists, though Yale had not then a professor of a single modern language, she had a professor of Sanskrit — probably in part because he drew no salary. The students never saw anything of him: for he never

had but one pupil. That pupil, however, was Whitney — *Unus sed leo.*

Yale was then so poor that that great man had to eke out his income by teaching volunteer classes in the modern languages. I was in one in German, and he had an optional course in French with the Juniors. A choice between this course and Calculus was, as I remember, the only choice given in the whole course. Whitney was one of only two or three great teachers that I have ever known — an unusual thing, by the way, for a great scholar to be. The very greatest teacher I ever knew had us in Latin prose composition at General Russell's school. He would make a stock or stone write Latin prose: yet he never got farther on in the world than a provincial pulpit. When he turned up at a Commencement reunion a generation later, all the snap was gone out of him. I trust he's in a position now to forgive my saying this: for I have little doubt that he is teaching Latin prose in Heaven, and happier than he ever was in his pulpit on earth.

After I became a publisher, I induced Whitney to write his series for instruction in French and German. His German dictionary is a monument of scholarship which would have been a life work for an ordinary man, even if within the capacity of an ordinary man. It was one of several important works for which it has been my privilege to "supply the ignorance." In other words, I suggested that a word would be more deeply impressed on the memory if its composition were indicated, and its parallels, where any existed, in the other languages the student was supposed to know. These he indicated by an ingenious but simple system, which, however, as I have already intimated, would have taken an ordinary scholar a lifetime to work out. But all Whitney had to do was to sit down without books of reference, and write it out of his teeming brain. It may be worth while to give a paragraph from the introduction, explaining these ingenuities:

English words or parts of words which are historically the same or akin with the German words defined by them are printed in **full-faced** letters; thus, *Aal*, **eel**; *ab*, **off, of**; *abbieten*, **overbid.** English words, on the other hand, which, coming from other than Germanic sources, are *analogous* with the German word defined by them, in derivation and application, are printed in SMALL CAPITALS; thus, *abhängig*, DEPENDENT; *Ausdruck*, EXPRESSION; *Mitleid*, SYMPATHY, COMPASSION.

The book was never half appreciated, however, and was far outsold by books with none of its ingenious and, to those who would avail themselves of it, most useful learning.

In the depths of my ignorance I once asked Whitney what English dictionary he followed, and he answered: "I'm my own dictionary"; and it actually took me some time to puzzle out how that could be.

He was a bitter controversialist — in print, but the most amiable of men in conversation. His rows with Max Müller were famous. I soon found that we could never settle a controverted point by letter: so when one of consequence arose, I would run up to New Haven, and as soon as the point was raised, if it was at all in my department, he would say: "Why, haven't I always left such points to you? Settle it to suit yourself."

I think I got from Whitney my earliest realization that all knowledge is so interrelated that a man who knows virtually all that is known of a specialty, is apt to know an interesting amount of almost everything else — that to know "everything of something" is to know "something of everything."

A favorite saw of Whitney's was: "There's nothing more misleading than etymologies" — although his brain probably contained as many of them as any man's ever did. Apropos of this, Whitney inspired the enthusiasm for spelling reform, with which I bored so many readers of the early numbers of this Review. His opinion of etymologies virtually did away with the objection that the reform tends to obscure them. In fact he told me that

if the language had always been written as pronounced, the labors of the etymologists would have been much lighter. He was a pioneer spelling reformer, and among the most enthusiastic; he did not, however, try to cram it down people's throats in the typography of his books, any more than I have done in that of my publications.

He probably did as much as any of the geniuses I have ever known to make me patient with such saws as that "genius is the capacity for hard work" — "for taking infinite pains," and the rest of it. He told me that he never put any non-technical matter of consequence into print before he had written it three times. One morning I went to his hotel in Interlaken to join the family in an expedition to Mürren. I was shown into a room all in disorder, where the ladies were preparing for the trip. Whitney was seated at a table by a window, working away at some of his profundities, as undisturbed as if he had been at home in his study. And the scholar had so arranged the trip that when we got to the path leading up to Mürren (I believe there's a cog-railway there now. This was in 1879) the horses, instead of being left to await our return, were unharnessed, and the ladies mounted on them, and led up.

My earliest recollection of this man whose interests were supposed to be buried in Sanscrit roots, was at a singing society in New Haven, where he was one of the tenors, and never had anything to say to anybody. After he became one of my clients and friends, I spent an occasional Sunday evening at his house in New Haven, where we all sang hymns and possibly some other things, though I suspect not — in the New Haven of a generation ago.

That optional course in Calculus alluded to sometime back, was given by a gentle mild-eyed professor named Newton. The boys didn't like him. I never could tell why, unless they suspected hidden guile under his mild ways. When we got to Analytic Geometry I went to his room and told him that I had apparently reached the

limit of my mathematical capacity. He was very kind, and easy on me in recitations. (I could not change to any other course.) He seemed to like the compliment I had paid to his science by confessing myself inadequate to it, and after I had begun business in New York, he came to see me several times, actually took me into his friendship, told me many interesting things that I could understand about the higher mathematics, and got me to become one of the council of the association for promoting the use of the metric system — a thing I could understand and get enthusiastic over. I learned that this quiet man was one of the world's great geniuses, and was, if I remember rightly, the first to calculate the orbit of the asteroids. He sent me a variety of symmetrical curved figures, each group of which represented some slight change in a formula which in a general way embraced them all. He told me that he delighted to lean back in an easy chair, close his eyes, and let these figures float across his mental vision. When I asked him if it was mere fun, or if it led somewhere, he impressed upon me, for the first time that I remember, the doctrine that knowledge should not necessarily be pursued with reference to practical ends — a doctrine opposed to the fact that as time and tissue are not inexhaustible, a choice of activities is inevitable. He enforced his position, however, with the illustration that a machine had been made whose gear could be adjusted to his various formulas, and was used in making engine-turned plates from which were printed wall-paper patterns, and the background of the greenbacks. My friendship with this man whose genius I could not follow at all without his gentle and ingenious leading, is among my pleasantest memories. It has been a delight to summon up my recollections of him and Whitney.

There's a pleasure too in recalling my scant recollections of Presidents Woolsey, Porter and Dwight. I never be-

came intimate with any officer in college. My friendships with Newton and Whitney came afterwards. I never exchanged a dozen words with Woolsey, yet I vividly remember his beautiful brown eyes, and his saying in his historial lectures, when he came to Cromwell, "I was going to say that if this man was a liar, he lied to his own shirt." You can imagine that his lectures were interesting. One winter morning when we went to chapel before daylight, word went around that President Woolsey had lost a daughter during the night. Yet there he was in the pulpit, and he went through the service. That's the sort of example those puritans set us. He was not a very terrible puritan throughout: for he wanted to cushion the chapel seats at his own expense, but the faculty objected that we would grow effeminate if taken off the hard boards.

Prex Woolsey's (we always spoke of him so) Cromwell phrase was not the only one of his phrases, or the only kind of a phrase, that I recall from him. Another winter morning, after one of the students had died during the night, in his prayer he used the phrase: "We who wander on the edge of eternity."

Seeing President Woolsey reading from the chapel pulpit before daylight, inspired Sill with a little poem of which I give the essentials:

MORNING

I entered once, at break of day
A chapel, lichen-stained and gray,
Where a congregation dozed and heard
An old monk read from a written Word.
No light through window-panes could pass,
For shutters were closed on the rich stained-glass;
And in a gloom like the nether night
The monk read by a taper's light.
And the congregation that dozed around,
Listened without a stir or sound —
Save one, who rose with wistful face
And shifted a shutter from its place.

Then light flashed in like a flashing gem —
For dawn had come unknown to them —
And I wondered that under that morning ray,
When night and shade were scattered away,
The monk should bow his locks of white
By a taper's flickering light —
Should pore, and pore and never seem
To notice the golden morning beam.

The wonder expresses our attitude then regarding the whole business. Woolsey looked like anything but a monk, and his "locks of white " were not conspicuous, nor was the chapel "lichen-stained and gray," nor was there any "rich stained glass," but Sill had to draw his picture.

Porter was a dear old soul, but somewhat casual. Of course when I was in college I had a good many more bad marks than the law allowed. After I met my future wife and began to behave myself, I was astonished to get word from home that another of the notifications of my delinquencies had been received. Professor (afterwards President) Porter had lately become my "division officer" whose duty it was to write such missives, and I went to see about it. He couldn't find anything in the records to account for his letter: so I suppose I had merely been a dog with a bad name.

In later years he dropped in a few times at my office in New York, and I remember that once when he went to lunch with me (and I seem to remember he astonished me by taking his share of a bottle of claret) and we were talking over the narrowness of the Yale carriculum in my day, he said in effect: "Well, we couldn't provide for special talents, and we had to give something that the general run of the boys could chew on, and it didn't make very much difference what."

We didn't cotton very much to his lectures, but a generation or two later, when I was writing my fat book on Psychical Research, I was glad to have them to refer to in the big volume in which he later embodied them.

At the last commencement under Woolsey, when Porter

was to succeed him, Woolsey said, at the Alumni "dinner," that a little while before, he had noticed a string of the baggage wagons of a circus, sometimes one of them hitched behind another, irregularly struggling their way up crowded Chapel Street, and (unless my fancy now supplies him) a man running from one end to the other of the straggling procession, trying to keep it in some sort of order. And he, Woolsey thought of himself as that man, as he was trying to keep in order the string of departments that the college had grown into. I wonder what the good man would say if he had the job now! I think he intimated — certainly many of his auditors thought — that in making Porter his successor, he had got a man for a transition era, who would not attempt anything more than to keep existing things in order until the threatening innovations should take shape.

As already intimated more than once, there was very little human relation between the faculty and the students. "Tim Dwight" (it is always a good sign when a man's Christian name is a part of his current appelation) made an exception to this rule. About my senior year he came home from a long stay in Germany, and took us through Butler's *Analogy of Revealed Religion*. At the start he invited us to visit him at his room, and many of the class got in the habit of going. I would have been one of them if I had known what a good fellow he was, as I found out some years later when he and his wife turned up at Lake Dunmore, where I and my little family then spent the summers. He was probably the best-beloved of all presidents of Yale, but unfortunately for me, it was long after my time when he took the chair.

During the discussions of who was to be the new president after Woolsey, I was one of a few who spoke of one Daniel C. Gilman, who had been a professor at Yale after graduating there, and was then president of the University of California. But he wouldn't do for Yale

at all — too much of an innovator. If these garrulities continue, you're apt to be called upon to read a good deal more about him. I remember only a couple of things about him in my college days. One is that he came into the Brothers in Unity (the college was then divided into two big debating societies, the other was Linonia) to make an address, and he wore gloves! We thought him too dandified for such work as the great one he afterwards did. He was not in evening dress, and I doubt if there were ten evening suits in New Haven at that time. They began coming in rapidly, however, and we began, French fashion, by wearing them on daytime occasions. By the way, when the dress of those days is now represented on the stage, it is burlesqued. In Mr. Drinkwater's play of *Lincoln*, the evening dress at the Washington theatre has the black claw-hammer coat, but all colors in the other details. Evening dress for men was then the same as now, except that the vest was black; and for two or three years hardly more open than the daytime vest is now. Long frock coats, called Shanghais, were worn all day by dressy men. Their trousers measured thirty-six inches at the knee, and about half that at the bottom, and for some years had horizontal stripes of irregular widths for a foot or so above it.

The other thing I remember about Gilman had a great effect on my own career, and is largely responsible for the use, or misuse, of your time that you are making at this moment. Gilman was then librarian, and gave a few lectures to us on the use of the library. In one of them he said substantially: "If you find on a book the imprint of Ticknor and Fields [now succeeded by the Houghton Mifflin Company] it is probably a good book." Publishing such books then became impressed upon me as a very desirable means of earning a livelihood.

I lately asked half a dozen recent graduates of various universities if the phrase "Town and Gown" had any

special significance for them. For four it had none. Two said that they had read of it as applied in earlier times to the antagonism between students and the town muckers. When I was in college, the phrase was a very lively one. A year or two before I entered, a "townie" had been killed in a row with the students. The townies besieged the colleges, even bringing up a piece of artillery. Captain Bissell, the chief of police, drove a rattail file into the touchhole and broke it off. During my sophomore year the house of a volunteer fire company was on High Street near the corner of Elm, and on the corner was a students' boarding house. As the students went to and fro, doubtful compliments were exchanged between them and the firemen. These culminated in a row, in which I believe a fireman was killed. Remembering the siege of a few years before, the students, armed with all sorts of weapons, sat up two or three nights to defend the college buildings, but no attack was made. Town and gown were, however, in frequent conflict, and the literature of the college life of that time, here and in England, was full of them. Now they are gone, with the phrase which characterized them. Has human nature changed?

Before I comment on the question, that Captain Bissell deserves a paragraph. He was an institution. It is my impression that he had been to the Mexican war in command of the New Haven "Blues," and that he was still their commander. He drilled the boys at Russell's school. They were very fond of him, and at the close of one session presented him with a rifle, the speech being made by Bill Fuller, whose name appeared in the last batch of these garrulities, and was later well known in New York as that of an eminent Art connoisseur. Captain Bissell was a very handsome man, of medium height, perfect figure, dark hair and military mustache and imperial. He was on hand at all the important public functions, including lectures and concerts, and in the evening appeared in blue claw-hammer coat with flat brass buttons: I doubt if

the New Haven policemen or even the New York ones were in uniform then, and the effect of Bissell was generally that of a highly conspicuous and very decorative feature of the function. He was a bulwark to the righteous and a terror to evil doers.

And now as to human nature: The assertion so often made that it remains the same was made within a few years by Lord Bryce in a lecture before the British Academy, and it crops up in nearly every political debate. Yet it is counter to Evolution, and especially to that feature of it expounded by Spencer in his wonderful chapter on Equilibration. I think human nature has changed within my experience, as illustrated in many more things than the passing of "town and gown."

One of my earliest recollections is of watching, with the interest I have always taken in mechanical construction, the erection of a bell-tower near my home. I was told that it was in consequence of a new law making ten hours a legal day's work, and was intended to signal the hours for beginning and ending. The ten-hour day was regarded as a great advance over previous conditions, and had been attained after a great struggle. Now the struggle is for an eight-hour day, a seven-hour day, even a six-hour day, and in some places less.

One source of the aversion from politics which, as already said, was early bred in me, was the disorder which, in my youth, always attended elections. I was warned in my childhood never to go near the polls: they were nearly always scenes of riot, and seldom did an election take place in a large city without murder. I remember one election in Baltimore when a poll was surrounded by youths carrying awls, which they jabbed into men who, they supposed, intended to vote for the party the youths opposed. Probably they stabbed for both parties.

New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, I know, and

other cities, I suppose, had organized gangs to carry elections, and when these were held in different cities on different days, the gangs from other cities came to the one holding an election, in order to carry it.

One of these gangs in New York in the fifties was the "Dead Rabbits," and when their leader, Bill Poole — a prize fighter, if I remember rightly, — was killed in a bar-room, he was buried as a hero. His funeral was a great event and the papers were full of it.

No one in those days dreamed of women going to the polls. Their going now may not mark an advance in human wisdom, but would it have become possible without an advance in human nature? Then no decent woman thought of going into the street after dark unless attended by a man.

As a child I knew of many cruelties which, in a couple of generations, human nature has grown past. My earliest recollection of a jail is being taken by an uncle who went to see a prisoner. The man's crime was owing a debt that he could not pay.

The jails were breeders of scrofula and tuberculosis, and a woman prisoner was a predestined victim of her jailors. There was no such thing known as a suspended sentence or a reformatory, and a juvenile prisoner was educated to crime by his elders.

I recall men in my father's employ more than once taking a holiday to see a man hanged, and there were women at the spectacle.

My walks as a boy were past many gunshops. In all of their show-windows were cases of duelling pistols.

"Slater's jail" was an institution in Baltimore during my boyhood. Slater was a slave-dealer, and kept his stock-in-trade in his jail.

Lottery shops were scattered all over town, and displayed huge billboards advertising the drawings.

Each Mississippi steamboat had a prominently displayed bar, and carried a crowd of gamblers who fleeced

the passengers, and whose quarrels often resulted in murders.

Whipping was a general feature in education, both parental and professional.

Counterfeiting was so general that each shop had its "Counterfeit Detector," whose publication was as regular as that of the newspapers.

No newsman in those days would have dreamed of leaving his papers unwatched, for people to help themselves and leave the money on the pile, where any passerby could take it.

The various "settlements," societies for the protection of children and animals, and most of the present swarm of societies for aid and "uplift" were undreamed of.

Wars were generally fought only for conquest and "glory." During the war just ended, glory was never named.

And yet, with all the improvements in these regards and many others that have spontaneously grown up in a couple of generations, there are still men, and among them not a few of light and leading, who claim that human nature has remained the same!

And speaking of the changes in human nature, part of the old tradition against "trade," as being beneath a gentleman or educated man, still lingered while I was in college. Hardly any graduates then went into "business." They were not welcome in Wall Street. The older sons of the business magnates were not sent to college; but a revolution began in the late fifties, and their younger sons were sent. Now those who go into business are the great majority. But where has culture gone?

There was very little science taught at Yale in my time. What was then the Scientific School in any sense, was a frame building on the campus, about twenty feet by thirty, known as the "lab"—oratory not being recognized as pertaining to it. Its students, with

those of the medical school, were more or less looked upon as men of sin. The law school was then recognized by some discerning paragrapher as being next to the jail, the medical school as opposite the graveyard, and the theological school as on the road to the poor-house.

Harking back for a moment to the college societies: is it because the young males of the species are pugnacious animals that they always arrange themselves into opposing groups? This is less the case at Harvard, I believe, than at the other universities. At Harvard things are more as in the world outside, where a man can belong to as many clubs as he pleases, though at Harvard, too, there are some clubs which never include members of each other. At Yale a man cannot be a member of more than one society in each year; but they have a new deal every year, which gives a man an opportunity of intimate association with a variety of his classmates. At the smaller colleges generally, I understand, the first society a man enters is his only one during the course, and to that extent he is shut off from his classmates outside of his society. The mutual exclusiveness seems very boyish.

And, by the way, there's agitation going on at Yale now regarding the next presidency of the University, Mr. Hadley having resigned; and the story goes that Skull and Bones won't let anybody but a Skull and Bones man have the place. Be that as it may, probably the best man is a Skull and Bones man: certainly the best man I have in mind is, and although my nomination of Gilman half a century ago, did not attract any attention, I'll venture another name now, "which it is," among Yale men, Bill Taft.

THE EDITOR.

PRIVATE RIGHTS AND CIVIC BEAUTY

"THE exterior of your house, is not private property" says Ruskin. Not so our laws. Plan our cities as we will, devise schemes of City Beautiful as we do, build imposing public structures as we intend — it still remains in the power of the individual to spoil the effect of it all by perpetrating on his own property any monstrosity he pleases. The only restriction laid on him is that he shall not violate the gross proprieties of health, safety or morals of the community, the "public welfare" as thus defined. Then, and then only, may the community's reserve power, that administrative catch-all called police power, intervene. "Æsthetic considerations" are to the courts anathema — carefully, one might say jealously, have they discountenanced any regulation based thereon. Suppressible, moreover, as common law nuisances are uses of property offensive to the nose or ear; offenses to the eye — never.

Examples of the resultant evil are too prevalent to require pointing out: no city or section of a city is devoid of them. At every turn the sight is offended by some ugliness or incongruity of façade. Contiguous buildings have no reference to each other either in style, height or material; the block makes no attempt at unity of design. Here and there, to be sure, are specimens of good architecture, but only to be nullified by some execrable lack of it next door or opposite. Ubiquitous also is the eyesore of the vacant lot. Still less have neighborhoods a concerted character, fine general effects often being ruined, stately buildings belittled, by mean and sordid vicinage. To mention only one instance, can anything exceed in bathos the first few blocks on Pennsylvania Avenue next to the national Capitol? Evidenced in our cities on every hand is the haphazard of individualism, an "anarchy of

architectural treatment;" no effort being made to harmonize the work of one individual with that of another, while "the community stands helplessly aside, deploring the consequences."

Plainly no city planning can get anywhere unless directed to the constructive character of the buildings of which the city is made up. What avails the most perfect of plans if the structures placed upon street and square are not in harmony with it? From the little regard paid to this feature one would think a good layout, a proper street scheme and well chosen public building sites all that is necessary to civic comeliness. Is it to be expected that construction will conform to a plan automatically? "To cut a broad street through the city is one thing, to have the sides of it lined with buildings of beautiful façade is another," as a recent writer says; "and on this last depends a satisfactory working out of the plan." Public buildings being comparatively few in number, the appearance of streets can be given desired characteristics only through regulation of private building enterprise.

This regulation, to be effective, must of course take the form of municipal control. Without that, public-spirited effort merely wastes itself against a massed ignorance and selfishness falsely dignified with the name of rights. The American city stands impotent before "the paramountcy of private property," the autocracy of the individual, unable, deplores Howe, to "subordinate the private to the public, elevate the beautiful above the ugly, or give a thought beyond the immediate necessities of today." In European countries, where the supervisory principle prevails, the city, on the contrary, "can promote the beautiful; it can destroy the ugly; it can plan for the future. It can have city dreams."

Not that individual initiative should be interfered with, or that there should be undue dictation in the

matter of taste; but simply that no building be permitted which is flagrantly inharmonious with its surroundings, or out of keeping with the general appearance of the neighborhood. The external appearance of a building is so much more important to the public at large than to the individual owner or occupant as clearly, in Unwin's opinion, to justify public supervision. The need would be met by a cultured and wide censorship, as liberal as possible, that would prescribe a certain minimum standard of design, insist upon a certain degree of harmony, and see that particular improvements were correlated with the requirements of a comprehensive plan — in brief, that would not allow the whims of the householder to interfere with the appearance of the city. Characterizing street architecture as "social architecture," Triggs declares it "ought surely to conform to those rules of convention by which all society is governed."

It has not been found that natural rivalry leads to the results at one time expected of it; nor does the artificial stimulus of prize-offering ensure harmonious construction generally. The latter expedient has been resorted to in many cities on the Continent, notably in Paris, and in Belgium, where the movement had its inception at the instance of *l'Oeuvre Nationale Belge;* and often takes the form of remission to the owner of half his street taxes, as well as medals to the architect and builder.

Among old cities (and, abroad, among many modern ones as well) beauty and homogeneity have been attained through a control due to greater unity of land ownership, be it on the part of individuals or of the municipality itself. Some European cities own vast tracts of their territory — the result of a land-purchasing power not enjoyed by municipalities in the United States — which they are consequently able, through the imposition of restrictions, to develop on a plan. An attempt to restore such

conditions is to be seen in the modern Garden Cities movement. Local materials also accounted for much of the harmony of color and style in each town and for the variety between different towns, a condition which has been changed by cheaper transportation.

There has perhaps never been a time when our public was so alive to æsthetic values in municipal enterprise as now. A civic pride has sprung up that bids fair to transform many of our cities; scarcely a place of importance but cherishes on paper, or actually has on foot some scheme of magnificence for its public places and structures, some grandiose lay-out of park, bridge or boulevard. Added to this is a growing recognition of the need for subordination of private to public rights, as well as a growing willingness to submit thereto. As Senator Newlands (to whom this movement owes so much) once said: "People are realizing the satisfaction which beauty gives in the common affairs of life, and their realization of this is increasing more and more." No longer, for instance, are they content "that the landing-place of the stranger, whether by rail or water, should be the most forlorn, abandoned, and repulsive part of the town." In fine, "communities are no longer satisfied with the old method of accidental growth."

And yet these aspirations are balked of fulfilment by the judicial attitude pointed out at the beginning of this article. The strict construction placed by the courts upon police power, denying its applicability to the amenities of life or to the prevention of structures which merely disfigure the city's physical aspect, their refusal to extend the interpretation of "general welfare" so as to include the enjoyment of purely æsthetic satisfactions or to establish what Williams terms a "nuisance to the eye," has rendered nugatory all specific regulatory enactments of this nature, whether by state or municipality. In decisions innumerable and nation-wide has this attitude been declared, of which the following are illustrative:

The city of Baltimore having passed an ordinance prohibiting the construction upon a magnificent new boulevard of any but separate dwelling houses with a certain space between, the Maryland court of appeals held such a provision clearly *ultra vires*, as "the police power cannot be exercised merely for æsthetic considerations;" also annulled was an ordinance authorizing refusal of a permit for new buildings unless they conform in "size, general character and appearance" to those in the locality and "will not tend to depreciate the value of the surrounding property."

The New York supreme court declined to abate as nuisances certain disfiguring signs placed at the entrance and alongside of parks, "out of place, disagreeable and offensive though they are, both to the civic pride and æsthetic taste."

In setting aside as unconstitutional a measure for the æsthetic protection of the fine sea boulevard at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, the court remarked that there was "scarcely a suggestion that the object of the ordinance is other than to enhance the beauty of the street."

The leading Calvo case was one in which the court found an ordinance forbidding business on certain streets to be "not based on considerations of public health or order, and where the validity rests upon the police power of the city, but an ordinance to beautify the neighborhood to which it applies, adopted for æsthetic purposes, and therefore . . . *ultra vires*, unreasonable and invalid."

True, the community may regulate many details of construction — sanitation, height and the like; and lately a great forward step has been taken in the adoption of the "zoning system," which along certain broad lines restricts the use to which buildings may be put within districts thus established, and under which it is thought that even "villa" zones, if suitably located, will be upheld. Furthermore, in this connection, the U. S. Supreme Court has recently held (affirming a decision of

the California supreme court) that, within a residential district, a brick-yard may be terminated, even under the police power. But this ruling and the adoption of the zoning principle represent, so far, the high-water mark of municipal control. Not subject to regulation is the placing of buildings on the lot; nor may the establishment of a building line or uniform set-back be enforced without payment of compensation. Even the bill-board evil, which Shurtleff styles "the classic illustration of offensiveness to even the most poorly nourished artistic sense," can be abated only on the plea of public health or morals, or when a certain proportion of adjacent property-owners object.

Why are the courts thus reluctant to aid in æsthetic betterment? What is the rock upon which all such efforts split? The answer, of course, is to be found in the provision of the Constitution (federal and state) that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law, and that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation. These constitute "the legal side of city planning," as Bassett puts it; "and the progress of city planning in the United States, so far as the law is concerned," he continues, "is measured by the willingness of the courts to interpret these provisions in favor of a larger recognition of community needs, or, where the courts refuse, by the willingness of the people to amend their state constitutions."

In countries where control is unhampered by written constitutions, its exercise has, on the other hand, been carried very far. Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, and various smaller cities have adopted regulations for the external appearance of structures as naturally as for their sanitation, considering "street reforms of small account if not supplemented by such requirements" and "taking the point of view that beauty of town and city is as clearly the residents' right as the health of the community and the safety of its property" (Robinson). In

Vienna there are specific requirements regarding street lines, balconies, height, and general harmony of aspect; in Rome the style, material, and other matters of appearance are subject to official surveillance. Paris is a net-work of commissions working side by side with and assisting the municipal administration in caring for the civic beauty. In certain places it is demanded of building plans that they show some kind of harmony with the existing style of architecture in the block, or no permit will be issued. An instance in Belgium concerned itself with a blank wall to the street, on account of which the council, whose approval was necessary, directed that the plan be modified. Though the communal law did not explicitly impose the power of æsthetic criticism upon the council, the court decreed that the council nevertheless had the right to demand "correspondence with the site." It is a matter of regret that this question having recently arisen in Washington, in respect to the very same objectionable building feature, the Commissioner to whose attention it was called by a committee of the Institute of Architects, disclaimed any power to refuse the permit.

In special cases, regulation on the Continent goes so far as, in Nuremberg, to prescribe 14th century style for buildings inside the Ring, and in Dresden to require within certain residential districts the adoption of a peculiar kind of iron fence, of a given height and design. Under the Saxon General Building Laws (considered by city planners a model code) buildings which would form a public disfigurement of the place may be prohibited; and higher architectural demands may be made for certain streets or parts of streets than for others. In England, by the Town Planning Act of 1909, large powers have been conferred on local government boards: buildings that in design or material or through undue repetition would be injurious to the amenity of the neighborhood can be prohibited, and such limitation does not entitle owners to compensation.

In America, however, as stated, city planners confront the blank wall of the Constitution. Does their sole hope lie in its amendment — are the court decisions so final as to preclude hope of a wider outlook and of a more liberal and progressive attitude? Many are the optimists who think not. In the opinion of Bassett, "the decided cases show that there has been a constantly growing field within which the courts will justify the exercise of the police power . . . so that constitutional amendments in that field will probably be unnecessary." It must also be remembered that some of the adverse decisions have been influenced by special considerations, such as lack of authority to pass the ordinance in question, or vagueness in the standard prescribed by it. In the report of the N. Y. Height of Buildings Commission, the conviction is expressed that "if an informed and deliberate public opinion becomes educated to the necessity for the exercise of greater control over the planning and over the building of the city, and that such control cannot be effectively exercised except through the police power, . . . the police power is sufficiently elastic to meet the situation."

But should these expectations be disappointed, it is conceivable that the same end might be attained through a wider and slightly new use of the power of eminent domain. In this direction, what is called excess condemnation possibly points the way. It may be defined as the taking of property abutting on parks, parkways and approaches to public buildings "both to prevent a use of the land which would be disfiguring, and to induce by restriction in the deed of sale of such land, a type of construction which would harmonize with the public purpose." In many states this use of the power has been expressly given by constitutional amendment, in others by mere legislative authorization. The rue de Rivoli in Paris was achieved by a procedure not dissimilar. Sometimes, however, the taking extends only to

easements in the abutting land which would prohibit certain uses of the land, and prescribe the character and even the style of architecture of the buildings constructed upon it, and it is to this method of regulation that we now particularly refer. The basis therefor was laid in the celebrated Copley Square case in Boston where on compensation being made to the owners, the right to limit the height of surrounding buildings on purely æsthetic grounds (whence the expression, "æsthetic easements") was for the first time asserted. Since then the principle has been quite generally followed; so that in Missouri, Indiana and Colorado there is now legislation excluding objectionable occupations from land fronting on parks and boulevards, through the condemnation and purchase of the right of the owners to use their land for such purposes.

Why might not the same principle be applied to streets in general? Do not the same reasons obtain in one case as in the other, and are not the arguments put forth in behalf of parks and boulevards applicable, mutatis mutandis, to streets as well? Significant is the language of the court in the above case — "It would hardly be contended that the same reasons which justify the taking of the land for a public park do not also justify the expenditure of money to make the park attractive and educational to those whose tastes are being formed, and whose love of beauty is being cultivated." We have only to extend the scope of this thought to say that the city, under the same right by which it originally condemns and lays out a street, could also require (on compensation being paid) that the buildings along it conform to some minimum of æsthetic standard. While eminent domain can be exercised only if the taking is for a "public use," yet it has been held that "use" is interchangeable with purpose, and that public use is synonomous with public good. Thus, in construing an act of the N. Y. legislature authorizing an addition of twenty feet on

either side of Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, not for travel but to be "reserved and preserved as ornamental courtyards for the benefit and improvement of said avenue," the court said it is "not necessary that every part of all highways should be used for the passage of vehicles and pedestrians. . . It is proper that some regard should be had for the æsthetic tastes, the comfort, health, and convenience of the public." Shurtleff's view that "it may be as clearly for the benefit of the public to promote the beauty of a street or boulevard as to promote that of a park" seems the only logical one. An attempt to legislate the idea into practice was made in the bill introduced into Congress in 1910 (applicable to the District of Columbia) which failed of enactment.

One objection which instantly presents itself is that of cost. But there are two considerations which make this not insuperable. One is that the added value which the restrictions would confer upon property in the entire neighborhood very greatly offsets the possible loss inflicted upon any piece of it. "A man who is going to buy a lot for any given purpose will pay more for it if he can be tolerably certain that the surrounding property will not be developed in such a manner as to interfere with the satisfactory accomplishment of his purpose," says Olmsted. And a like point of view prevails in certain places abroad where the taking of land in new districts for park, playground and garden areas is regarded as increasing the value of the property, payment therefor being merely set off against profits; also in the opening up of new streets through congested districts, the value of adjacent property is often enhanced to the extent of the cost. That the embellishment of streets could be effected "so as to give almost as much money return on capital invested as is possible in the present inhuman lay-out of our cities," is a surmise of Ford's which is well warranted.

No survey of civic æsthetics in this country would be

complete, no forecast of its future is possible, without taking cognizance of what Olmsted describes as "the individualistic and decentralized character of Anglo-Saxon democracy." The antagonism encountered in this field will already have shown itself to involve sociological first principles. Back of court and constitution, and speaking through them, lies the Anglo-Saxon's highly developed sense of freedom. Hard won is closely held; and so jealous is our love of liberty, so profound the mistrust of any coördination of action obtained through superimposed control, that we have made individual rights the cornerstone of our constitutional structure. "E pluribus unum" is with us a political rather than a social maxim. Only by bitter experience is it borne in upon us that "the new behemoth of civilization must be treated as a creature to be controlled, and made to serve rather than to impair or destroy humanity;" that true freedom is to be found in proper regulation, the lack of it being "destructive of the interests of all except those who wish to encroach upon the rights of others." *Salus populi est suprema lex* we profess in our jurisprudence — do we sufficiently practice it? No doubt much of our æsthetic shortcoming is due to a defect in racial temperament; yet is not this in turn due to that individualism which, in the sphere of city planning, has not only suppressed the communal instinct, making us indifferent to ensemble effects, but become codified to an obstructive degree in our juridical system?

Stephen Berrien Stanton.

CERTAINTIES

THREE hours I had to look Death in the face
And gather up from life and old belief
Some courage, certainty, and ancient grace
To crush my cowardice and give relief.
(A clock ticked loudly in the dreary room.
The blanket over me was dark and rough.)
And yet I did not think, there in the gloom,
On those high things: there was not time enough.
I thought intensely of four things I knew,
And clung to them — a poem and three friends.
And while I thought and loved, great faith I grew.
And so perhaps do all men meet their ends.
Now always in my soul those four I wear.
When I shall come to die they will be there.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

SHANTUNG ONCE MORE

WITH the perspective lent by distance and the philosophical detachment lent by first-hand knowledge of the ways of the white man's governments with the yellow (unless the yellow has a good navy) we Americans who live in China are not inclined to echo the furore and tumult of the Senate and the agitation of the editorial pages over the Shantung question. For one thing, we know something about Shantung. For another, we know that which enables us to say I told you so. For still another, we can see aspects of the question that give ground for believing that when the Peace Conference in its unwisdom wrote into the peace treaty the clause presenting to Japan a slice of China it builded better than it knew. To us two great facts stand out above all the minor issues. One, America has discovered China. Two, China has discovered itself. And since those two results are of greater fundamental importance to the future of China than the loss of one province it may be that the sacrifice of Shantung will prove China's salvation.

The historical background of the controversy, reduced to its starkest simplicity, is this. Shantung is a peninsula in northern China jutting out into the Yellow Sea, of great strategic and economic importance, and sacred associations. Because of the murder of two German missionaries Germany in 1898 forced China to sign a treaty giving it a ninety-nine-year lease on that part of the province fronting on the sea, which is known as the Kiaochow Peninsula, and which includes the port of Tsingtau, and also some economic and railway rights giving access to the heart of the province. In the fifteen years following, Germany had developed this territory into a prosperous colony. In 1914 Japan declared

war on Germany as an ally of Great Britain, and captured the Kiaochow Peninsula and all German holdings, at the same time giving assurances to America and the Allies that it was doing so only to remove the German menace from the Pacific, and that it would return the captured territory to China, its rightful owner. Six months later Japan forced China to accept the greater part of the now famous Twenty-one Demands, including a provision that China would agree to any settlement concerning Shantung reached by Germany and Japan at the Peace Conference following the world war. In 1917 China was persuaded, chiefly by American influence, to declare war on Germany and join the Allies. At the same time it was doing so the principal Allied Powers concluded a secret treaty with Japan agreeing to give Shantung to Japan after the war, a treaty of which China and the United States were told nothing, and allowed to know nothing. And at the Peace Conference the Allies duly did what they had promised, and Japan now has Shantung — and the world a new problem and a sore spot to fester new wars.

The action of the Peace Conference must be looked at from two entirely different aspects: as it reflected the Allies' aims and as it affected China. And the first is by far the more decisive. So far as the Allies are concerned, Shantung can be summed up simply. It was a piece of sheer injustice, one of the conspicuous diplomatic iniquities of modern history; and also — this must be borne in mind — the natural accompaniment of the old diplomacy in the Orient and the logical sequence of all Allied diplomacy in the Far East throughout the war. The Allies were hard pressed that summer of 1917, Japan was a lukewarm and wavering ally. The Allies decided to get China into the war — why, God knows! — Japan didn't want China in the war, didn't want it too close to the Allies. The Allies had to pay Japan's price for consent to China's entering. The price was Shantung.

The treaty was made, and the treaty had to be fulfilled. Then China, embraced with open arms into the Allied fold, by those same arms was stabbed in the back. Whatever surface mitigations there may appear to be — China was never a very energetic or enthusiastic ally, it is true (but was Japan?) and the sympathies of many men highly placed in its government were not anti-German — the basic principle is unchanged. The Allies agreed to give to one Ally, because strong, territory belonging to another Ally, because weak; and no amount of explanation or apology from now until the great accounting liquidates all history, will ever excuse that injustice or absolve the governments that committed it; or eradicate from the minds of all intelligent Chinese and other Eastern peoples a profound disillusionment. The confidence that the Chinese after a hundred years of justifiable skepticism were beginning to place in the disinterestedness and fair dealing of Europe the Allies have forfeited. Among Chinese for at least a generation the conviction will be unchallengeable that, in the white man's dealings with the yellow, might is still right, and that the Western standard of justice is the ownership of the biggest guns. And that will prove a costly forfeit. Already it is responsible for the failure of the Chinese to cooperate in the Allied proposal for a consortium of the Allied Powers to finance reconstruction in China; for the Chinese, while admitting the need and advantages of such an arrangement, now have too deep a distrust of the sincerity of Allied motives to place themselves in the power of such an international group. And it will prove costly in actual dollars and cents as soon as the German trade agents get back to the Far East; already that much is recognized out here. The Allies will yet pay for Shantung — heavily.

So much for the one aspect. As for the other, so far as China itself and its future are concerned, the Shantung settlement, strangely enough, is a minor matter.

It must be understood that for China, Shantung was gone, no matter what happened at the Peace Conference. Had the Allies given Shantung back to China with full sovereignty and with full guarantees, there is not the smallest doubt that the Chinese government would have sold it to the Japanese within sixty days — for a consideration that would have entrenched the military party in control of the Chinese government and gone to the personal enrichment of the corrupt clique which controls that party. For that is the way of the Chinese government in this year of 1920, and neither the Shantung question nor any other question growing out of contemporary Far Eastern politics can be understood except in the full light of that fact. In the last three years bigger things to China than Shantung have been sold to Japan by the Chinese themselves and still bigger things will be. For more than two years the Chinese government has been absolutely controlled by Japan, and there is no prospect that it will be otherwise controlled so long as the militarists are the government of China.

In the ultimate decision of China's future, whether it shall be a Japanese colony or not, the ownership of Shantung is a minor matter. Shantung might have been given back to China a hundred times and China still fall a prey to Japan.

Yet China may still save itself. China's enslavement or salvation rests on broader grounds than one province, and will be decided by more fundamental considerations than Shantung. Japan's grip on China is not territorial or even political: it is economic, obtained by means of loans made through corrupt Chinese officials at Peking, loans that are really mortgages on China's natural resources that can never be paid off. It matters little who claims or holds sovereignty over provinces, if Japan owns the railroads, the mines, the forests, and all that vast untold treasure that is China's. And it matters little what the western powers write into their treaties if the Chinese government itself sells China to Japan,

and the Chinese people consent. And it matters little to China's future what the Allies did with Shantung, so long as China was willing to do the same. The whole Shantung episode could be blotted out from the past, and China's condition be changed not one whit. If the Shantung clause of the peace treaty is of any importance, therefore, it is as a reflection of Allied diplomacy, not as a factor in the shaping of the Far East.

China lost what already was lost. In return it gained the eyes of the world and found itself. America has discovered China. The rest of the world knows it now for a real land of living people, with concerns like its own, and concerns that affect its own welfare. We who have written ourselves cramped, and talked ourselves hoarse to get a hearing for China's case these many years, and written and talked in vain — we rub our eyes in amazement at the first pages of the newspapers the mail boats bring from home. China is at last a "story." Men are thinking and talking China. A public opinion about China is being made and informed.

Throughout the war a curtain of silence had been drawn tight about the Far East. These facts that Europe and America are just learning concerning what has been transpiring in the Far East have been obvious enough out here. Only the West had neither eyes to see nor ears to hear. It was engaged in a death struggle. It could not divide its attention. In criticism of Japan it could see only German propaganda, a fear the Japanese played on skilfully. And the day-by-day chronicling of loans and encroachments and penetrations makes technical and uninteresting reading. So the West could not be made to understand what was going forward in China, or to understand that the peace of the future was as much dependent on those events as on the events in Europe. And had the Far Eastern questions at the Peace Conference been settled in the routine way, had Shantung been returned to China as most people expected

it would be, Europe and America would have gone on as they had before, indifferent and oblivious to the history being made in the East. Therein lay Japan's diplomatic blunder. Had it been more farsighted it would have let China have Shantung — for sixty days — and under cover of European and American lack of interest, continued that much more effective process of stretching dominion over China that it has been carrying out so successfully. But for various reasons too complicated to discuss here — its curious hunger for world recognition as a "big" Power, and a certain grandiose theory of its world destiny — it didn't. It pressed its demand, had its way, and raised a dramatic issue. But dramatic issues make news, and the attention of the world was focused on Japan and its activities in China. Those activities will henceforth have to be carried on under the cold and unfriendly gaze of a watchful world, whose sympathies have been aroused for China, and will therefore be doubly hard to carry out. Japan and the Peace Conference have provided China with friends.

They have given China its best friend and only hope — itself. The dramatic quality of the Shantung affair roused not only America, it also stung China into wakefulness. The loss of the province hallowed by Confucius incited a magnificent impulse in the Chinese people. It swept away in a sudden gust of anger the torpor with which for three years they had borne a corrupt and traitorous government, and the apathy with which they watched it barter away their heritage. It ignited a flame of nationalism that lit the whole country, and came to a climax in a remarkable national rising and a remarkable demonstration of the potency of the traditional Chinese weapon, passive resistance.

The moving spirit and the nucleus of that uprising was found in the youth of the country. It was begun, organized and carried to success by students. Beginning as a demonstration at the college in Peking, it spread until within a few days the students of every preparatory

school and college from end to end of the country had gone on strike. When the government tried to suppress them by force, they won to their support the merchant classes, and in the largest cities a general strike was declared, business activities of all kinds stopping abruptly as if paralyzed. And without arms, without money, with no other weapon than moral indignation, these youths and small shopkeepers compelled a government with a big army to dismiss three ministers conspicuous as pro-Japanese, to issue a mandate of apology for its attempted use of force, and to yield in other respects. This achievement has no parallel and could have no parallel in any other country in the world.

The movement, moreover, has not spent itself in its original outburst. It gives promise of crystallizing into something permanent, real and powerful. Its most concrete expression at present is the operation of an anti-Japanese boycott. The bitterness against Japan among all classes amounts to hatred, and the boycott thus far is effective. Japan is already feeling the pinch. China is its principal market, and its ships are now coming into Chinese ports laden down with ballast. To take the place of Japanese goods a movement to foster native industry has been initiated, with a program of broad scope designed to make China eventually independent of Japanese manufacturers. But what is most significant is that feeling is directed less against Japan than against China's own corrupt officialdom.

The Chinese are beginning to realize that their danger lies within as much as without. They are beginning to realize that they have been exploited in the past by foreign interests, not only because those interests were strong enough to exploit them, but because foreign exploiters always have been able to buy willing tools among the Chinese themselves, Chinese of the governing classes. With that realization they have embarked on a national propaganda of education. The whole

student body has been organized into groups of ten, each group to train another group, and the whole country so divided that eventually it will all be covered by small groups quietly agitating, quietly educating the masses to the peril that confronts the Chinese race. The student class itself, the next generation, is being welded into a national solidarity to fit it to act as a potent force with an effective voice in the nation's affairs. In that education and that generation lies China's only hope. Its future is now resolved into a race between them and Japanese swiftness of penetration. And the advantages are all on the side of the Japanese, for China has started late, is hampered by ignorance and poverty, internal chaos and inertia. But unless Japan does forge its chain of dominion before that generation has come to its fulness of power and that education has borne fruit, the possession of Shantung and even the control of natural resources will avail it little. Before 400,000,000 people aroused to their danger, resolved to avert it and trained to the means of averting it, garrisons and title deeds will be futile. And let nobody tell you that the Chinese is always a pacifist, and that he has no patriotism: he has fought before, and no greater pride of race exists in any people on earth. That spirit, then, is China's hold on life. And that spirit owes its birth to the Shantung settlement.

Cast up the accounts, then, on the Shantung clause: the Allies lost their claim to moral righteousness — at least in this — and the confidence and trust of the Far East, gaining nothing in return, not even the good will of Japan. China lost what it could not have had, and gained the sympathy of the American people, and probably other peoples of the West — and found its own soul and a fighting chance to save itself. The Big Five may some day be enshrined in Chinese history as the unconscious saviours of China. NATHANIEL PEFFER.

BOOK REVIEWS

John Marshall and Popular Government

The Life of John Marshall. By Alfred J. Beveridge. 4 Volumes: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The immediate and generous recognition given to Mr. Beveridge's life of John Marshall will be confirmed by "second thought" in coming years. Judged by any standard applicable to serious literature it is a work of large importance. Biography is first of all a story, and the story of Marshall's life, as Mr. Beveridge has told it, is charged with positive qualities of interest and drive; yet story is not quite biography unless with narrative it gives us revelation and interpretation. If these are interwoven with narration biography may be good. It is of high excellence if the story itself reveals, and if the revelation — of character, temperament, conviction and aim — amounts to an interpretation from within, in distinction from one too obviously arrived at reflectively by the author. This, I think, Mr. Beveridge's story achieves. Furthermore, important biography gives interpretation also in the sense of explanation. Heredity and environment, scene and circumstance, are taken as factors rather than as stage setting, and Mr. Beveridge's presentation of these as dynamic in Marshall's life has broadened his story into an illuminating account of interaction between a great personality and a society rapidly developing from a cluster of frontier communities into a nation. Again, in the greatest biography life is not only depicted, it is also weighed, and Mr. Beveridge's weighing of qualities and enduring influence is distinguished by the balanced virtues of vision and sobriety. And not to lack one last touch of excellence, a satisfying biography must be of such comprehensiveness of plan and such wealth of detail as the magnitude of the subject calls for, and not greater.

Four large volumes constitute a bulk that must be defended. None but a captious reader will say that it is too great for the life of John Marshall, as Mr. Beveridge has presented it.

It is not my purpose further to "review" this large contribution to our intellectual wealth and our political knowledge. Restricting attention to one outstanding phase of it, I believe that it is worth while to raise certain questions as to the validity of that view, or dogma, or theory (as the reader may prefer to call it) of our constituted government to which Marshall's dominating intellect gave commanding importance in the development of American law. I am aware that this is presumptuous out-speaking for a layman, but the world is fallen upon days of political apprehension of which Marshall had not so much as a presentiment, and in which I conceive it to be the duty of every responsible citizen to think as best he can for himself, and frankly to share his questionings and his conclusions, if conclusions he has, with his fellow men.

Judges and statesmen like other mortals are finite, and their intelligence is not "pure." It is colored by preferences and convictions. John Marshall was a Federalist: more than distrustful of democracy, he stoutly believed that the owners of property should govern. Mr. Beveridge accurately describes him as "the supreme conservative." He opposed every extension of the suffrage. He could not have conceived it to be possible that a nation of one hundred million souls could experiment with universal suffrage and not rush headlong to disaster. He no more foresaw the actual existence and operation of government by the people as we have them in the United States today, than he foresaw our railway system, our wireless telegraphy and our aëroplanes. Logically he distrusted legislatures and legislators. In all seriousness he believed that law and the courts are the only trustworthy and adequate guardians of life, liberty and property.

Inevitably, as it seems, his great achievements were two. He made the judiciary respected, and he made good the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States to declare a statute unconstitutional. He achieved these great purposes as much by wisdom of method as by precision of aim. Federal judges of the Oliver Ellsworth type had irritated the Jeffersonian Republicans beyond endurance by arrogant and undisguised coöperation with political elements responsible for such legislation as sedition laws, whose purposes and methods were like those that we have recently witnessed at Albany and at Washington. Marshall had his way and made it respected by sheer intellectual power. Avoiding assertiveness and every trace of disrespect to opponents, he conquered them by reasoning. And so it was in his dealing with the question of constitutionality. By pure argument, unsupported by factitious devices, he converted lawyers and judges, and after them politicians and voters, to the view that constitutional law is a reality, and that in the United States it is the supreme reality.

In a word, John Marshall without saying so demolished the unworkable theory of the balance of powers that had been taken over from Montesquieu; but whereas, in other countries since Marshall's day, the legislative power has become supreme, Marshall made the judicial power supreme throughout the United States, in the commonwealths and in the nation.

That judicial supremacy has worked, on the whole, substantially as Marshall expected and desired it to work, is almost unanimously believed. Conservatives and radicals agree that the Federal Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, has safeguarded vested interests and has been an effective barrier to subversive innovation. An exhaustive review of decisions would, probably, sustain these popular beliefs. Building argument upon these convictions, not only conservatives but also liberals who fear revolutionary radicalism deprecate any sugges-

tion that our constituted polity, more venerable than any other working mechanism of government in the civilized world, is also antiquated and ineffective. Admitting that while it may be old-fashioned and possibly better adapted to restraint than to propulsion, they deny that it is an obstacle to desirable developments of governmental functioning in a society which beyond measure is more complex than American society was a hundred years ago and in which the interests of the largest democratic population in the world are organized.

But the fact (glorious or appalling as you will) that we have to face is the essential democracy of this mighty people, and the certainty that, badly or improvingly, we shall go on with our portentous experiment of popular government. Our one hope is that, by trial and error, through which in bygone millenniums the human kind climbed from savagery to civilization, democracy will become a thing less bad than some among us think it now is. If this is the rock-bottom fact upon which theorizing must build, the comprehensive question that we must try to answer is: Does our system of government on the whole facilitate the education of *demos* and the up-building of *mores* and traditions of political wisdom, or does it, on the whole, retard these vitally important processes?

Democracy must express itself directly, through initiative and the referendum, or indirectly, through representative institutions. Not even the supreme conservative, John Marshall, nor yet a Spencerian philosopher would maintain that all of the thousand things that in a complex society must be done by authority of the collective will, and all of the detailed rules of the game of collective life, could be prescribed and formulated by the courts. Statutory law there must and will be, and it will be created out of hand at the polls by an unorganized people, or it will be created by legislative bodies.

What, then, is the effect of judicial supremacy upon legislative bodies? Has it, on the whole, improved their

quality, enhanced their dignity and deepened their sense of responsibility? These questions are mine not by origination but by adoption. They were suggested to me in a recent conversation by my colleague, Prof. John Bassett Moore. They are searching questions, and I agree that the time has come when they ought to be faced and answered. If a legislative body, whether Federal Congress or state legislature, can be overriden by higher authority, can it in the nature of things psychological feel a profound sense of responsibility; and if it does not feel responsibility can it in the long run attract men of the largest calibre and the highest quality? The British Parliament decade by decade for a hundred years has become more responsible and more sensible of responsibility. It has grown in dignity as it has grown in power. Can this be said of any American legislative body? And is it desirable, or not, that representative bodies should survive and function decently in America? Would we, all in all, prefer direct democracy? If we would not, and if the foregoing questions are fair and to the point, another question also is fair and to the point. Mr. Beveridge says that Marshall conceived of political society as static, and that he desired above all things to keep it static. Judicial supremacy has kept it static as far as it could, but has its achievement been all that we imagine? Has it, perhaps unwittingly and unobserved, disintegrated representative government and fostered direct democracy?

However this may be, the conservative constitutionalist will say, I think, that judicial supremacy has been worth its cost as a defense of minority rights against majority absolutism. In the last analysis a constitution of the American type is a device to secure two things, namely, (1) due process of law, with rules of the game and notice in advance to all players of what they may expect, and (2) delimitation of the number of things that can lawfully be done to forty-nine per cent of the population by fifty-one per cent, and specification of things that can be done

only by sixty-seven or seventy-five per cent. No sane person proposes to do away with due process of law. Delimitation of majority power is necessary if popular government is to be better in morals or in expediency than a personal despotism is. Indeed, personal despotism is preferable to majority despotism in so far as it is easier to get rid of. But a written constitution of the American type and upheld by judicial supremacy is not the only known device for limiting majority power. Majority power is automatically limited wherever habits of popular political discussion and free political action are well established as popular *mores*. Majorities break up and disintegrate, and minorities grow into majorities. Parties come into power and go out with more than a semblance of rhythm. Can anyone who knows collective psychology seriously maintain that an interpreted constitution is a more effective curb upon majority absolutism than are the certainties of taxes and dissolution? Moreover, we have now discovered (and the wonder is that it was not discovered sooner) that the rule that certain things can be done only by a two-thirds or a three-fourths vote, or by both, is a device that can work both ways. An amendment to the constitution that can be adopted only by a two-thirds and a three-fourths vote can be got rid of only by the same measure of disapproval; and if we are to have police law made by constitutional amendment it is entirely possible that we may find ourselves living under minority absolutism, which, to say the least of it, is not an improvement upon majority absolutism.

One more argument in support of our American type of constitution is the contention that by interposing delay and difficulty to innovation it compels the populace, which is supposedly mob-minded, to think twice before changing things. That *demos* is mob-minded (in America at any rate) we have too much evidence of one and another dreadful kind to deny. There is, however, a deeper question here than the issue of mere fact. It is vital that

mob-mindedness should be diminished, and it is therefore necessary to decide whether it is more surely diminished in the long run by authoritative restraint than by practice in self-control. If Herbert Spencer's philosophy of moral education is as sound as some of us regard it, the child learns to avoid doing harmful things, including over-hasty and ill-considered things, by experiencing the consequences of his own harmful acts. By like experience the human race also has acquired such self-control as it now profits by. Sooner or later misbehavior, including precipitate behavior, is penalized through normal consequences, and political misbehavior is no exception. There seems to be, however, an important law to which the severity of retributive consequence conforms. Misbehavior is not always penalized instantly or soon. It may be repeated and again repeated, and adverse reaction be delayed; but the longer it is delayed and the larger the accumulation of costly consequences, the more terrible as a rule and perhaps disastrous will painful reaction be when it comes. In political life, above all, does this law hold true. Revolutions are delayed reactions to mistakes and wrong doings too many times repeated. It is a serious question then, whether it is not safer to let democracy make small mistakes often and be penalized at once; to experiment day by day and change its mind quickly, than to restrain it over long, while irritation and protest accumulate to be followed at length by radical innovation. It is at least possible that our theory of curbing mob-mindedness is bad psychology and bad politics.

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS.

Is there any danger that a judiciary can keep a society static longer than enough to prevent undue haste?

How can "the certainties of taxes" be very effective in a community where the vast majority does not consciously pay any?

EDITOR.

An English Montaigne

Memoir of Kenelm Henry Digby. By Bernard Holland. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

It is an old and true saying that books have their fates as well as men, and it is equally true that, except perhaps for the very best and the worst, these fates are sometimes singularly unjust. Criticism has no fairer function than the endeavor to right these injustices, so far as it may, by calling attention to such fine but not masterfully great writers as have been left behind in the onsweeping tide of letters or have been obscured by accidental causes. And such has been the fate preëminently of the author of *Mores Catholici* and a small library of other books whose names even are not commonly known.

No doubt there are special reasons why Kenelm Digby should have suffered eclipse. In the first place most of his works are out of print, and when offered for sale make exorbitant demands on the purse. That is a difficulty not likely to be lessened with time. But, as Plato said, most fair things are hard to get, and we may remind the reader that the *Mores Catholici*, Digby's greatest work in bulk if not in value, is obtainable in an American reprint, wretched in typography to be sure, yet readable. So, too, the *Evenings on the Thames*, perhaps his ripest and finest work, is not prohibitive in price. For the rest, let them be the prey and joy of the collector.

But there is another reason why these books are not much read even when accessible. They are crammed with quotations in French and Latin, not to mention an occasional incursion into Greek, which the author commonly disdains to translate. Something, a good deal, is thus required of the reader. But, given the ability to read French and to guess at Latin, no one should be rebuffed by what is really a source of rich delight. How much of the charm of Montaigne is attributable to his

habit of magnificent quotation? And by the same art Digby, with all his difference of mind, just misses being the Montaigne of English Letters.

And still another reason. While a young man living in Cambridge, Digby went over to Rome. There was nothing violent in this conversion; it took place a number of years before the Romeward movement began among the Tractarians; it was the outcome of no morbid emotional crisis, but was the result of self-directed reading and quiet reflection. The dominating impulse seems to have been an æsthetic delight in the mediæval forms of life, as is shown by the fact that the *Broad Stone of Honor*, which in its revised state has a strong Catholic bias, was written originally while he was an Anglican, as a romantic eulogy of chivalry.[1] However that may be, all his books from this time are definitely Catholic, and this trait has helped to cut them off from the main current of English interest. But if Digby was in a way a partizan, he was by no means bigoted, and there is in his words scarcely a trace of that fanaticism which marks so many of the books composed by Englishmen whose conversion was accompanied with more or less anguish of spirit. After all he was rather a Christian than a Papist in the narrower meaning of the word, and even his Christianity was not so much dogmatic as it was finely and morally æsthetic. The motto of his religion might be summed up in the exquisite phrase of Clement: *ἐπαναπαύεται τερπόμενος τῇ δημιουργίᾳ*, "God rests in gladness upon the work of his hands." Digby's *Evenings on the Thames* (the words of the subtitle, "Serene Hours," run through the book like the refrain of a poem) is a series of essays written in just that spirit. Their mood is not pantheistic, in the sense of Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey;* they are not dogmatic in tone or theological; they

[1] In his bibliography Mr. Holland notes the "much revised and enlarged" edition of this book in 1826 as the "second," and makes no mention of the true second edition of 1823, a copy of which, still Anglican, is in the possession of the reviewer.

are the overflowing peace and beauty of a mind intent on finding in nature everywhere the signs of that joy which Clement attributes to the Creator, of a mind, too, that has gone through many ancient and modern authors in search of the same wisdom. Digby, one must admit, becomes occasionally slipshod in his style and flat in his sentiment; but his carelessness is that of a gentleman who can take his ease, and who, at the right moment, can raise his voice to genuine eloquence.

Mr. Holland's *Memoir* is intended to widen the circle of Digby's lovers. It is a good biography, interesting and not too long. The non-Catholic reader will wish that the controversial pages had been omitted; but these are not numerous, and may be forgiven. The important point is that the subject of the *Memoir* stands out clearly as a man and as a writer. Still more important is the fact that Mr. Holland, taking account of the difficulty of obtaining Digby's works, especially those strange autobiographical poems of his later years, quotes from them with great freedom. An old lover of Digby may even feel a twinge of resentment, lest the curious interest of these extracts should start other readers a-rummaging in the shops for the books themselves, and so enhance their market value, which is already too high for his comfort.

P. E. M.

A Magnificent Mare's Nest

The Economic Consequences of the Peace. By John Maynard Keynes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

When a man says that everybody about him is drunk, we all know what to think. What shall we think then, when a man says that everybody about him is morbid? Yet Mr. Keynes says that everyone in Paris while the treaty was being drawn up was morbid; and when so

saying, on finding that the treaty was not drawn up to suit him, he resigned his position as financial adviser to the British mission. He continues this course when he says that the Germans proved that the treaty's departure from Mr. Wilson's fourteen points (many of them susceptible of various interpretations) was a "breach of international law comparable with their own offense in the invasion of Belgium;" when, despite his expertness with figures, he computes thirty annual payments of $250,000,000 each as representing an immediate payment, at five per cent discount, of $7,500,000,000; when he agrees with the German delegates, but with nobody else, as far as heard from, that the Saare settlement was "an act of spoliation and insincerity," and when he also agrees with their claim that the Saare district belonged to Germany as long as it belonged to the Holy Roman Empire.

Congruously with these statements, Mr. Keynes holds the current sentimental attitude towards the laboring classes. He says "the principle of accumulation based on inequality was a vital part of the pre-war order of society and . . . depended on unstable psychological conditions." It depended on conditions as stable as human stupidity, and is unstable only as that is unstable. He also says "the laboring class may be no longer willing to forego so largely." There is as yet little question of willingness to forego: they can forego only what they produce, and production cannot go on without labor; its greatest stimulus comes from invention and management. The laboring classes get little because they produce little and compete with each other much. This competition is not "willing" but is forced upon them by their poverty; only as far as this is relieved by coöperation, at present mainly through their unions, and by growth in their intelligence, can there be any reasonable talk of their being willing to forego, or of their ability to control their condition. To speak of these things as immediately possible, or to be

reached by anything but a slow process, is utopian. Now our occasion for this paragraph is the interesting fact, a fact of daily observation, that people addicted to this sort of thinking are nearly all pro-German; and the purpose of Mr. Keynes' book is to promote a disposition to modify the terms of the treaty, especially its financial conditions, in favor of Germany. The author's principal theses are that the terms of the armistice, especially Mr. Wilson's fourteen points, are not carried out in the treaty; that Clemenceau and Lloyd-George were too much for Mr. Wilson; that Germany is required to pay more that she can; that this requirement will wreak untold misery east of the Rhine, with disastrous reactions west of it; and that in the interest of all parties, the requirements should be very materially reduced.

For his first thesis he makes a plausible case, but on the other side it may very properly be held that little if anything better was reasonably to be expected, that no program prepared in advance could have been closely followed in such complex circumstances, and that the Germans on the whole got off as well as they could expect, and better than they deserved.

Mr. Keynes is an artist. His chapter on "The Conference" lacks only one quality of the masterpieces of literature — Matthew Arnold's requirement — seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. This conclusion was impressed upon us after we had read it several times in a vain effort to select extracts for quotation. As we marked paragraphs, they grew into pages, and the pages accumulated till they tended to include the whole. No extracts can do it justice. We shall revert later to this topic.

It is probably this portion of the book and his other non-technical matter that has drawn most readers, for the remark is often heard: "I have read it all but the figures." Yet in the author's view the "figures" are undoubtedly the Hamlet of the play.

In his thesis that Germany cannot pay the sums levied

against her, the author knows where to dig for his facts, but they have been widely and authoritatively disputed. He does not, however, rest his arguments on material considerations alone, but appeals, with an eloquence that cannot entirely fail of effectiveness, to the higher elements of human nature, even going so far as boldly to propose, in spite of obvious objections, that all nations who lent money to others during the recent war shall forgive their debtors. In these eloquent appeals, the book is almost an innovation; and one is, at least at moments, tempted to consider it an example.

Despite all the merits of the book, however, many readers wading in its morass of financial data will be reminded of the old saw that "you can prove anything with figures;" and of the gradation of misinformation into "lies, damned lies and statistics." Mr. Keynes is a bold man. After a convention of the best minds in the world, informed by leading economists of the four leading nations (not including Germany) had concluded, according to Mr. Keynes' estimate, that Germany could pay $40,000,000,000, he contends that she can pay but $20,000,000,000, and about a third of that in thirty instalments. He candidly admits many of the details of his estimate to be guesswork; but he has so much confidence in it that, discouraged and disgusted with the discrepancy between his ideas and those of his colleagues, he resigned, as aforesaid, and wrote this book to show forth his opinion of their selfishness, cruelty and incapacity. Clemenceau he makes out a savage, Lloyd-George a Mephisto, and Wilson a dupe.

The author claims that before the war virtually all Europe east of the Rhine was dependent on German industry, that now, without German industry, famine broods over all that land; that under the burdens imposed at Paris, German industry never can revive; and consequently that those terms should, without delay, be made

naterially easier. This, he thinks should be done, in the nterests not only of the nations dependent upon German ndustry, but also of the nations to receive the indemnity: for if they insist on more than Germany can pay, they will get less, and probably virtually nothing.

He seems to fall in with the German imperialistic view hat she absolutely needed more territory for her growing population — a view negatived by the fact that instead of Germany being crowded, her emigration has for many years been falling off. Overcrowding is an obsession with Mr. Keynes. He even attributes to it the revolution in thinly populated Russia. He seems to think that the growing differentiation of the world into manufacturing nations and agricultural nations was unstable, and really the main source of the war. The facts appear rather that while peace lasted, this differentiation had for years progressed to the mutual advantage of all the nations concerned; that through it Germany was progressing at a rate no nation had ever progressed before, and that she destroyed her own progress and put herself behind all competition, not from any pressure of necessity, but from the enthusiasm of her parasitic military class for the policy of brigandage inaugurated by Frederick the Great, promoted by Bismarck in his successful wars against Austria and France, and backed up by the get-rich-quick ambitions of Germany's marvelously developed industrial leaders.

Mr. Keynes' errors in these positions do not encourage confidence in his position regarding the indemnities, or in the figures by which he supports it.

The items of the payment — money, claims public and private, railroad equipment, ships and what not, he considers absurdly complicated — as absurdly complicated, one would think, as an American tax-system; and he holds that the whole thing should have been lumped in a definite sum, and the Germans left to liquidate their assets for themselves. Against this opinion, however,

stands the fact that through the Germans' fault all the parties were in pressing need of all of the assets, and that it was simple justice that the Allies should have them at once, and the Germans do without until they can produce them.

Mr. Keynes' boldness and the very nature of his subject of course have led him into prophecy. The infrequency of our publication compared with that of most of his other critics, has the compensation that we are enabled to apply more hindsight to his foresight: the winter has passed, and Germany has got through it with little of the incapacitating suffering which he foretold. She has known little if any starvation, and her docks and freight-yards are piled with products ready to be exchanged as soon as transportation can be had. The ships which she has had to give up will transport those goods almost as freely under alien control as if they had remained under her own. The shilly-shallying in our Senate has probably obstructed her more than the responsibilities which have been imposed upon her. No master of figures, not even Mr. Keynes, can tell what she is able to do. The settlement once being determined despite him and his figures, he would have earned much more confidence if he had waited to see more of the settlement's working. This is doubly true because the settlement, though fixed, is not rigidly fixed, but is provided with a Reparations Commission to watch its working, and with large powers to remedy defects as they appear.

The labyrinth of figures in this book is hardly susceptible of intelligent exploration by the layman, and, as we have already intimated, seldom receives it; although the rest of the book is widely and eagerly read. We have therefore no disposition to lead our readers farther into the maze. Such criticisms as have fallen in our way, some of them highly technical, have strangely enough, all held that Mr. Keynes' estimates were too favorable to Germany. Among the very best we have seen is that of Mr. John

Forbes Dulles, of the President's entourage in France, which appeared, dated February 14, in the *London Times* of presumably the next day. It opposes Mr. Keynes' figures with apparent success, but at the same time admits that reasonable estimates can be arrived at only by experience; and claims that the Reparations Commission — a sort of "Creditors' Committee" — is the best conceivable means of reaching them, and had already made progress in doing so; and that it is adequate to the purpose, as Mr. Keynes' proposed immediate revision of the treaty could not be.

Mr. Dulles denies with seeming authority Mr. Keynes' allegations that President Wilson came to the conference with

"no plan, no scheme, no constructive ideas whatever, so that the council was generally working on the basis of a French or British draft," and asserts that on the contrary "In reality the American delegation, at the opening of the Peace Conference, presented a carefully thought out and detailed statement of the principles to govern the exaction of reparation. The essential features were: no liability for war costs; liability for damage to non-military property and to the civilian population, and a special position for Belgium resulting from the fact that, as regards Belgium, the war in its entirety had been illegal and Germany had recognized the duty to make complete indemnification. It was this American programme which became the basis of discussion, and the American programme is substantially that incorporated in the treaty."

Mr. Dulles closes with this masterly summary:

If every ambiguity in the pre-Armistice conditions is to be resolved in favor of Germany; if every ambiguity in the treaty is to be resolved in a sense oppressive to Germany; if it be assumed that the Reparations Commission is to exercise its functions in a spirit obviously destructive of the interests of the Allies and of the economic re-establishment of Europe; then Mr. Keynes' condemnation of the treaty is explicable. If, however, the immense practical difficulties with which the Peace Conference had to deal in a brief period of time are taken into account; if the broad constructive purpose of the treaty is

borne in mind, and its provisions (already elastic) are liberally construed and applied; and if a Reparations Commission is created which will, as intended, exercise its powers with wisdom and in accordance with the true interests of the nations which it represents; then the treaty can be regarded as a statesmanlike accomplishment. I myself adopt the latter hypothesis.

And so do we.

Is it too early to say that, despite Mr. Keynes' mastery of figures, his breadth of view, his skill as a writer and his rich background of attainments, his book as a contribution to the settlement of the world's present perplexities is of very questionable value, possibly of less than no value: for it faces in the wrong direction. The fact is that the author cannot be regarded as entirely outside of that mass of men of conspicuous ability, which includes many names just short of being great — Rousseau, Proudhon, Marx, Tolstoy, Henry George, Treitschke — who have done most to darken the counsels of the world and perpetuate its miseries — the men whose sympathies control their judgments, and whose imaginations temper their facts. In each generation they have their earmarks. One of the most frequent is constantly finding fault with the world as it is, and seldom saying what they want to remedy it. This is now signally prominent in the class of writers whom their critics call Bolshevist — for example those in *The Nation* and *The New Republic*. From this earmark Mr. Keynes is exceptionally free. He at least knows which he wants and says it, and says it well. Nevertheless, he talks about things he wants when there is no possibility of getting them; and this too is a kind of Bolshevism. As we have already stated, this type of mind the world over, from the Russian radicals to our "liberal" and "open-minded" weeklies, has always shown itself in sympathy with Germany.

And yet, though Mr. Keynes unquestionably has this type of mind, and, being abler than most of his fellows is correspondingly dangerous, at least he is not, like

them, incapable of using the means at hand when he doesn't entirely approve them. Although he regards the League of Nations as conceived in iniquity, though perhaps not quite "a league with death and a covenant with hell," he admits that "the wisdom of the world may yet transform [it] into a powerful instrument of peace," and that "in Articles XI–XVII [it] has already accomplished a great and beneficent achievement;" that "our first efforts for the revision of the Treaty must be made through the League, that "these articles make substantially less probable a war between organized great powers," and that "this alone should commend the league to all men."

That a book of this character is put forth without an index or even a detailed table of contents, is to be regretted.

H. H.

The Good Old Belief

The Forgotten Man and other Essays. By William Graham Sumner. New Haven: Yale University Press.

This fourth (and final) volume of Sumner's essays, contains a bibliography of his writings which fills eighteen pages and contains probably two hundred titles, the product of some forty years of work. Scriptural criticism, philosophy, history, politics, ethnology, "sociology," currency, banking, taxation, finance, socialism, morals, make up a group of topics that seems to demand for its title — *De omni re scibili.* But Sumner was no dabbler; it would be hard to think of a word *less* applicable to him. His mental processes were ruthless and omnivorous. His mind gives one the impression of a huge stone-crusher working with the thunder of many hammers and pulverizing everything fed into its hopper. You may agree or not with his conclusions but you cannot accuse him of sciolism or superficiality.

He died in 1910 — four years before the war broke out. Reading over his essays on the old tariff fights, the "crime of '73" and the silver campaign of 1896, one cannot but regret that he did not live to deal with the doings of the last ten years. As it happens those years have been marked by an epidemic of diseased thinking to which his own philosophy would have been utterly opposed at all points. A sturdy individualism is the very warp and woof of his *Weltanschauung*. No doughtier champion of the "Manchester School" ever set pen to paper. It was a happy thought to call this volume by the title of his essay "The Forgotten Man," for it is a classic defense of the idea upon which that school built its economics, and which, in one form or another, runs through all Sumner's own writings. Here is a typical passage: — "The progress of society is nothing but the slow and far remote result of steady, laborious, painstaking growth of individuals. The man who makes the most of himself and does his best in his sphere is doing far more for the public good than the philanthropist who runs about with a scheme which would set the world straight if only everybody would adopt it" (p. 427). Sumner knew of no short-cut to the millennium. He believed that whatever was good had to be won by work and by fighting, won, moreover, by the individual for himself. He emphasized individual responsibility for individual results. He believed in an ascetic philosophy, and expected men to keep their muscles — mental, moral and physical — always in training. Salvation by group-action meant nothing to him but an effort to escape from one's own particular task, to evade one's own particular responsibilities and to unload one's own burden upon someone else.

One need be neither the good Spencerian that Sumner was nor a devoted adherent of the "Manchester School" to wish that his voice were heard today, amid the babel of shouting that arises from our modern "liberals" and "radicals" who throng the Forum, each with his nostrum

by use of which men may escape the heritage of Adam, and recover the lost Eden where all might live without work. It would be a gladsome sight to see his cudgel flailing amid the mob. Psychiatrists know the formula of parlor Bolshevism in all its forms. They speak learnedly of the "inferiority complex" and of "inadequates," and those who can find their way through these technicalities can understand whence come our "journals of opinion," our "reviews of revolt," our "periodicals of protest," and the whole literature of what we lightly call the "Greenwich Village" school of economics and of life. But it would take a pen like Sumner's to drive these truths into the mind of the plain man and make him understand once and for all that in so far as he lives by bread he must get that bread in the sweat of his own face, and that no other way will give it to him. How Sumner would have revelled in the task! What savage joy he would have brought to the criticism of an economic system based on exclusion of the competent and the rule of the incompetent, of a theory of competition whereby all should succeed, of a theory of banking in which the borrower should be the judge of his own credit!

But we have no Sumner today.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

THE FAITH IN THE UNSEEN

A Cloud of Witnesses. By Anna de Koven (Mrs. Reginald de Koven). With an introduction by James H. Hyslop. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

We were on the point of saying that this book will have no interest for those who are skeptical regarding Psychical Research, but were stopped by the realization that in a rather wide experience we have hardly ever known a scoffer at Psychical Research who had read a respectable book on the subject. Mrs. de Koven's is such a book, and

prominent among the comparatively few that would give a new inquirer a fair general view of the subject. Though not a professional author, she is far from being a dilettante one. Her life of Paul Jones is a solid, even a standard, work, and to her present book she has given the same energetic, patient and intelligent research, and satisfying literary form. Although it is not altogether a critical work, it may be an instructive one, even for those who will read it without as much as a provisional acceptance of its unqualified faith in spiritism.

The first chapter gives a serviceable summary of Psychical Research, especially that of the English Society, then outlines the work done on the continent, especially that anticipatory and confirmatory of Dr. Crawford's, which is so much better known to readers of English.

The bulk of the book (pp. 37–238) is taken up by the author's experiences with "Mrs. Vernon" and "Mr. T.," two recent remarkable sensitives whose only other appearances in print, we believe, have been in this Review and extracts from it. Most of these experiences were of ostensible communications from the author's sister, the indications of whose earthly life are of exceptional interest and charm, while those of her contrasting development on the next plane, however they may be accounted for, depict a heaven growing naturally and conformably out of the universe we know, with a life of expansion and happiness — all this too in agreement with the virtually concurrent testimony from the best sensitives.

There is also a chapter of ostensible communications with the lamented Edwin Friend who was murdered in the Lusitania infamy.

The amount of emotion involved in this part of the book was not conducive to very critical interpretation, and most of the accounts are of course of kinds with which students are already familiar, but there is a large infusion of matters novel, suggestive and interesting.

The penultimate chapter contains some accounts of

experiences — largely of materializations — with Mr. Foss of Concord, Mass., who has lately attracted much attention, and the final chapter is a wide summary for so brief a one, some twenty-five pages, of the evidence afforded by Psychical Research against "Our Last Enemy."

In interpreting the various communications conformably with the spiritistic hypothesis, Mrs. de Koven undoubtedly often strains probability, but it may well be doubted if she strains it as much as it is the fashion to strain it against that hypothesis; and straining it in some places should not be permitted unduly to weaken it in all.

The number of points tempting attention has lately increased at an astonishing rate, and the author seems to have tried to consider all that have come before her. Not only are these topics many, profound, vague and interrelated in great complexity, but the author's exceptionally enthusiastic temperament has led her to a vast number of conclusions on evidence that will not seem sufficient to scientifically cautious minds. The inevitable effect of all this is sometimes one of confusion, — often of more than really exists — and sometimes of hard reading. But even in these passages, the interested reader will find food for thought. The narrative portion is attractive and easy reading.

The difficulties of the ostensible communications — the apparent blendings of mind between communicators, mediums and sitters — render it inevitable that books on the subject cannot be entirely free from rubbish, but the one under consideration may safely be set down as more nearly free than the majority of even the respectable ones recently poured upon us.

Mourners seeking consolation from the results of Psychical Research are probably as apt to find it here as in any book we know of.

We embrace the opportunity to give a germane illus-

tration of how the mysteries investing Psychical Research inevitably give rise to these black-crow stories. It has been reported about that Mrs. de Koven has lately been showing pieces of cloth given to her by a "spirit" from its own robe, and that the experts declare they never saw anything like it; neither did Mrs. de Koven: for the only basis for the story is the circumstance narrated in her book, that "Mrs. Vernon" gave her a message purporting to come from her sister in a post-carnate life, that the latter's death stopped her work on a table-cloth she was embroidering for Mrs. de Koven. Neither of the living ladies knew anything about it at the time, but it turned out to be true.

T. E.

The Goose and the Golden Eggs

Taxation in the New State. By J. A. Hobson, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

Mr. Hobson's earlier work has aroused much approval and very little question, but in this latest he seems to have felt the rush of the times far enough to place him in some positions not altogether uncontested.

He has shown us his vision of "The New State" — a state abundantly supplied by the few with money to be spent by the many; but he remains sane enough to warn the many against spending enough to discourage the few from producing. At the same time he believes that a pretty large portion, say a half, of the property saved by the few can be taken without materially diminishing the impulse to produce and save, and the pleasure in doing so, not to speak of the pleasure to be derived from disposing of the half which is still left to its creator.

Conformably with this belief, Mr. Hobson desires that half of the existing "surplus," as he calls all property not necessary to keep laborers and enterprisers in good working

order, should be devoted at once toward paying off his country's national debt. Some backward folks, including the present writer, think it would be far better to go slower.

Partly to guard against such wholesale appropriation diminishing the productive energy, Mr. Hobson, undeterred by recent American experience with the railways and the post-office, not to speak of minor municipal experience with public utilities, says:

> If railways, mines, electric supply, banks and insurance businesses, the drink trade, large sections of the housing and distributive trades, become public businesses, private savings will no longer be needed to feed these enterprises with new capital: that provision will hereafter be made by the State and the Municipality. . . The State will make the necessary savings for the nationalized industries out of the income of these industries.

It must be "the new state" that is going to do all this: for the old state's attempts have generally failed. Will the new state do better? Where's the evidence, and where has been the income from the American railways? And Mr. Hobson goes on for pages on the assumption that the new state *can* do it all.

The student of taxation who reads the foregoing will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Hobson speaks thus of the habitation tax highly approved by many authorities, including Professor Seligman.

> The relation between taxable income and the rental of a dwelling house is too loose to be of any value for national taxation. The tax penalizes town dwellers for the benefit of country dwellers, ignores the fundamental consideration of the number of dependents on an income requiring house room . . . and ignores the best test of superfluous housing, viz., the occupation of a second or third house by the rich.

We venture the opinion that the connection between income and dwelling averages closer than between income and tax return, and that as town dwellers pay most of

the taxes anyhow, a universal habitation tax would not materially affect the proportion paid by them. When Professor Seligman's commission recommended the habitation tax, it was defeated by the country dwellers.

The good idea advocated by Mr. Hobson of allowing exemptions for dependents can easily be included in a habitation tax, and so can taxation for every place in which a man dwells, and the rate can be made progressive.

The idea of simplicity in taxation has not yet made much headway against the old complexities devised when taxation was imposed by a privileged class for their support. But now that it is, theoretically at least, imposed by all for the good of all (in fact, outside of tariffs it is more and more imposed on the few by the many for the good of the many), simplicity should be a leading consideration, and the intolerable nuisance of the recent complexities may yet have at least the compensation of helping to make that consideration effective.

Notwithstanding our serious exceptions, the book is well worth reading, even if for no other purpose than to see one more illustration of the effect of the times upon economic "thought." And there is still left in it enough of Mr. Hobson's long recognized ability to make it doubly worth while.

X.

Adventurers in Verse

The Two Worlds. By Sherard Vines. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

The Witches' Sabbath. By E. H. W. Meyerstein. The same.

Dunch. By Susan Miles. The same.

Footsteps and Fantasies. By C. J. Druce. The same.

Camelot. By B. G. Brooks. The same.

A bold publisher of Oxford, for several years, has been issuing a succession of slim paper-bound volumes, to

which he has given the name of *Adventurers All.* They are, as he further describes them, "a series of young poets unknown to fame," and, whatever qualities they may not have, and however they differ otherwise among themselves, they are all alike in possessing the spirit of youth, the youth of today. The books, in fact, are only a more systematic example of the frequent anthologies of verse published at various universities in England and America. As typical of what the new generation is dreaming about, we have looked into several of these Adventurers, expecting to find, and finding, that they have at least the merit of representing a common movement.

And they have, one and all, another merit. In the matter of execution they show little of the fumbling awkwardness that might be expected of beginners, most of whom probably will soon forget that they were ever poets. Compared in this respect with the volumes turned out by hardened professionals their work stands singularly well. Apparently the mechanic exercise of verse has grown to be any man's property, a something in the air, so to speak, an art to be picked up by any one with fair intelligence and a modicum of education. Not only Oxford, but all our colleges are nests of singing birds. Whether that is a good or a bad omen for the future of poetry, we leave to the discussion of those critics, almost as numerous as the poets themselves, who are assuring us with solemn accent, if not with damnable iteration, that never before was the world so full of song. For ourselves we have a lingering suspicion that what is so common must be easy, and that what is easy must be common. But that is another story; the verbal adroitness of these adventurous young men and women is unquestionable.

And they have a further community besides that of mechanic dexterity. One and all they are caught and held enchanted by the spell of disorder. They see beauty indeed in spots and dashes; they have at ready command all the ancient paraphernalia of moon and mist, sunlight

and color, wind and water, a little worn no doubt from long usage, but still precious. They deck their verse with these properties with due precision of observation; but the reality for them is of another sort, and will break through ever and anon, sometimes with startling effect. So, for its brevity as much as for its typical quality, we quote Mr. Vines's octave "Of Quiet":

> Quiet sat beside the sea
> In a chair of porphyry,
> Birds about her head would beat,
> Fishes leaped between her feet.
> Sweet the purple tide did run,
> And gold gorse crackled in the sun.
> Near her on the sluicèd ground
> Lay a man who had been drown'd.

Death is much in the mind of these young men, as it has been with the poets always and of all ages; but death with them is not an image of repose set against a world of distraction, but is itself a fantom of disorder lurking behind the curtain:

> And as I watched
> A motley winding crew of shadows rose,
> Gibbering glibly like pale driven leaves
> At the fall of the year, or writhing in and out
> To the keen agony of shrill Phrygian flutes.
> Chequered with black they were, and lurid red;
> A long lean carnival of death — a vision
> Seen by a madman with the night-voice tainted.

So sings Mr. Brooks in a poem entitled *Her Soul*, and his words apply to the soul of the Muse wooed so ardently by these Adventurers. Life for them, if they mean what they say, is a *Witches' Sabbath* to borrow the title of the most ambitious of these volumes. If they are wise in anything they are wise in the lore of ugliness. We have had our *Spoon River Anthology;* that is a village of peaceful order compared with Mrs. Miles's *Dunch.* With apologies we quote the first part of her "Curate's Aunt" as a picture of the poet's world:

The curate had always much to tell his aunt.
For twenty years she had imbibed at nine o'clock each night
Cocoa and parochial horrors
Thick and well stirred.
He told her how Mrs. Barnet's last baby
Had three thumbs and a hare lip,
And how Mrs. Collins had stolen her old mother's silver candlestick
And stunned her with the rolling pin when she remonstrated;
How Jenny Wilson had stuck a knitting-pin through her eyeball,
And Mrs. Montague had had seven relatives fracture their hip bones
In the space of as many years.
He told her how Mary Allingham had broken the pledge again
And kept her old sister
A prisoner in the copper till three in the morning,
Standing over her with the poker and quoting the Scriptures;
And how Martha Hopkins had been to stay in the country with her married daughter,
Who lives near the churchyard,
And had found a dead man's eyeball in the kettle
When she went to wet the tea.
And every night the curate's aunt sipped her cocoa,
And at each tale of horror she exclaimed
"Tchah, tchah! Dear, dear! What a thing!" . . .

Doubtless, for admitting a dislike of this sort of thing (and it is typical), we shall be reckoned among those "estimable and middle-aged women and men," to use Mrs. Miles's scornful words, who have

> Grumbled at the ferment
> Youth's yeast was working in their familiar world.

But really we have no objection to ferment; only what is the result to be, wine or vinegar, or just sour beer? Will no one of these young poets begin to think?

> Weh! weh!
> Du hast sie zerstört,
> Die schöne Welt,
> Mit mächtiger Faust;
> Sie stürzt, sie zerfällt!
> . . . . . .

Mächtiger
Der Erdensöhne,
Prächtiger
Baue sie wieder,
In deinem Busen baue sie auf!

X.

The Cult of Eccentricity Examined

Rousseau and Romanticism. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The forceful and learned author of *The New Laokoön*, and *The Masters of Modern French Criticism* puts us once more in his debt, by extending to the field of morals that survey of romantic theory and practice which had been completed as regards literature in the earlier books. This extension has had the unfortunate effect of making the book of the three best worth reading, the most difficult to read. Professor Babbitt makes the romantics speak for themselves. His pages glitter with delicately chosen extracts. But the authors no longer appear as persons, they are regimented voices compelled into a convincing chorus which chants *crescendo* their own individual and collective dispraise. Interspersed is a recitative of the author's analysis and comment, which clinches the condemnation implicit in the psalmody. The very honesty and thoroughness of Mr. Babbitt's citation of witnesses may bewilder a casual reader and even incline him to regard the book as a mass of evidence systematically briefed — in short as an *a-biblion*.

Such it is for the casual reader. For a trained and thinking reader, on the contrary, it is one of the most important works in criticism of the new century. Before developing Mr. Babbitt's argument, it is fair to emphasize a word of explanation in his Introduction. There is no such thing as a complete literary estimate in the book, nor is there intended to be. Writers are considered only as they illustrate one side or the other of

the debate. Wordsworthians will writhe with indignation at Mr. Babbitt's cross-examination of their hero. It does not follow that the prosecutor is blind to the outlying merits of the witness. Browningites who have read Santayana's essay are probably immune from new irritations. Tolstoyans, however, may suffer unexpected twinges. Champions of such apparently spurned beauties will make the obvious counter-attack that Mr. Babbitt has no feeling for fine literature, but prowls around its edges with detective intent. Such a misconception will hardly survive an honest reading of the book itself.

Broadly speaking the book is a contrast between two moral schemes called humanistic and romantic. These differ in their definition of a moral centre and in their direction thereto or therefrom. At the centre of things, the humanist sets an austere principle of discipline and restraint which is "the law of man." It is opposed to the uncritical and deterministic "law of things." Success in life is to keep approaching this centre, thereby asserting dominion of the one — the soul, over the many — the desires and curiosities. Perception of such a centre is intuitive and the result of progressive experience. We can never reduce the centre to formulas and definitions. We sense it through a veil of illusion, in a manner of symbolism. But through the right use of the imagination illusion may be made a sufficient means of revelation. We come not to ultimate knowledge, but at least to a consistent moral judgment. We achieve a working unity amid the diversity of mere things and random impulses. By the moral centre the humanist means very nearly what the devout person means by a God within us.

On the practical side, we generally approach the centre by saying "No." Like the Buddhist who believes man is naturally indolent, and the Jew and Christian who believe he is inherently sinful, the humanist treats his desires and impulses as potentially his enemies. Man's

task is to control them. The aim of this inner warfare is moral unity, a self-respect based on self-discipline and assuring a high and abiding form of happiness. The quest is for a sort of truth that possesses universality, a plane upon which the portentous variety of human experience may be harmonized. At all points the complete moral responsibility of the individual is emphasized.

Romanticism, on the contrary, asserts that man is neither indolent nor evil by nature, but good. He may and must obey his natural impulses, which are his only safe guide. Life is expansion, variety, diversity. It moves not by conscious contraction towards a centre, but away from a centre. At this centre is located not God or conscience or a higher self, but the despicable figure of the average trammeled man — the philistine. To be successfully human is to get as far away from him as you can.

On the practical side, the romantic means of progress are self-indulgence, and revery. We escape from the centre by always saying "Yes" to desires, for they are holy. Evil is to fail to wreak any vital impulse, or to hamper any romanticist in his giddy and intoxicating programme of expansion. What is spontaneous is right. Reflection and analysis are wrong. The liberated individual can do no wrong. Sin is a bourgeois category — an illusion, the result of interference with individual liberty. All emotional experience is a road towards self-realization and self-expression. The infinite, which the humanist seeks within himself in sacrifice and discipline, is to be sought in acceleration of sensory experience to the point of vertigo. The infinite may be equally grasped with Wordsworth before a sunset or with Baudelaire in a harlot's arms.

Such, baldly stated, is the antithesis. We may grasp it concretely by comparing the libertinage of Aretino with that of Rousseau. Utterly depraved, Aretino knew when he was in the sensual mire, was ready to

blame himself, kept the sense of a moral centre. He also cared tenderly for his illegitimate daughter. Rousseau, however, never felt more keenly his moral superiority than when dallying with his several mistresses. He abandoned five illegitimate children, and laid the blame for it upon the rich.

Many readers will criticise the author for making Rousseau the arch-prophet of the cult of impulse. They will, with entire romantic consistency, throw whatever blame is evidently involved upon that stalwart scapegoat society. Such was Victor Hugo's regular moral procedure, and such is Socialistic morality today. Here I may only say that, if to be the first to preach romantic individualism *à outrance*, to be the first to live it ruthlessly, and the first to record it utterly, is an insufficient claim to pioneer honors, then one may fairly contest Mr. Babbitt's main thesis. To me the case seems so clear that I am ready to admit that, had Rousseau not existed, Mr. Babbitt would have been justified in inventing him as a concrete and necessary personification of the modern moral chaos.

I can only glance at the brilliant treatment of romantic genius, which is supereccentricity; of romantic morality which is unlimited experimentalism, accentuated by equally unlimited sympathy; of romantic love which is the idolizing of one's own amorous propensities; of romantic irony which is the disillusionment incident to limitless indulgence. These chapters abound in fine and just distinctions, and in a satire all the more telling that it is carefully measured. Admirable are the passages on Ass Worship — Onolatry, and on the humanistic irony of Socrates as distinguished from that of the romanticists. The rich theme of romanticism and nature I can only touch in passing, and that by a quotation:

> One of the reasons why pantheistic revery has been so popular is that it seems to offer a painless substitute for genuine spiritual effort. In its extreme exponents, a Rousseau or a

Walt Whitman, it amounts to a sort of ecstatic animality that sets up as a divine illumination. Even in its milder forms it encourages one to assume a tone of consecration in speaking of experiences that are æsthetic rather than truly religious. "'Tis only heaven that's given away," sings Lowell; "'Tis only God may be had for the asking." God and heaven are accorded by Lowell with such strange facility because he identifies them with the luxurious enjoyment of "a day in June." When pushed to a certain point the Nature cult always tends towards sham spirituality.

> Oh World as God has made it
> — All is beauty,
> And knowing this is love, and
> Love is duty.

It seems to follow from these verses of Browning, perhaps the most flaccid spiritually in the English language, that to go out and mix one's self up with the landscape is the same as doing one's duty. As a method of salvation this is even easier and more æsthetic than that of the Ancient Mariner, who, it will be remembered, is relieved of the burden of his transgression by admiring the color of water-snakes!

This passage shows how deep the taint of romantic nomenclature and feeling is in poets who are not pure or conscious romantics at all. Lowell was not such, and Browning and Coleridge only partially so.

One of the most important features of Mr. Babbitt's argument is the demonstration of the complicity of modern science with romanticism. The matter is highly contentious. Science has offered a prospect of inevitable progress, which tallies nicely with the romanticist's programme of unrestricted emotional expansion. Both have impaired the humility which underlies alike an effective humanism and a vital religion. The tired scientific man has been too tired to face the moral reality of the inner warfare between impulse and self-discipline, offering therefor an illusory substitute in material progress. Clearer perhaps is the relation between romanticism and national determinism. As the individual

romanticist spurns the law of measure for himself, so the romantic nation sets no bounds to its will to power. After the French Revolution the critic Geoffroy wrote: "We have learned by a fatal experience that forty years of declamation and fustian about sensibility, humanity and benevolence have served only to prepare men's hearts for the last excess of barbarism." Add to these beatitudes "efficiency" and "Utopian proletarianism," and the comment is quite up to date.

To some, Mr. Babbitt will seem to overstate his case. He admits that adolescents are legitimately romantic. So it seems to me are those eternal adolescents the lyric poets. They seem to me less dangerous than they do to him. It is unreasonable to expect a Shelley to grow up, also unreasonable to class with the greater poets one incapable of maturing. The need of a moral reconstruction is the deeper lesson of this grave and able book. If we commit ourselves once more to the god Whirl of impulse, to the complacencies of science, and the unbounded lust of collective power and prosperity, neglecting the inner warfare of the spirit, then we are not at the end of a catastrophe but only at its beginnings.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

CORRESPONDENCE

Herbert Spencer

We venture to print the following extract from a private letter of Lord Bryce to the editor.

What you say of Herbert Spencer makes me wonder who is right about him. As you know, the admiration of John Fiske, Youmans, and many others have for him is not shared by English philosophers; still less by English historians, who think that there is nothing at all in his historical work, and think he was absolutely uncritical. Who shall decide?

April 30, 1920.

This was answered substantially as follows:

Dear Lord Bryce:

Add Professor Sumner to your list of eminent American disciples of Spencer.

I'm afraid you're in for a long letter.

It starts in two coincidences, and I'm getting more and more superstitious regarding coincidences — and everything else — more and more conscious that there's more behind things than is open to our sight on the surface, — a dangerous state of mind, but I am duly forewarned.

The first coincidence was that your letter with so much about Spencer got here on the anniversary of his birth. The opinion of the present age in Britain or anywhere else regarding him or any other philosophical writer, or literary subject, is of very little account in my purblind eyes. Outside of mechanics, this age, even before the war, seems to me the stupidest since the Reformation. It has not even sense enough to recognize its own great contribution to thought in Psychical Research — a great contribution, so far, in telekinesis and telepsychosis, whatever else it may result in. The age manifests its stupidity even more in making light of the Victorian Age. And here comes in my second coincidence: I discovered a few hours after getting your letter, on looking into *Who's Who* for your age, that even you are to be credited to that wonderful Victorian Era: for the work which you know I consider best represents you, was published in 1862.

Well, this age might be a great deal brighter than it is, without

recognizing Spencer. He's too big to be seen at close range — like a mountain to people right under it. When they get far enough away to see that peak in relation to the whole range of thought, its immensity will be realized. From it came a revelation more effective than that from Sinai. It might be a better metaphor to say that evolutionary philosophy is more like sunlight or the atmosphere. Although they pervade everything, people are seldom conscious of them. Spencer's philosophy was better appreciated when promulgated than now because of its revolutionary novelty, its union with Darwinism, and there being bigger men in kindred fields to back it.

You'll think this pretty tall talk. But notice the word evolution the next half dozen times you meet it in your reading, realize that it is the accepted ultimate test of every thing and every thought, and then reflect how it got there. In every topic where you find it, outside of biology and geogony, it was put there by Spencer. Of course other people led up to it, as other people led up to the Copernican system and gravitation, but Copernicus and Newton are no more to be credited with them than Spencer is to be credited with evolution, outside of biology and geogony. And evolution is a bigger instrument of thought than either sol-centrism or gravitation. It's what philosophy had been striving for from the beginning — and doesn't half recognize now it's got it. Darwin did, and he said: "We all bow the knee to Spencer." The reason your philosophers think lightly of him is the high-priori in their blood. For three thousand years people, with the exception of an occasional Aristotle — or Spencer — have declared the field of philosophy to be behind phenomena and explicable by speculation. Pres. Butler of Columbia said to me that philosophy begins where Spencer left off. Kant partly extricated his mind from that fog, but Spencer was the first, so far as I know, to declare that the field of philosophy is whatever is universal in phenomena, and cannot extend beyond them. Even Plato's discovery of the universality and eternity of the Idea — the only notion strictly philosophical of any consequence that my limited and sorely-tried stock of patience has been able to find in him — belongs to this field: for it is a straight-away generalization from the unlimited appearances the Idea can take, e. g., the Parthenon, the myriad portraits of it, the architect's plans, and the possibility — if every one of them should be swept away, and every man who ever saw one dead — of reproducing it, even through the brain of a psychic sensitive.

As to the historians taking little account of Spencer. In a sense he took little account of them. His interest in history was in a sense very incidental. I wonder how much contemporary historians thought of Socrates and Aristotle! When Spencer and Fiske and I were wandering around Windsor and I plying Spencer with local questions, he stopped suddenly and said: "I'm proud to say I don't know. The gossip of courts and camps that passes for history takes no hold on me. My mind keeps the facts only until it gets the generalization I'm looking for, and then they go." He got his history straight enough to clearly formulate evolution in it for the first time. Your historians seem to have regarded Fiske as something of a historian when they invited him to lecture at Oxford and at the King Alfred millenary. You know what he thought of Spencer.

Specialists like to pick flaws in generalizations, but what difference does an occasional mistake make in generalizations as colossal as Spencer's if he gets their general drift right? I'm talking now of the synthetic philosophy of the universe, not of his notions of political detail. What would become of Plato if he were judged entirely by that?

Other things even, aren't, after all, the best judges of a philosophy the men of the biggest common sense among those who care to study it? "Our dear old Carnegie" (I like to echo your phrase) had a mind, as you well know, and you know what he thought of Spencer.

EN CASSEROLE

Mr. Howells

PROBABLY earth never knew a lovelier nature than the one which was removed to higher spheres, we trust, when Howells died.

If we had not some faith that the possession of such a nature must be, next to love, the greatest of human blessings, we should fear that the happiness he knew here bore a lower ratio to his deserts than that of many meaner men: for his sympathies were so deep and tender that the misery in the world was a constant and heavy burden to him, and one that, in the world's recent terrible turmoil, only added to the burden of his many years.

In his efforts to relieve economic troubles, his pen was like a perfect instrument in the hands of an over-tender surgeon. In writing this with our own blunt tool, and in purposing to write a farther word or two like it, we experience something of the feeling which so often stayed his hand.

Those who loved him best realized that his judgment was not strong where there was room for sympathy, or even modesty. But judgment has nothing to do with feeling, except as feeling may aid understanding.

We are really inclined to believe that his denial of genius to anybody was due to a reluctance to admit that one man should naturally be so far endowed above other men, and, especially, to claim such endowment for himself. This state of mind goes far to explain why he tried to pull the great authors from their pedestals, as well as the great capitalists from their vantage points. It also accounts for the only word of detraction we have heard amid the chorus of love and admiration called forth by his death: "He was a poor critic."

But we don't want our brief tribute to end in a minor key, nor would he, even if the more cheerful inflection were to raise a little laugh at his expense: for he would be the first to join in it. One night at dinner we heard him declare to St. Gaudens that there is no such thing as genius, whereupon St. Gaudens asked: "What do you call it when you see it?"

Though Howells' modesty would not see it in himself, everybody else saw it there, with much that was better even than genius. It is good to feel it, and to believe that, despite his heavy sorrows and his almost constant pain from sympathy with the sorrows of others, happiness must have preponderated in his life: for he inspired so much love.

Advertisements I Have Known

Every child is born to be an advertising man. Their keepers have a subconscious realization of this at first, but are constantly forgetting it later. What is the volume which sophisticated parents hand their young when the early morning hours are rent with sounds of waking? Is it the embossed and hand tooled edition of fairy tales which has lately broken the hearts of rival publishers? It is, as you all know, a Sears-Roebuck catalogue. This is why I say that all children are born with the advertising tendency. And unless this tendency is deflected by parents it will increase rapidly with years, and if allowed full flower, make them wealthy and influential — having summer homes, cooks and sundry comforts. What days they work they sit in easy offices writing such golden phrases as, "Your Nose Knows." They lunch copiously with fellow members of the luxurious profession, returning to write another catchy pass word or two. Other days they give openly to recreation.

My own childish advertising enthusiasm was given to businesses conducted wholly by mail. I spent large sums on "daintily alluring" sachets by the dozen which I was

told would bring me in a regular income. I once bought a gross of suspender buttons, also a shocking number of asbestos stove mats. But I found that far from bringing me in anything regular in the way of an income, they made short work of what income careful parents allowed me, and brought only reproach and disaster.

My faith was farther shaken by a sister's experience with hair tonic. This sister, who had an even greater lust for answering advertisements than I, and hair that would have cloaked Godiva, made response to a firm in a large western city (could it have been Chicago?) which claimed to have discovered a new and secret process for growing hair wherever you chose to put it. There followed daily letters in which the price of this new and secret process which, alas, was nothing more exciting than a tonic, was reduced from $2.50 a bottle to $0.25. With the closing days, the tone of the letters grew sterner, culminating in this reproof which my small sister read to an astonished breakfast table:

Dear Madam: —

Evidently you prefer to be bald. However, we are interested in your condition if you are not, and if you will send ten cents ($0.10) to cover postage, will be glad to allow you a complimentary bottle of Electro Scalp.

This my sister did, and so it was revealed to us that firms existed with aims purely selfish and merchandise purely mythical.

Each new life experience brings revelations of the all-embracing human interest of the advertising profession. Getting married I found opened an entirely fresh field. Think of the heart that penned these lines,

War Brides!

Our lads are going across the seas. Many of them will never return. Your husband may escape. We hope he will. But while we do not wish to appear gloomy we would suggest that you bring him in and have him photographed. There is no

charge at present. We lay the photograph away. You may be glad to have it later.

They are coated with sentiment, these messages to brides, and yet there is always the practical turn. They write:

Dear Madam,

You are now treading the primrose paths. Your feet are in the stars. This is as it should be and we have no wish to interrupt love's young dream. In the fall, however, you will begin to think of furniture, et cetera.

Less kindly and more insistent are the letters which come from these delightful men after two years of neglect on my part. While allowing that my money is my own, and that I will of course spend it in any way that I desire, the implication is that they are prepared to make things pretty ugly for me if I still refuse to buy their wares.

Everyone who has studied farm journals knows that an appreciation of their manner of advertising would necessitate volumes of space. There is a superlative briskness about them. The jading effect that farming has on its victims must be counteracted before their minds are ready to receive suggestions. I shall not attempt to deal with this unique branch of the profession, and yet I cannot but recall the terrible shock received on the evening of my first acquaintance with such literature when my eyes were dazzled by these large letters:

"Hog Lice, Your Day is Done!"

Can anything more piteous be imagined than one of these creatures, be he never so ignoble, sitting down to an evening meal and drawing out his farm journal, to come suddenly upon this terrorizing message?

During recent years a great revival has sprung up among men who claim the privilege of taking our minds in hand for the purpose of discipline. It was in Boston that I first learned about the proper use of will power. I was visiting in a house where nothing was lacking, from an

lectric door mat to an aluminum oven, except books. ate at night, left for the first time to my own devices, discovered that my room contained nothing in the way of eading matter but a little pamphlet entitled, *Power and low to Exert it.*

Power, the estimable author insisted, is only a matter of raining. Take a piece of vellum and cut in it a hole to imulate the human eye. Lay it on the floor. Standing at ifteen feet and decreasing the distance by degrees, fix our gaze on the fictitious eye. In this way the muscles of our own eye will become strengthened, your brain sharpned and your heart hardened until the vellum if it were uman would quail before you. This exercise fades into nsignificance before the Frog Test.

Put a frog in a glass jar and pin him with your glance — rained by this time to terrific proportions. Look through he glass darkly at the frog in the old velluminous way, ntil he is completely mastered. After you have become ained to this degree, it is evident that you can make a og do anything you want him to, though it is never made ear just what services one would be likely to demand of a og. That pitiless gentleman, the author, assures us that ogs have even become insane under this treatment.

The frog test prepares one for the human encounter. he next time that you are riding in a street car and feel a eye boring into your back with such ferocity as to nder you powerless, know that you are in the hands of ce who is obeying the dictates of the man who invented te Frog Test. Do not struggle. Rather we should avise following to the police station or wherever the hgher will demands, and when released, losing no time oer the purchase of the little volume which is responsible fo your downfall.

Sometimes I wonder if those Boston friends of mine know tht, greater than the telephone so elastic that it can be tken from attic to cellar, than the infinitesimal apparatus wich heats the entire home by vacuum, or even than the

automatic clothes wringer and coffee grinder combined is a small brown book which has somehow found its haven in their guest room.

Prohibition Up To Date

Bibulous folks declare that there's about as much liquor to be had in New York as before the law was supposed to go into effect, but that it costs more. In other words, in New York prohibition does not prohibit, but merely levies a tax which presumably forms a corruption fund for the officials appointed to enforce the law. We learn on fair authority that the current price of whiskey in New York is thirty dollars a case to the Revenue and fifty dollars to the revenue collector.

On the other hand, a lady resident in a little Virginia village not far from Washington tells us that before Virginia went dry, the neighboring farmers came into that village Saturday afternoons, each with a load of produce, sold the loads, spent the money drinking and gambling, presumably with professional outsiders, and went home drunk without taking anything to their families; but that since the state went dry, the farmers come in and sell their produce as before, go straight to the bank and deposit part of their money, with the rest go shopping for their families, and go home sober.

When we repeated these statements at the Century Club, Mr. Paul More quietly commented: "Yes: that's the trouble with prohibition: it does so much good."

The practical indication seems to be in favor of local option — prohibition in the small towns where it does good, and high license in the larger ones where prohibition does not prohibit, and breeds corruption. And in the larger places, it probably would be practical, as well as desirable, so to limit the places where liquor could be had, that there would not be temptation glaring at every turn.

And why need the "poor man's club" be a place where he can befuddle himself? It will be interesting to see if it does not yet evolve into an institution where he can obtain useful refreshment, and take his family, and settle the affairs of state and the universe with his neighbors even more effectively than he did in the saloon.

Figs and Fiction

To the divine sagacity of that ancient question: "Do men gather figs of thistles?" a reader of contemporary fiction might reply, Novelists do, the novelists of today. It is fashionable to scorn the sanity of the Victorian era as stodgy, but the novelists of that period were both too great and too humble to deny the obvious merely because it is obvious. The world is a good deal more moral than we are willing to admit. We base our daily dealings with others on the fact of an inexorable causation between conduct and character; we never expect courage of the habitually cowardly, nor sacrifice of the habitually selfish. This being true, it is amazing how light-heartedly we accept the light-hearted inconsistencies of many present-day novels.

Readers turn to fiction either to enjoy the release from reality offered by the fairy tale, or to study valid revelations of the human soul in action; in other words, we go to novels either to forget ourselves and our neighbors or to learn more about both. The honest and courageous reader or writer of fiction is seeking information in order that daily personal conduct, through clearer knowledge of human psychology, may become less fumbling. No such tonic clarity, however, is to be obtained by denying the humdrum truth that the wages of sin is disintegration. Only in pure romance does a novel-writer or novel-reader expect to gather figs of thistles. The fairy tale is like other childish practices, risky if too long indulged: for even while our practical, everyday relations with our fellows

deny a novelist's false thesis, we are subtly affected by his standards. If heroine or hero may trample the ten commandments, and still remain charming, so, we subconsciously argue, may we. After having read fallacious fiction, we older children live in it with an infantile enthusiasm.

Whether or not present-day readers always recognize a fairy story when they read one, there are very few contemporary writers who would frankly acknowledge to themselves that they have written one. There never was a period prouder of its passion for reality. It would startle many a writer to be informed that he is not a novelist but a propagandist: for there is an unnoted likeness between the characteristics of nursery legend and those of propaganda: both are seeking not abstract truth, but a particular effect; both either so color facts, or so evade them, as to make a desired impression upon the reader. Many novelists today, little as they realize it, are propagandists of a millenium in which human nature shall react in a new way to the new laws of a new liberty. But while the advantages of changed political or social conditions may be open to debate, the laws of character causation remain too obvious to be arguable. Morality is somehow a stubborn fact, which no man or novel may deny without resultant shrinkage. The most skilful spell-maker does not quite convince us when he postulates figs from thistles. For example, we know that a child reared amid the filth of Limehouse could not burst into an efflorescence of exquisite girlhood; for orchids do not grow on ash heaps, however consummate the artist touch that draws them against such a background. On the other hand, good is as coercive upon character as evil. You cannot escape a good action, much less a series of them, more readily than a bad one. A girl who has loved a noble man with all the highest aspiration of her being does not, in revenge upon fate for his death, instantly become a Jezebel. The same girl, after having devoted two

years to the salvaging of men's bodies broken by war, does not give the rest of her life to destroying all that is holiest in men's souls. Nor could this same girl after years of lowest self-indulgence for the lowest motives be thereby equipped for acts of supreme physical and of superlative moral courage. "A Servant of Reality" denies reality on every page. Commonplace and hoary with despised conservatism as the fact may be, it is still true that neither in novels nor out of them do men gather thorns of grapes.

As to figs and fiction, no one denies that the fecund field of human nature produces all manner of growth, and every manifestation of its energy is legitimate ground for a novelist's study. One objects only to the effort to force from a refractory universe roseate results that it does not actually yield. It might be a gayer world if each individual garden plot might safely indulge in weeds without penalty of sterility, but since this may not be, it is better that novelists should paint thistles as Baudelaire painted gutter slime, when he pointed out the beauty of its iridescence but did not insist that it was therefore good to drink.

Moral law may be moss-grown, but it is a rock against which the older novelists never dashed a character without admitting his breakage. They were brave enough to make the commonplace the foundation of their art. They prepared for a reader's conviction by showing him the slow sure processes of causation. Never was defter artistry devoted to character portrayal than today, but the morality is that of the fairy tale. The older novelists had courage, the newer ones have audacity, when they say, Behold this man habitually sensual, nevertheless he is noble because I say so, or, Behold this woman, her life is a net of lies, nevertheless she is honest because I say so. In these puzzling days, we all long for better civic and social conditions which shall make the human soul more free and clear upon its quest, but that freedom will not be

gained, either in life or in fiction, by emancipating, from those age-old laws of conduct and character which express its garnered knowledge of itself.

Concerning Picnics

DIVERS times I have been challenged to explain why I like to broil my steak with a garniture of sand, to cook bacon on a forked stick from which it frequently falls into the ashes, to risk the invasion of ants into my food, and of dead leaves into my drink — why in the name of Common Sense (potent divinity!) I profess to enjoy these aberrations, when civilization has spent some hundreds of years in perfecting plates and forks and pans and tablecloths for my convenience. For a picnic, mind you, must have nothing to do with these aids to polite eating. The automobile excursion with tea basket and thermos bottle is only an aristocratic distant relative of the picnic; and as for those large gatherings familiar to my childhood, and doubtless still flourishing, whereof salad eggs, jelly sandwiches, and home-made cake with sticky frosting are the principle features — they are, perhaps, stolid bourgeoise uncles of the proper picnic. No, this is a vagabondish and individualistic affair. Preparations require no more than fifteen minutes: you thrust into your knapsack matches and bread and bacon, young green onions, a knife to point green twigs for spits, and, if the Pipes of Pan are sounding uncommonly shrill and clear, a precious quart of native claret.

In the winter, for the most part, I can take my meals contentedly indoors. But even in that bleak season come days — a sudden warmth and moist freshness in January, a snow flurry in February, a morning of crystalline sun and ice in December — which call me out to meet the challenge of frozen wood and frost-soaked ground. As for rain — there is nothing sweeter (save swimming by moonlight) than to listen to rain among the leaves while, under

an over-arching rock, I nurse my sputtering and protesting fire into an unwilling ruddy warmth to dry my steaming garments and rejoice my heart.

Then, one morning, I wake to find winter fled over night. I am possessed by restlessness that will not be denied — a wistful longing for unknown trails, a nostalgia for forgotten roads. Against this homesickness for some lost free realm of the spirit I struggle for perhaps a week. Then, regardless of mud and whatever threats the whimsical weather may mutter in my ears, I go into the wet March woods to look for sassafras and dogwood buds, and wave a greeting to empty birds' nests.

Dan Chaucer of the keen eyes knew it well, this impulse to escape from the walled enclosure of ordered comfortable living when the sap rises:

> Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
> The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote, . . .
> Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

But there are no more pilgrims — only tourists. The palfrey is extinct, and automobiles thread the highways like ant armies. Automobiles are unsocial beasts. Chaucer's folk — knight and miller and poor parson riding together — could never have made their tales heard above the chug of engines; and, though they lived in a day when there was not much talk of democracy, they at least knew nothing of the social hierarchy which declares the tin Lizzie an unfit road companion for Mme. Rolls Royce.

A picnic — a day's parole from the prison house of respectability — can but faintly reflect the old gaiety of vagabondage. Blue bands and red circles on telegraph poles have replaced the Romany patteran, and the gypsies have vanished with the fairies. Yet still "Aprille with his shoures soote" rouses the old desire to slough off the daily routine and take to the open road.

What is it that makes us in the spring feel so suddenly aware that all gypsies and wandering beggars and travel-

ling tinkers held in their grimy hands the secret of happy living, which, for all our planning, eludes our system? Wherein lies the poetry and romance of vagabondage? When that strange yearning is upon us, we long to choose a little road, and follow it over the rim of the sky, to win our food by our singing or our wits or our merriment in defiance of the statutes, to forget all houses built with hands, and to call any green tree that will shelter us our home. This impulse to vagrancy must strike down to the roots of our racial being — it is far too unreasonable, too closely bound up with the elemental passage of the seasons, to be a mere sentimental admiration for whatever is remote from current reality, a perverse contention that whatever is no longer possible must be preferable to whatever is.

To be sure, the small boy who runs away with the carnival is almost the only one of us who has the courage seriously to test his dream by the touchstone of action — and he, alas, is soon disillusioned. Yet our faith is not marred by knowledge. Those minstrels and tinkers and incomparable gypsies — they were doubtless dirty, stupid, sordid folk; but the golden light is on them, none the less!

Perhaps in this transitory sense of fellowship with all wanderers we have a reminiscence of an ancient nomadic existence, when the breaking up of winter brought the signal to move on to fresh hunting grounds. Terrible must that winter have been, with death in its grip; and spring must then have held, not beauty merely, but the relief of horror overpast, the joy of deliverance. Instinct dies hard: for still, under the dust of uncounted centuries, stirs with the coming of spring a gladness, a mighty and swelling delight which nothing in our present world is powerful enough to account for. The unthinking rapture of it bursts forth, like the pagan rites which survive in our Christian festivals, unrecognized but none the less vigorously alive.

And so, perhaps, when I sit on the ground before my fire, and blink the wood smoke out of my eyes, and am

filled to the brim with a quite incommunicable contentment, I am harking back with the pleasure of old familiarity to a way of life too ancient for record in any other fashion than by this primitive, fugitive stirring of the blood. I am as one who, after long exile, hears the almost forgotten language of his infancy. My meal in the open is then a hieroglyphic symbol of what was once pictured large and clear in the racial consciousness. Nature in these latter days is no longer our mother nor our lover nor our enemy, but an impersonal stranger. Only when white clouds scud along blue skies, and roads are beckoning streamers, we recover for a day the old exultant sense of escape from darkness, the urgent joy in wandering, which was ours when the land was young.

For such gladness and freedom and peace, bits of ash and sand in my food are a little price to pay.

The Joy of Disorder

A LARGE oaken card-index dominates the study of a scholarly friend of mine; within its drawers are eighty-six compartments, each compartment dedicated to one of the matters in which he is interested. He has counted them, and knows there are precisely eighty-six. Five years ago, my friend sat down, and he did not arise until he had carefully roped and branded every stray creature on his intellectual range. The purpose was to relieve his memory — at least that is the purpose which he admits: the real truth was, he had been having too much fun for his Puritan conscience, and wanted his life purged of all disorderly nonsense. His card-index was to set him free — free through masterly organization.

"From this moment," he pledged himself, "I shall use my mind to those ends for which the Creator designed it: properly directed travel, vigorous exploration, invasion even — not transportation, not burden-bearing." The analogy fascinated him. He employs it yet in mildly

bragging of his mental neatness. From that day when at last he found his mind completely entomologized and each quivering little idea pinned firmly down to its destined three-by-five white card, no more memorizing has he done, half-way or whole-way. On the contrary, no sooner has he encountered a thing he would wish to remember, than he has coolly refused to remember it, and inscribed a card. Barbarian matter has been treated, in general, as Sir Willoughby treated his military cousin: my Egoist has glanced it over from an upstairs window to test its eligibility, then ordinarily has denied it the privilege of pestering him further. The admission of a new subhead into the communion of his card-system has always been something of a rite. Think of its meaning — a new interest officially recognized, to be borne forever in living memory, fostered and fed through life by a kindly stream of cards! Only after strenuous novitiate should such election be granted.

I asked him: "How do you remember your eighty-six topics?" "That's all I do remember," came the unanswerable reply, and he then proceeded to demonstrate that I, who had no card-index, at that very moment was clutching commuter-like in memory far more things than eighty-six. Worse, he said that my thoughts were a sort of mental Africa, each idea for itself or in a petty group, with no more than the red outline of beginning order. My disorder stirred him to a splendid Prussian scorn.

His contrast with myself I freely admit. If I should seek to start up a card-index, how on God's earth would I go about it? As I understand the matter, a section labelled "Miscellaneous" would be altogether against the genius of the plan. Yet it is precisely under "Miscellaneous" that my best-loved cards would go. Things do have such a propensity for sticking in the mind when nobody, least of all the stuck one, wants them to. Having lodged, their simple presence seems to argue there is something to them, some right *per se* to stick: such is tradition.

How might one write romantic flavor and audacious thought upon three-by-five cards, and where should one file them if he did? My friend has a compartment for books he means to buy when he can afford it, and cities to be visited when he goes to Europe. But how would you classify and file away the glorious volumes that shall never be written? And as for travel, I should need place for air I want to breathe that has never rushed sharp and sweet into human lungs, and one for fields I would tread that never grew green in springtime.

My disorder, it will be perceived, has to me certain compensations. Just as there is a snobbery of persons, whereby the snob cheats himself of much fine human company, so also there is a snobbery of thoughts, whereby the exclusive thinker loses a lot of fun. The Prince who consorts with loose ideas turns up a Falstaff now and then.

But this would seem to bring one bluntly to autobiography. Have I turned up any Falstaffs? The compulsion to submit such orderly proof of a disorderly thesis is something one obviously could not admit. To use the enemy's weapons is here to dignify the enemy's cause. Besides, who would unpack his life like a peddler's pack, scatter the treasures broadcast on the lawn beside the public highway, and invite the chance pedestrian to judge between that confused array and, say, an oaken card-index? Each passerby would pronounce as he himself already believed, and all that revelation be suffered for nothing. These differences are elemental, and not to be composed by proof.

Some day my friend of the card-index will die, and one yet alive will plough through its serried secrets with tears and a wrenched faith. So much that came to so little! Whatever may be the results in hand — and they may be considerable — how petty their total beside this vast oaken morgue with its three-by-five slabs! Another man's false starts, spoiled work and stumped toes make

no trace and are forgotten; his will leave this ghastly record of sterile agonies. So in the day to come will appear the fact-crammed archives of a perished government.

But there is another, sadder record which my friend does not leave: the tale of the mental life he might have had; the disorder he could have attained — and gloried in. By subtle effect his card-system is his master — a city editor assigning him ceaselessly to the "covering" of eighty-six "stories." Should he stray for an instant aside from his "beat," some item of importance might be lost. But he does not stray aside — that is the pity of it. He pumps through life dredging data for his cards. Be they never so brilliant-hued, all the dainty butterflies and one-foot-one fairies of thought are met, when they frolic through his windows, with the same cold eye of appraisal, and are likely to be headed back sternly toward fairyland with the phrase: "You don't fit my subheads." Now, I shall never, I suppose, effect a single story properly "covered;" but the democratic mind may have faith in ideas in general, just as it must have faith in people in general; and when fairies flutter up — as they do sometimes — they should find a place to dance in. With a world so full of splendid ideas, who am I to pick and choose? So I think I shall buy no filing-case, but simply set up one single card with one single heading: *Life*, leave organization and suppression and censorship and surgery to time, and keep my disorder and my joy.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

SINCE our last issue the world has seemed principally occupied with the harvest of the crop of dragons' teeth sown broadcast by the Peace Conference, and other harvests sprung from dragons' teeth otherwise sown. There was, for instance, the Mexican revolution of May. This eliminated Carranza from a situation grown persistently worse ever since that wily old gentleman, whose tragic end seemed so much more in keeping with his country than his character, took shelter under President Wilson's first experiment in a foreign policy of watchful waiting and benevolent inaction. That was in 1914, an otherwise memorable year.

The acid test of this historic policy was applied on May 9. After keeping his own country in turmoil for five years and promoting unprecedented disorder and unceasing military vigilance along the Rio Grande, this singular Mexican who so carefully avoided military titles fled from Mexico City. He left General Obregon and others to dispute the spoils of office, and the presidential succession which the fugitive had designed for his henchman Bonillas, celebrated by Blasco Ibañez as the Tea Flower. According to the Spanish novelist, it was laughter stirred up by the Tea Flower which finally extinguished the Carranza rêgime; but, in any event, his exit from office was accomplished in the traditional Mexican manner — by revolution and assassination — and not according to the principles of free government laid down by an eminent author in that once popular textbook, *The State*.

In Russia and the Near East, as in Mexico, the soil did not have to wait for the Paris peacemakers to get busy. But there also, mixed with the native crop, rank growths have sprung from seeds planted under the very best Allied and Associated auspices.

Discord abroad and discord on the home acre, little wars supplemented by riots, massacres, strikes, revolutions, and jingo *opera bouffe* staged by d'Annunzio have succeeded the Great War and persisted and multiplied. That Entente Cordiale which began so auspiciously with King Edward and was so little to the taste of Edward's then Imperial nephew has been sorely strained by French lone-hand occupation of Rhenish cities. Allied patience has been abused by the testimony of Secretaries of the Navy and outspoken Admirals before prying Senate committees.

Here in our own country two parties were divided and demoralized, a Senate and a President deadlocked, and presidential campaign preliminaries thrown into a state of confusion puzzling to political wise acres and distressing to the rest of us. Figures of the cost of these preliminaries elicited by Congressional inquisition suggested that groups of capitalists were bidding for the control of the government. But it is perhaps simpler to assume that the lavishness of candidates, backers and managers was merely a part of the national orgy of spending launched by the war and directed into other channels by the enormous reduction in the scale of hostilities.

The general confusion was worse confounded, but hardly seriously complicated, by the fact that the Socialists, following the Sinn Fein precedent, had for the fifth time nominated Debs for President — in the face of the presumed disability Mr. Debs enjoys as legal resident of a federal penitentiary under ten years sentence for violation of the Espionage Act. If his specific offense is that he talked against the war after we had already embarked upon it, that only puts a sharper point on the topsy-turvy moral.

That dragons' teeth rather than the seeds of an era of good feeling were sown by the Peace Conference is a fact which is not to be confuted by the excellent intentions of good and hopeful men. Peace had to be made, and the

continuance of peace, seemed to demand a machinery of international adjustment which logically required a league of consenting nations to set it up. The double job was there to be done. It has been said by Dr. Joseph Dillon, a well-trained and fearless observer of world affairs, that it was ignorance which deprived those excellent intentions of the healing power they aimed at, — ignorance on all sides, aided by obstinate academic idealism here, incorrigible opportunism there, and an eye single to a particular nation's prime problem of self-preservation there again. That, in substance, was Dr. Dillon's diagnosis of the matter with Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau as the principal architects of the new world on the ruins of the old.

As a mere matter of record, peace conferences are not usually, or perhaps ever, accomplished without sowing the seeds of future trouble. If in this case the crop got blown to the four winds, for the reaping of whirlwinds all about, it is reasonable to remember that a lot were left over from previous sowings.

Toward the end of May, hopeful signs of the decline of Bolshevist influence in the East of Europe had appeared in the Polish-Ukrainian successes in the south of Russia and in the accumulation of seemingly authentic if not entirely convincing or complete evidence of the weakening of the Soviet régime. The Baltic states which had apparently succumbed earlier to Bolshevist arts of penetration were showing signs of a returning ability to hold their own.

But early in February the outstanding fact seemed to be that the forces of Bolshevism had made a clean sweep of everything in that part of the world. With Judenitch disposed of on the Petrograd front; Kolchak executed and Siberia Red all the way to Vladivostock; Denikin beaten in the South, and his armies deserters to the Soviet forces; Esthonia tricked into a peace, and the Poles

threatened at once with a Red peace and a Red invasion; Lloyd George was apparently coquetting with powers and persons in Muscovy not wholly unrelated to the Lenin and Trotsky régime. Red propaganda was rampant and defiant in this country, and a cloud of newspaper witnesses — visitors from Allied countries — were busy picturing the Bolshevik as so much better than he had been painted that he could easily pass as a man and a brother of civilized folk. With all this array of circumstance to face, no wonder that the imagination of the timid began to picture these powers of darkness as ready to make a clean sweep of the rest of us.

The Peace Conference people, who had continued the half-hearted and vacillating policy of the fighting Allies toward Russia of the Soviets, were naturally called upon to share the blame for this getting out of hand of the Red Peril. And the superimaginative were ready to tell you that this Red Peril and a Yellow Peril of the Near East — a Turkish and Turanian thing inherent in the situation but grown strong through delays of the Allies in settling matters with Turkey — that these two Perils were ready weapons to German organizing genius and German appetite for revenge, represented as ceaselessly and infernally busy while the Allies' jealousies deadlocked their counter activities.

We, for our part had not helped matters by declining the mandate for the Ottoman dominions, proposed as (from Europe's point of view) the simplest way of disposing of the Sultan's territories without setting two continents by the ears. Actually the whole country was in a ferment: Turks massacring Armenians and setting up a separate Turkish kingdom in Kurdistan; the Arabs, at outs with the French, setting up another kingdom in Syria under that Prince Feisal who had been such a picturesque figure at the Peace Conference as the representative of his father the King of Hedjaz.

France, fairly adjusted to a new President in Paul Deschanel and a new Premier in Millerand, as substitute for Clemenceau, the Tiger, retired to his lair, was struggling with problems of strikes, reconstruction and finance. But her worst complication was an uneasy sense of the insufficiency of paper guarantees against German aggression, and an equally uneasy sense of the insecurity of expectations in money and material founded on German treaty undertakings.

Parliament was opened February 10 with the acknowledgment in the King's speech of a "serious situation" in Ireland, — a situation hardly grown less serious since. Great Britain had on her hands not only the riotous and recalcitrant Sinn Feiners — a considerable batch of them had recently been conveyed in warships to prison in England — but labor elements whose attitude, not entirely unsympathetic with the Reds of Russia, seemed reflected in Lloyd George's pretty plan, imposed on the Allied Council, for permitting trade with the Russian co-operatives without accepting formal speaking terms with the Soviets as such. This proposal, which looked to many like a long step toward recognition of Soviet Russia by the Allies, had its logical sequence in the actual presence in Downing Street at the beginning of June of accredited Soviet agents engaged in discussing these trade arrangements. At the time the move seemed ominous. Combined with signs of a growing disposition on the part of the British Government to leniency in the enforcement of the peace terms upon Germany, it served to increase those anxieties of the French which subsequently, when the Ruhr incident arose, led to the swift and separate action of the French in occupying the Rhenish towns. It was not to be concealed that divergence between British and French interests was having its effect in rifts in a hitherto common policy with regard to both Russia and Germany.

The hanging up of the Adriatic question, where Mr. Wilson's fixed ideas and European tendencies to compromise have not been happy bedfellows, has been added in Europe to the list of counts — already a long one — standing against this country for impeding the progress of European readjustment, but here the blame is certainly not wholly ours.

Still, in mid-June, the question remained unsettled, though reports from various sources — including Buenos Aires — spoke of agreements between Italy and Jugoslavia and the "Wilson line" was mentioned as the proposed frontier between the two countries. Threats of blowing up Fiume and himself rather than quit the stage of his highly successful international exhibition of fireworks were reported from d'Annunzio.

For the present, in spite of American official disapproval, but partly also because of American refusal of responsibility in the matter, the Turk remains in Europe — as a choice of evils.

Mr. Lloyd George's address to the House of Commons, February 26, dwelt especially upon the risk to the British Empire involved in evicting the Sultan from his house on the Bosphorus. He said "the belief that the terms were dictated with the purpose of lowering the Prophet's flag before that of Christendom would be fatal to the British Government in the East." Also he coupled with an expression of regret that America had not taken a mandate for Turkey these words: "For the moment America must be reckoned as entirely out of any arrangement we can contemplate for the government of Turkey and the protection of Christian minorities." A month later, March 25, replying again in the House of Commons to criticisms by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George asserted that only when America had definitely refused the mandate had the Allies determined to proceed without her. England, he added, could not send armies to Armenia and

other parts of Asia Minor, and France's burden in Cilicia was heavy. The Allies thus far had received from the United States only requests to protect Armenia without any offer to accept responsibility.

President Wilson has since, during the last days of May, urged upon the country the mandate for Armenia which Congress declines for us. To the Allies in a communication published March 30 the President said that the Sultan ought not to be allowed to stay in Constantinople. He argued that the fear of stirring up a Moslem holy war was a bugbear because the non-Turkish Moslems had not only seen Turkey's downfall without protest, but had given material assistance to bring that downfall about. Among the President's suggestions was one giving to Bulgaria Adrianople and Kirk Kilisse in northern Thrace, partly as compensation for Bulgarian territory turned over to the Jugoslavs. The Greeks objected that to rob Peter to pay Paul was contrary to the President's proclaimed first principles of international conduct.

It was only on April 3, by the way, that publication was given to the report of General Harbord of the mission sent by the President to Armenia to canvass on the ground the pros and cons of the mandate proposed for us with regard to that part of the Turkish domain. The report failed to make recommendations for or against the mandate, but supplied an estimate of the probable cost in time, men and money of setting the country in order.

Meantime (March 16) as a hint that massacres of Armenians (which were reported on again) must be excluded from the list of approved Turkish outdoor sports, Allied forces had landed in Constantinople under the guns of the Allied fleet and taken possession of the Ministries of War and Marine, with control of posts, telegraph, and telephones. The landing force included Indian Moslem troops, some of whom were killed in the course of the operation.

On May 11 the Turkish treaty, as formally handed to

Tewfik Pasha by Premier Millerand in Paris, provided that the Sultan should remain in Constantinople, his continuance there, however, expressly contingent on a strict observance by the Ottoman power of the terms of the treaty. The instrument declared the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus free, both in peace and war, to all vessels of commerce, without distinction of flag, and forbade all acts of war in these waters except when undertaken in enforcing decisions of the League of Nations. Greece got Smyrna and the surrounding Ionian region, though it was humorously provided that the Turkish flag was to fly on the outer fort of the city "as evidence of sovereignty." Armenia was recognized as an independent state, with the President of the United States as the designated arbitrator of boundaries. Syria, Mesopotamia, and Palestine were erected into separate states, with mandatories under the League of Nations to be named by the Allies; the independence of the Arab Kingdom of Hedjaz was recognized, and all Turkish rights in Egypt renounced, with recognition of the British protectorate on the Nile.

It seems safe to say that the Turkish question is not settled by this treaty. Loud objections to it have been voiced in many quarters. If it provides a machinery of settlement and administration under League supervision, it is obvious that this machinery, with France and England in virtual control of the League (so long as the United States stays out of it) may be used with almost equal facility for accomplishing that division of the spoils which some insist is the real purpose of these two powers.

The promising career of the government of President Ebert as pilot of the new German republic was interrupted March 13 by the coup of Dr. Kapp, which had the look at first of a Junker counter revolution, and was actually hailed as such. This bit of tragi-comedy, was preceded by a rough music hall turn in which the principal knock-about artist was the Kaiser's kinsman,

Prince Joachim Albrecht of Hohenzollern. This highly connected personage was arrested for an exhibition of shocking bad manners, politely characterized by Noske, Minister of War, as "rowdy patriotism." In a public dining room in Berlin His Highness threw "bottles and plates and other missiles" at certain French officers who failed to rise when at his (the Prince's) order "Deutschland ueber Alles" was being played.

Unreconstructed Germans, it appeared, cherished the fancy that the arrest of a Hohenzollern for simple rudeness to Frenchmen would fire the German heart and warm it up to the old régime. Plots were already afoot, and while Noske was making tardy dispositions to arrest the ringleaders, the late Baltic Army, in camp at Döberitz and never staunchly republican, marched upon Berlin, headed by Dr. Wolfgang von Kapp, who was doubly honored with a New York nativity and the Presidency of the Fatherland (or German Jingo) Party. With the Doctor was General Baron von Lüttwitz. Noske and Ebert fled with their crew, and Kapp proclaimed himself Chancellor, installed Lüttwitz as military commander, and ordered, with impressive pomp of cavalry parade, the dissolution of the National Assembly.

Ebert's up-to-date answer — from the safe distance of Dresden, afterwards increased to the safer distance of Stuttgart, — was to call a general strike. "Cease to work," ran the appeal; "Throttle this military dictatorship." By the 15th, Berlin was paralyzed. Transportation was at a standstill, and food and service could no longer be got, even in the hotels. Rumor ran that Ludendorff was somewhere behind the coup, and it was said that Hindenburg and Helfferich heard loud cries for help. But they remained aloof. Also Saxony, Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, and South Germany generally, would have none of Kapp. On the 17th, accordingly, he cut short his brief authority, and departed hastily "in a gray automobile," followed by the so dubiously republican Baltic

Army, which revenged itself for the jeers of the populace as it passed down Unter den Linden and through the Brandenburg Gate by letting machine guns play on the crowds. People were killed, including women and children.

More far reaching consequences of this fiasco grew out of the renewed activities of the Spartacists and Reds who undertook to engineer to their own ends the general strike aimed by Ebert and his colleagues at the head of Dr. Kapp. Outbreaks occurred in various parts of Germany, not omitting places bordering upon the Allies' zone of occupation. In some of these places Red mayors were set up and promptly removed by the British. In making conditions with the strikers in Berlin, War Minister Noske had been sacrificed by Ebert, but the menace to the German government involved in these disorders does not, in perspective, appear to have been serious.

However, the situation in the important industrial district of the Ruhr valley, in the zone barred by treaty stipulations to German troops, was such that the Berlin authorities asked the Allies for permission to send more armed forces thither than had been allowed in the special protocol of last August. The French refused that permission on their own account (March 23) and, when the Germans made a second request to Paris directly, repeated the refusal. When on April 4, in spite of this refusal, German Reichswehr troops did enter the Ruhr region, the French took quick action. On April 6 their troops occupied Frankfort, Darmstadt, Hanau and Homberg. No clashes with the population resulted until somebody started a rumor that Great Britain and Italy had ordered the French to get out forthwith. The rumor was false, but the populace in Frankfort provoked the French colored soldiery and were fired upon, with several deaths as the consequence. More disorder followed, and on April 8 the German Government appealed to the League of Nations.

Later the British Government disavowed the French action, asserting that France, in occupying the German towns, had acted entirely on her own initiative, that Great Britain, the United States and Italy had been opposed to the move, and that the occupation of the Rhine towns as an answer to the German invasion of the Ruhr district, was an action of last resort to be reserved for the combined action of the Allies.

In view of previous signs of less perfect Anglo-French understanding the situation thus created was alarming. A compromise was effected by which France engaged to take no farther action of the sort before consulting her Allies. But withdrawal of the French troops from the cities already occupied was not to take place until the supplementary German troops (asserted by the French to be largely in excess of the numbers admitted by the Germans) had retired from the forbidden area. (Both withdrawals were actually effected May 19.) The British engagement in return was to press German disarmament, which, according to the French, was making no perceivable progress.

France's agreement to consult her Allies before again acting separately was not generally taken as destroying the value of the precedent she had set in taking matters with Germany into her own hands when serious interests of France seemed to be placed in jeopardy by flagrant German disregard of treaty requirements.

These matters were farther accommodated at the San Remo Conference, April 18. There the Allied premiers — Lloyd George, Millerand, and Nitti — got down to business in a manner which if it had been applied to the Peace Conference itself might have produced notable results. The Hythe conference of the British and French premiers cleared up more specifically points of difference between the two countries and put in concrete form with solid Allied backing the demands which Germany was to face at Spa June 21, after her elections. The Hythe conference

also undertook to introduce a certain order into the confusion of inter-allied financial obligations, as related both to German payments and debts owed by the Allies to the United States. Resignation of M. Poincaré as head of the Reparations Commission under the Treaty followed a tentative fixing of a lump sum indemnity — 120,000,000,000 gold marks, the suggested maximum.

Jealousies and suspicions of England, more or less widely disseminated in this country, have been dragged into the light by the controversy between Rear-Admiral Sims and Secretary Josephus Daniels. Beginning Jan. 17, with Sims's testimony before a Senate Sub-Committee concerned with medals and awards for naval officers, evidence has been piling up for some months that there are persons in Washington to whom it would have seemed as right as natural to say to Sims, as he set out for London to get in touch with the naval aspects of the war we were then just about to enter, exactly what the peppery Admiral in his original statement reported as having been said. "Don't let the British pull the wool over your eyes. It is none of our business pulling their chestnuts out of the fire. We would as soon fight the British as the Germans."

Secretary Daniels' testimony in the second week in May, presented a picture of Sims as a hopeless Anglomaniac, and introduced President Wilson's not too flattering expressions with regard to the British navy's conduct of the war. Recrimination from the other side of the water was so obviously invited that the Secretary's zeal in making his case against the Admiral seemed to subject to unnecessary strain an international amity which remains valuable to the nation even though by official action in refusing to ratify the treaty it has separated itself from the concert of the Allies in world affairs. Otherwise the controversy, like the hogs the devil sheared, produced more noise than wool.

The Senate's final rejection of the Treaty of Versailles, and with it the League of Nations, is, of course another outstanding event of the period under survey. That final rejection was on March 19 by a vote of 57 for ratification to 37 against, or seven less than the prescribed two-thirds majority. It occurred after the country had been inexpressibly wearied by the futility and verbosity of the discussion of the proposed reservations, fifteen in number, including a singularly impertinent deliverance in favor of an independent Ireland.

It may be convenient to recall that the treaty was originally laid before the Senate by the President July 10, 1919, that it was reported back to that body from committee Sept. 10, 1919, with reservations especially regarding Article X of the League of Nations — reservations strongly disapproved by the President, whose speaking tour of the country in behalf of an undenatured instrument was cut short by his illness, Sept. 28. With fourteen of the Senate's reservations the treaty was voted on Nov. 19, 1919, when also the necessary two-thirds was lacking. Many conferences followed — conferences during which it was freely used by both parties as a political football. It was taken up for reconsideration by the upper house Feb. 9 and debated almost daily from Feb. 16 to March 19.

Public opinion seemed reluctant all through to concern itself particularly with the merits of the original as desired by Mr. Wilson or of the reservations singly or collectively. But according to the best observation the country was impatient at the delay and willing to accept with reasonable equanimity a clear decision either way. President Wilson's insistence was on an essentially unmodified Article X as "the very heart of the covenant." In his own words (written to Senator Hitchcock, March 8) "Any League of Nations which does not guarantee as a matter of incontestible right the political independence and integrity of each of its members, might be hardly

more than a futile scrap of paper." The Presidential insistence encountered the stone wall of the Senate minority's reluctance to commit the United States to responsibility for maintaining other nations, even friendly nations, intact by American arms or otherwise.

While it seems clear that the original trend of public opinion was in favor of a League of Nations, as a general thing, it is hardly to be doubted that the reluctance of the Senate minority in the matter of Article X reflected a wide-spread similar reluctance among the people at large. Viscount Grey of Falloden, in his letter to the London *Times*, associated this reluctance with American traditional policy — the particular tradition "consecrated by the advice of Washington to abstain from foreign and particularly European entanglements." Of the taint of bad faith which the President did not hesitate to attach to the Senate's action in rejecting or materially changing a treaty to which he conceived the country committed by his own acceptance of it, Lord Grey absolved the Senate, as "by the American Constitution and independent element in the treaty making power."

Events at the time and since have shown that Lord Grey's letter, with its frank statement of British willingness to accept the Treaty and the League with reservations (growing out of sentiment for American traditions of long standing) did not tend to endear the former Ambassador of King George to the occupant of the White House. But the letter itself is notable as revealing an understanding of the American point of view and a disposition to go to meet it which in a British statesman at this time may be regarded as a very considerable international asset toward the maintenance of friendly relations certain to be rudely jarred from time to time by the unwillingness or inability of our own public men to take due account of the European view point.

What really matters, of course, is this: The League of Nations is a fact. It has been a fact since the formal in-

auguration of its activities January 16 in the Clock Room of the French Foreign Ministry, "with only the chair of the United States empty." That chair remains empty, and while it is so, the League, to quote again from Viscount Grey's letter, is "predominantly European and not a world organization," and is "tainted with all the interracial jealousies of Europe." That is a condition which a separate peace with Germany by congressional resolution or otherwise can not remedy, and it would be a somewhat high price, many will say, to pay for the mere privilege of clinging to tradition — even tradition consecrated by the advice of Washington in very different times and conditions. For Washington's words were addressed to one of the weakest of the nations of the earth, not to one of the strongest.

Resolutions like that of Senator Knox passed by the Senate May 15, and vetoed by the President May 27 as making "a complete surrender of the rights of the United States as far as the German Government is concerned," had behind them, obviously and notoriously, a complication of motives. Such resolutions, however, need not be regarded as wholly inspired by political malice. The situation which they encountered, of a country still technically at war with the Teutonic Powers more than a year and a half after the cessation of hostilities, and after the practical extinction of one of those powers by the war, was logically absurd and practically embarrassing. Yet with a deadlock of our constitutional treaty-making powers the theory and the condition might conceivably be permitted to contradict each other indefinitely.

Treaty and League have got inevitably mixed up in the national presidential campaign and stick there like King Charles' head in the mind of Mr. Dick. But it cannot be pretended that the country is seriously concerned over this particular one among the barbed-wire entanglements set up in the way of the candidates. The

rising cost of living and the rising demands of labor for services reluctantly rendered are paramount considerations in the opinion of the average citizen, who seems curiously unable to associate our vital local problems with their inseparable European ramifications. Also the fact that prohibition was being realized as no longer a legal fiction, but rather something not unlikely to become a fixed condition did not somehow create the general satisfaction which it was proposed to create by bestowing upon a population of a hundred million the priceless and unprecedented blessings of constitutional non-alcoholism. Reactionary tendencies toward rum were observed in many quarters, but among the candidates for presidential honors only Mr. Edwards of New Jersey adopted in the beginning a program avowedly wet. Almost all of the other candidates put on the dry label as a matter of course.

The demoralization of the licensed prophets was well begun in the early stages of the pre-convention campaigns with General Wood and Senator Johnson busy rivals in collecting Republican delegates, and that demoralization progressed as an original long lead by Wood was overcome by unexpected spurts of speed from the Californian. Governor Lowden of Illinois and Senator Harding failed to justify hopes in this early delegate-catching game and the country utterly refused to take fire at the martial name of Pershing. That in itself was a startling departure from the traditions of a nation with a decided weakness for military hero-worship.

The case of Mr. Hoover was curious. An unpartizan public opinion gave the original impulse toward his selection. At first both parties seemed to have equal chances to take him, although the politicians of neither party took pains to conceal the fact they did not want him. It was not until he himself professed a receptive attitude toward the Republican nomination only, that

he took his definite place in the list offered and advertised for the people's choice. In the non-political public mind undoubtedly a greater prestige as a winner of the world war attached itself to the person of the Food Administrator than to that of the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. Also the idea of getting a successful business man on a job which was clearly so important to every other man's successful business was expected for once to set responsive chords vibrating even in a nation so devoted to business that it has almost always employed a lawyer as chief executive, when there was not a victorious general handy. By some, of course, recent experience with a college professor was counted on to give a special appeal to this business-man idea.

It was observed, however, that the politicians made prompt and telling use of the circumstance that Mr. Hoover had lived much in England — a country especially liable to sap a sturdy native Americanism, as the Sims case abundantly proved. Industriously, also, the tale was spread that the man who fed Europe during the war was a person whose business methods, though effective, were apt to be tinged with autocracy. He got things done, it was admitted, but he seldom asked advice, and accepted it reluctantly, if at all. Capital was even made of the fact that Mr. Hoover knew more about the real situation in Europe than all the other candidates put together. Somebody discovered that Washington enjoyed a parallel equipment with Hoover as an engineer and pre-eminently successful man of business, and that no other President in our list could match this combination. But it seemed to remain true throughout the pre-convention stages of the campaign that though Mr. Hoover was offering himself as a candidate of the Republican Party, he was in reality the candidate chiefly of people who regarded party as a secondary consideration in the present emergency. Indeed, to the partizan, that seemed to be a main objection to him.

Mr. Johnson's spectacular career as a getter of Republican delegates on an anti-League-Europe-be-damned, let-the-working-peepul-rule platform, seemed to give a hint to Mr. McAdoo, as Democratic candidate — still at that time subject to final approval from his father-in law in the White House. In the still early stages of the campaign to which this number of our review is necessarily limited, it appeared that Mr. McAdoo had adopted the idea of bidding against Mr. Johnson for the self-advertised labor vote, on the theory that the contest between the two parties would not take the form of joined issues — as radical against conservative, League against no League, or what not of clean cut division — but would resolve itself into a headlong race for first place in meeting the demands and desires of organized labor and other importunate clamorers for special legislative consideration (presumably) at the expense of the general suffering public. When this is published, events — and the outcome of the Chicago convention in particular — will have gone farther toward proving or disproving this theory. But the guess seemed not a bad one at the time.

The race of the radicals for Labor's favor seemed all the hotter, because of a growing disposition to question and to curb by law the right to strike which in less than a century has grown to such full-orbed divinity that it begins to threaten the right to work, with its triple sanction of nature, necessity and the ages. Mr. Gompers and Governor Allen of Kansas played hide and seek with that subject recently at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Gompers eluded the confession of the obvious mathematical truth that the whole is greater than the part, but one lesson of the war — that public service is paramount to individual or class interest — has been driven home so rudely that it sticks.

If the right to strike was denied in war time in the general interest, the right to strike may be denied in peace time in the general interest. It is merely a question of the

generality of the interest. And if the right to work means the right to live, for the community as well as for the individual, (which starving populations in Europe stand ready to prove) the right not to work — and to prevent others from working — must be strictly limited.

Even the Russian Soviet recognizes that. And American organized labor, grown fat on the jobs which the public service provides, cannot continue to ignore the rights of the public in its insistence on its own rights. Reluctance of labor leaders either to admit the public as umpire of disputes with capital or to confess that they do not want the public present in that capacity, seems to argue an uneasy sense of growing public consciousness of power, and even a secret fear that the right to strike itself may not turn out to be absolutely sacrosanct. Perhaps the groups of capitalists whose bids in behalf of their candidates have created such lively curiosity are also thinking of this umpire business and the importance of controlling the machinery of public expression.

Among the other Democratic candidates, men like Senator Hitchcock and Attorney General Palmer seemed to command only a partizan interest, but a certain eminence attached to the position of Governor Edwards of New Jersey, as already noted, the only wet candidate. Governor Edwards's slogan was that of Patrick Henry considerably modified to suit the times. He did not say with the Virginia orator and fiddling rival of Thomas Jefferson, "Give me Liberty or give me death," but he asked not less boldly for the restoration of a lost liberty — including the liberty to drink beer and wine without a violation of law and consequent outrage of conscience. Perhaps Mr. Edwards's candidacy was then more interesting to sociologists and metaphysicians than to practical politicians. But undoubtedly, there was a very considerable American public not wholly out of sympathy with him.

Henry Irving Brock.

222

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY'S REMINISCENCES

"Two volumes of the most exciting, amusing, and enchaining narrative of recent years."
—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Two more intensely "human" volumes than these can hardly be conceived. The cheeriness, brightness and good nature of the author break out everywhere. And this is not at the expense of the more weighty matters of excellent historical and scientific information that really "informs."—*Literary Digest.*

"Covering a period of eighty years, and recording experiences in all parts of the world make a very unusual contribution to the literature of travel, exploration, discovery and adventure . . . the human interest is strong; he recalls incidents of his early childhood, of boyish adventure and paternal discipline, of his home life in later years, and of his friendships formed in all parts of the world and among all sorts of people. His story has a flavor all its own, and is full of life and humor."—*Living Age.*

"A fortunate and useful life in which the usefulness and the good fortune are so mingled that one does not know which to call a cause, which a result, and in this especially fortunate that it nowhere waned in vigor and toward its end walked nearest to "the shores of old romance."—*The New Republic.*

Two Volumes. Profusely Illustrated. $7.50 net

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY 19 WEST 44th STREET NEW YORK CITY

The Unpartizan Review

No. 28 OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1920 Vol. XIV

THE MARK OF THE BEAST

I

ON August 6th of this 20th year of the 20th century, came word that the League of Nations had demanded from the Bolsheviks beseiging Warsaw an armistice, preliminary to arranging a peace, and that the Bolshevists had replied that it would be impossible to make their men observe an armistice: for they had been promised the city to loot.

There are many to whom, in their innocence and optimism, this news was a sickening surprise. Had the news been that Warsaw actually was looted, it would have been vastly easier to believe, than that the soldiers had been promised freedom to loot it, and that the promise had been given in the country of Turgenief, Kuropotkin, Tolstoy, the Kovalevskys and Tschiakowsky. For a hundred years preceding the present war, the looting of cities in Europe was "not done." Even Germany fifty years ago, with France at her mercy, did not do it: it took fifty years of parvenu power and parvenu wealth to degrade her to it in Belgium.

And yet during the hundred years when there was no such manifestation of bestiality, it was to some degree latent in all of us — the passion for conflict, blood, rapine, robery, destruction, all backed up by insincerity and ignorance. Human nature has day by day buried its bestility deeper under newer motives, impulses, conventions even; but in the vast majority of men it is still there, only more force is needed to get down to it.

The beast comes out not only in wars and revolutions. It does not stop at refusing quarter to prisoners, Belgian infamies, Armenian massacres, Russian pogroms, Bolshevik slaughterings, the Guillotine, or even the Carmagnole: it does not need murder to illustrate it. Even the passion for noise is part of the passion for destruction. So strong was it that until its gradual disappearance within a few years, we could not celebrate the fourth of July without sacrificing to it arms, legs eyes, ears, even those of our children.

The destructive and predatory instincts can take very subtle shapes. They are by no means confined to soldiers, pirates, highwaymen, sneak thieves and their like. They taper down into legislative halls, labor lodges, "settlements," debating clubs and even, especially of late, into drawing-rooms. The beast often lives in a gilded cage and is not recognized as a beast at all. But there is the predatory mark in all the socialistic communistic doctrines that are now preached so widely and vigorously. Even in the mild form of government ownership, they would make the voter part owner, and he feels it.

Licentiousness in all directions always comes with the rest. In the French Revolution the divorces and illegitimate births increased frightfully; in the Russian Revolution there are attempts to nationalize the women as well as the property; and in our not inconsiderable upset, the feminist shrieks even louder than before. Her passion however, is often partly maternal. She wants a baby; if she can't get it with a recognized father, then without: in not a few cases preferably without any such restriction. Of the fact that children without recognized fathers constitute a vastly disproportionate part of the criminals and paupers, she and her masculine sympathizers take no account.

The beast that comes out in the Russian revolution is of course the same one that showed himself in the French Revolution — predatory, quarrelsome, licentious,

murderous. His example is terribly contagious, too: we have not entirely escaped it, even here, especially since it has been stimulated by propaganda.

Even before the war, there was a predatory element in our absurd system of having taxes levied by those who do not pay them.

In some of us the mark is buried so deep that it hardly shows at all, but no human being has yet reached absolute perfection. Within their respective spheres, perhaps as many of the humblest as of the highest approach it — in all but knowledge and the powers and the graces. Far be it from us to ignore that fact, when we note the mark in the world that works with its hands and bears with its back, and is poor. But equally far be it from us to ignore that the world that is poor includes the world of the grosser crimes, or that the upper world also has its crimes. Least of all would we ignore the idiocy in most of the talk about equality. Nature's way of evolving *homo sapiens* was the reverse of making men equal, but was of making a few to lead the rest, and of fixing things so that the few have got to lead, whether they want to or not. Nature's latest step in that direction was this weltering absurdity of democracy and universal suffrage, and people of capacity have got to take the absurdity out of it or perish. Fortunately it is not as absurd as the autocracy which it has replaced, but you are in danger until you get enough of those humbler people intelligent enough, conscientious enough and rich enough to vote with you. You yourselves have flung the banner into the opposing ranks, and you have got to get it out. If you make your wealth the occasion for mere idleness, not only do you die on your own book, but those bearing the mark of the beast will destroy you. You've got to work to provide the education and opportunity to erase that mark, or it will soon be placed on your own children — such of them as survive. And fortunately your present generation is realizing all this to a degree of which even your father's generation never dreamed.

Though there is little danger that America — a nation with self-control enough to impose Prohibition upon itself, however she may suffer in other ways, will suffer from the beast to the extent France, Russia and middle Europe have done, nevertheless the beast does bitterly offend our nostrils and our pockets, and it cannot rage in war, even elsewhere, without inconveniencing us and being likely to draw us in.

II

To control these bestial impulses in individuals, governments have been evolved; and to control them in states, Amphictyonic Councils and Hanseatic Leagues and Holy Alliances. The latter group have failed, but so have all the former that existed up to the foundation of the British monarchy, and many since. But that does not hinder men from continuing to form governments, and is no conclusive argument against their continuing to form confederations and unions of states. True, these are more difficult, especially with states differing in language and traditions, but Rome endured for many centuries, and Canada, with two races, Switzerland with three, the British Empire with many, all seem pretty substantial, not to include our own union of nearly half a hundred states, with many localities where the national language is little used. And at last has just been formed at Versailles an association attempting to embrace the civilized world, and already embracing a very respectable part of it. If the United States were in that union, is it probable that there would now be so many wars going on, or that Russia would have returned that answer to that demand for an armistice?

The opponents of our joining comprise those who do not want *this* league, and those who don't want *any* league, the latter class of course including the former.

But the standard argument of those who do not want *this* league seems to us inevitably to place them with those

who do not want any. Their standard argument is generally called forth by Article X, but it inevitably stands against any article that may call for the use of force, and as no league is worth while unless it has force to back its decisions, any argument against the use of force is an argument against any league. The argument in question runs this way:

"Do you want your boys sent over to fight for any petty nation whose boundaries are threatened? If you enter this league, they are sure to be. That means conscription. Our people won't stand it. It means civil war."

Now so far there has been no conscription or civil war in any nation composing the league, and we don't believe there is going to be. We regard the league as an infant in judicious hands, and think it reasonable to hope that it will grow until the decisions of the international courts will have as much *voluntary*, even if paid, force behind them as the decisions of the best national courts have now.

This growth will be slow, will involve many experimental changes, may not even reach effective maturity. If it does not, there seems nothing more certain in human foresight than that another league will be born, out of even greater tribulation than this one, and if that fails still another, and, if needed, still others, until humanity's hopes of world-peace are realized.

Whatever risks, even to our boys, may be involved in America's doing the best we can with this league, seem to us vastly less than those involved in staying out of it. More reasons for this view will appear as we proceed.

Although we have had the detailed reasons why we are not in the League dinned into us *ad nauseam*, now that election is at hand it may be worth while to take a compendious glance at them, though it involve the repetition of much that has become commonplace. We are still out of the League:

I. Largely because of that very passion for conflict

and grasping and destruction which is the mark of the beast, and which the League is intended to suppress — because the senators whom Wilson was unwise enough to ignore wanted to fight him and destroy his handiwork, and because they want their party to overcome his party — because of partizanship, which is the greatest obstruction to right reason in our country today.

II. Largely because the world is now fuller than ever of crazy schemes which have been tried and failed, and because this scheme is, by many, mistakenly classed with them. This scheme is in a category by itself — that of substituting reason for force. That scheme has worked with increasing success through all history; and to help it on, there has already accumulated a vast mass of experience — classified and digested experience, and of burning enthusiasm on the part of the wisest men.

It seems apparent that no attempt for a League in the past has ever been undertaken under auspices as favorable as those before us now. Until Napoleon sickened a larger proportion of people with war than ever had been sickened before, war was a thing generally taken for granted and widely lauded. Since then it has declined in prestige. Nobody now mentions "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Its gorgeous uniforms have faded into khaki, and by the nations that lead civilization, and even by the greatest generals, it is looked upon with horror.

Yet there are still people who believe war to be for the good of the race. This was preached loudly a few years ago, but the rate at which the preachers have lately been shutting up is most significant. Since the discussion of the League began, we don't recall a case, even among its opponents, where anybody has dared to preach that doctrine.

The idea of conquest, as between civilized nations, seems also to have had its last gasp in Germany's suicidal attempt to exercise it, though it will probably survive as part of Nature's merciless method of civilizing, or rather

supplanting, barbarous peoples. And yet even in this regard the mark of the beast is still on Poland in her idea of conquering a buffer region beyond the boundaries assigned by the League between her and Russia. But even here, considering what the Bolsheviki are, it may be questioned whether Nature's old way of supplanting savagery is not in operation. It has often been said that there is no mercy in Nature, though an exception must certainly be made in her giving man a second chance, and often later ones, after his deliberate violations of her laws. She also gives him the constantly increasing ability to evolve a control over her unchanging laws, and turn them to his service. He is even now taking hold of the terrible law of evolution by conquest, and in spite of Senators Borah, Johnson, and their kind, will soon make such ravenings of the beast as have taken place in Armenia and the Congo, not to speak of Belgium and desolated France, things of the past.

III. Largely because of parochial so-called patriotism, which refuses to contribute a part of national sovereignty to create a greater sovereignty that can control the nations into peace — precisely the same state-patriotism that made the formation of our Union so difficult, and the Civil War necessary to maintain it. Was there ever a step in civilization that did not involve giving up, for the sake of it, some independence — from the coming to live together of two solitary savages, through the formation of families, tribes, clans, partnerships, corporations, even base-ball and foot-ball teams, up to courts, armies, navies, cities, states, nations and empires?

Social peace can be had only under government. The same is true of international peace. Social peace was attained, so far as attained at all, by the power of controlling individualities; and the transfer of that power to the community has been an accompaniment of the slow upward evolution of the community. Similarly, international peace, so far as yet attained — the Pax Romana — came

from the power of a controlling individuality; and it was what Napoleon professed to be aiming for, and, to some degree, Wilhelm II.

IV. Largely because of lack of vision — the vision of poets and great statesmen. We need at least two words each to perform the services now done by *vision*, *imagination*, *dream* and their kind: for they all make for both good and evil. As most frequently used, they mean a destructive ignoring of the real and necessary, and a tendency to follow will-o'the-wisps. On the other hand, they are often used to express that without which we should not have any science, invention, poetry. All three are essential to the highest statesmanship, and they were never more needed than regarding the League of Nations.

The foregoing had barely been written, when along came a letter from a critic of the first eminence, which, speaking of the muddle the English have made of Irish affairs, said:

> English statesmen, guided by the experts they have selected in history, economics, sociology . . . in my humble judgment might have foreseen most of it, if they had learned anything of the nature of man from the only true masters of wisdom — the great poets. But we study the poets now as experts in psychology, and so misunderstand life hopelessly. Perhaps some day we'll stop being experts, and cultivate love and commonsense.

This is not the whole truth, but it is a large and neglected part of it.

V. America is still out of the League also largely because of the widespread desire to eat one's cake and have it. Hosts of people would like to have reduction of armaments and taxes, and of the fear of war and the disturbance of prosperity which such fears bring, but they are reluctant to face the immediate and new responsibilities by which alone such relief can be secured — if it can be secured at all.

VI. One of the strongest influences keeping us out is

of course the traditional dread of complications with Europe, and respect for the caution of the Fathers against them. But that advice was given when we were thirty days from Europe, and we are now not thirty minutes: to cite it now savors of imbecility or dishonesty. The complications exist, and the question is no longer how to avoid them, but how to handle them; and the only visible way is to substitute courts for camps. Courts have gradually taken away the necessity for individuals going armed. They alone can be hoped to do the same for nations, and in fact, Armageddon notwithstanding, they have already done it to a hopeful extent and for increasing periods, and that without anything more than international morality — and that of a very primitive kind — to enforce their decisions.

VII. The fear of the unknown has done much to keep us out. It is one of the most widespread of our inherited bestial attributes. Even as highly evolved a beast as man's close friend the horse, is a pitiful victim of it. To both him and his master, it is not only a distress but a danger. Many people would rather risk the tried dangers of familiar war than the untried ones of enforcing the decisions of international courts. And yet these untried dangers, if collateral experience is to be respected, are enormously exaggerated. Where the decisions of established courts are to be carried out, though competent force is at hand, it is not needed in one case out of a thousand. In the other cases, the knowledge that the force is there, is all that is needed. As men progress in the establishment of international courts backed by international forces, — and progress they certainly will, whether they embrace the present opportunity or wait for a costlier one; whether they do it with some effectiveness in five years or in five hundred, the need of using the force will decrease geometrically, as it has in national courts, and the habit of obedience without it will increase. Does anybody doubt that if the United States were in the

League of Nations, Germany would be living up to her obligations much quicker and better than she is; that much of the blood that has been spilt since the armistice, not to speak of the treasure, would have been saved, and that the questions over which they have been spilt would have been much nearer settlement, and all that without our having one more soldier in the field?

VIII. Then there is the large and ancient body of the doubting Thomases. Many people won't vote for anything whose success they doubt, and one strong reason for doubting that of the League is the selfishness of mankind. But to ensure peace it is not necessary entirely to do away with human selfishness, but merely to make it more enlightened. In recent times the commercial way of looking at things has been growing respectable. All the nations that have got as far as a literature, even Germany, have for some time had their selfish instincts turned from the pursuit of glory and dominion to the pursuit of wealth. The world is now, especially of late, well and understandingly convinced that war does not *pay*, and the world's selfishness, outside of the German military class and other barbarians, is well drilled to seek what does pay.

All these considerations hold against the doubting Thomas's plea that man is a fighting animal. Civic man is no longer so. It is not true that he wants war for war's sake. Outside of the German brutes who drank to "Der Tag," and possibly the rich cousins of the Bolsheviks in the Russian court, nobody wanted the recent war. The greatest modern generals — Grant, Sherman, Roberts, and for all we know, Foch, have hated war or at least professed to, and they were very honest men. And yet, to speak candidly, it is a psychological puzzle how a man can hate doing what he does extremely well. The question is at least complex.

IX. People who want to upset the imperfect order so laboriously established in the past, and substitute some

scheme suggested by their lengthy experience, or by no experience at all, hate the League because they recognize it as a conservator of established order. Here is an expression from one of them:

> You have not even touched upon the cause for opposition held by most of my generation: that this League of Victorious Powers stands for war, not peace; that if it ever does get going it will become the Cossack of Europe — the big policeman to crush all labor and revolutionary movements. It has already amply demonstrated that its propensities lie in that direction and has done nothing constructive, so far as I know, for the establishment of international comity or economic rehabilitation.

The writer is young. We wonder if she has estimated her generation correctly! She is a bit impatient (isn't she?) considering how long the League has been in operation.

X. Then there are those — a great many of them, and some very intelligent ones too, with whom it is simply a case of Dr. Fell, and who give the funniest "reasons."

It is with the League, much as in the conflict of long ago over Civil Service Reform: nearly everybody wanted it, but at first few wanted "this particular measure," whatever the proposed measure might be, until Godkin, beginning almost alone, converted enough people to see a "particular measure" through. He was an Englishman (though his family had been for some generations in Ireland) and brought the reform from England. We were living under Jacksonian doctrine, and hardly knew anything about the reform.

Those who have vision enough to appreciate a great reform are not halted by defects in the initial measures. Faith that the reform is natural, is faith that it is inevitable; and faith that it is natural and inevitable, is faith that Nature herself will help cure the defects in the initial measures when experience demonstrates defects.

III

To come to the two platforms. Both profess to favor some sort of a league, but one, for pretty obvious reasons, objects to "this particular measure".

Brought down to its lowest terms, the plan for a League devised at Versailles by the best statesmen the world, outside of Germany, Austria and Russia, could get together, and now found good enough for the adhesion of England, France, Italy and a score of minor peoples, is not good enough for Senators Lodge, Knox, Johnson, Borah and a following of lesser lights in the same party in our senate. Whatever may be the motives of these men, there can be little reasonable doubt that among them is a personal desire to thwart President Wilson, and to secure for their own party the credit of making the United States a member of *some* League of Nations. To do this they propose that that eminent international jurisconsult Senator Harding shall instigate and supervise the creation of a new league superior to the one devised at Versailles. Whatever the capacity and the motives of the men who devised that league, there can be no question that they were the best men that, under the conditions, could be got together; and the assumption that under present conditions, with a League already formed and the best nations outside our own already in it, a better, or as good, a set of men could be got together to make a new League, is too silly to be accounted for by anything but the characteristic imbecility of partizanship. And as to the morality of professing such an assumption, it simply bears the mark of the beast.

It is all very well for this man, that man or the other man to exercise his imagination and constructive powers over a better League than the existing one, but there is no other one in the cards. It is either this one, with such interpretations or modifications as its members will accept, or none at all unless and until a new world-explosion demands a new arrangement. That this League, even

with us in it, may inaugurate conditions that will prevent such an explosion, may be a large assumption; but it is small beside the assumption that anything short of such an explosion — even anything devised by the senate group and executed by Mr. Harding, can bring about another League. The mere statement of such an assumption, like the one already described, discredits the honesty or sanity of anybody making it, and bears the mark of the beast.

We believe that efforts to suppress the beast will succeed better under the principle of a tariff for revenue only, and our belief in that reminds us of the Irishman who said to his opponent: "What I want from you is silence, and dom'd little of that." We believe in a protective tariff as we believe in defensive warfare, but it is warfare, and like warfare of all kinds, it soon becomes a manifestation of the beast — sooner even than defensive military warfare. On the part of many, but by no means all, of its most active advocates, it is, *ab initio*, itself a manifestation of the beast.

Well, we seem to have indicated with which side in the present campaign our judgment lies. But even while we have been writing, the Republican attitude regarding the League seems to have been improving, and the issue to have been more and more narrowing down to the tariff. That old cat has been killed more than once, but it seems to have started with nine lives.

THE EDITOR.

POLAND TODAY

This article was written in the summer of 1920 before the recent westward sweep of the Russian Bolshevik armies.—THE EDITOR.

OUR attention has been so fixed upon the strategic value of the vast Polish plains, we have been forced so long to follow the desolating wash of armies eastward and westward over them, that I had all but forgotten the passionate portrayal of their beauty by such poets as Mickiewicz and such novelists as Sienkiewicz. So that it was with genuine surprise, as I journeyed slowly northward in mid-summer over fields of ancient glory and recent agony, stretching green and limitless under a brilliant atmosphere, and finally at the end of a day caught sight of the curious towers of the great-plains capital, Warsaw, gleaming in the distance, and then of the historic Vistula as it sweeps broadly by them, that I began to sense the strange fascination of these prodigious northern reaches, which hold much of the appeal of the desert. "Do not be too sure you are going to dislike these difficult, monotonous plains," an American working there had said to me, "I have ended by loving them."

After some days in the northern lowlands, covered with their endless fleece of summer green, suggesting what must be the strange splendor of the endless winter fleece of snow, I turned again south to higher Galicia, that beautiful region lifting to the Southern Carpathians, and, in a doughty army reconnaissance car, rode on hour after hour, from the low western hills about lovely old Cracow, across billowy regions swelling on toward Lemberg. The narrow-strip green fields, each heaped up, or rounded high, along its middle line, gave the slopes and flats the look of being carpeted with corduroy. From Lemberg (Lwow), that surprising cosmopolitan city where East meets West, I kept on, but now over seemingly interminable areas of desolation, where by sad reversal the sight of the normal

cottage or field gave the shock of surprise, — over the great way of the Russian retreat, and, with never a visible barrier, looked forward across the everlasting plains sweeping ever farther and farther eastward, where one feels there is "only wind and rivers, life and death." I wondered what Stevenson, who felt and so remarkably expressed the power to win and to hold inhering in our plains of the Middle West — what Stevenson would have said about this earth-stage set for the play of Protean forces.

From these far outposts the advancing enemy is sighted on the still more distant plain. From here, where the Pole must first thrust forward, or hold fast against invading hordes, families clustered in partly protected town-groups, or were isolated on widely separated estates, some of them of kingdom size. These latter look upon the inhabitants of such cities as Tarnapol and Lemberg as passing restricted and colorless years in an interior safety-zone where life has lost its precious savor of responsibility and adventure. A slight blonde mother of eight, once the mistress of a handsome chateau, and now the lucky possessor of four small rooms in the picturesque Kamieniec-Podolski familiar to readers of Sienkiewicz's "Wolodigowski," was one of several to express just such a feeling of half-pity, half-contempt for all persons choosing to settle west of the shore of the plains. In this one-time Turkish stronghold, with its population of Ukrainians, Jews and Poles, she was working cheerfully. Having added eight orphans to her own brood of eight, she directed besides a Hoover kitchen for eighty children, and rejoiced in the sense of being on the beach-line, where she must struggle with the ebb and flow tides.

On the return journey I had time for more attention to the details of the picture. For forty kilometers west from Tarnapol, in the region of Galician Podolia, once the feeding-ground for Vienna, there is practically nothing planted. Only sparse wild plains' grasses ripple past shell-holes

and dugouts and rusting wire entanglements. The people from the little brown villages stringing out along the low sweeps of hill were evacuated during the war to Moscow or to Vienna: now they have returned in common misery, and have planted occasional adjacent grain-strips, but it will take years to restore this vast section to productivity. Today most of the villages are without seed or implements; a pair of horses which once cost a derisive 500 kronen, now costs a quite unobtainable 40,000 marks. And moreover, though sterile in other ways, these regions are fertile typhus fields: only a few months ago in Tarnapol, their nearest sizable city, fourteen physicians died within fifteen days. A little Polish countess who worked in a Lemberg typhus clearing-house for the front, confessed to me her anxiety during the first days after she had volunteered for this service.

"When I found the first louse on my arm," she said, "I carefully counted ten days from then as the day to expect the infection; but in two days I found another louse and had to count again, and in five a third, and then more, until my arithmetic problem got hopelessly complicated, and I decided the only thing to do was to forget! Nurses, anyway, seemed always to stand a better chance than physicians."

In these poor white-washed brown-hooded adobe villages of the northern Carpathian plains, one extraordinary daily event, a free mid-day meal for all hungry children, daily rekindles hope. Clearly someone, somewhere in America, is interested enough to wish that these faraway boys and girls may be fed, and powerful enough to insure the fulfillment of the wish. This knowledge has been a stabilizing force in a chaotic world.

In one village which I visited, the American kitchens can shortly close because the big estate nearby is nearly ready to supply, reasonably, the necessary food. But the position of this estate is exceptional, for most large properties are still incapable of producing much. In all

he fighting they have served as requisitioning and ravag-
ıg points. In Galicia alone, of the four-hundred thousand
ectares arable before the war, only one-fifth are now cul-
ivated. And this is exclusive of any of the new lands of
ıe Ukraine or White Russia, those contiguous regions
wakening to independent national consciousness. The
states not too completely ravaged are trying desperately
› be able to market, but it is a vastly more difficult thing
› restore a great property than it is to rehabilitate a
easant holding. Give a peasant the wood, and with his
vo hands he sets about rebuilding his little hut and pre-
aring his field for his personal use; but the problem of
destroyed estate is staggering.

Everywhere in Poland one is face to face with the funda-
ental land question. Are the great estates to be divided?
low? When? What will be the immediate result in
icrease or decrease in production? We know that the
ımediate result in Roumania has been a lowering of
oduction. The Polish Diet has already committed
elf to a program of land division, but it cannot say
ıen that program will be accomplished. For one thing,
will take years to secure merely a proper land survey.
Vhere is the personnel for the making of such a survey to
› found, when hands and brains are wanting in every de-
rtment? Where the money? Intelligent land-holders,
ıether they desire it or not — and some of them do
dsire it — know that partition must come. With them,
itis now chiefly a question of how rigorously the pro-
gım can be carried out, and whether they will actually
reive a just compensation. They are not impatient for
th settlement, and experience in Bolshevism has made
even the peasants glad to maintain the status quo a little
lcger.

And it is perhaps fortunate that in this perilous tran-
sion moment the big estates are being held together.
Their business is to sell; they are organized to sell; while
it is still practically impossible to induce the peasant with

a small farm to plant more than enough to supply his own wants. If he sells to the town, he will at best receive only paper money, and has he not already stored away rolls, possibly literally sackfuls, of one or another worthless kind of paper money? What has the town to offer his family in their tiny thatched hut? If, in time, he learns to want a phonograph or a piano, he will try to raise enough grain to pay for it.

I was not for the moment concerned with the political aspect of these east Galician plains, though even a specialized interest in child-feeding forces an immediate general orientation: for there must be absolutely distinct kitchens for Ruthenian (the name given the Ukrainian who has lived under Austrian rule), Jew, and Pole. Each local committee struggles with its particular difficulties of distribution. But for the most part, to-day, these groups are living quietly enough side by side, and if let alone by exploiters and politicians, would probably continue to do so. I saw Ukrainians, to be sure, who in December, 1919, in a certain district, had gouged out the eyes and pulled off the nails of Poles, but they seemed intent now on trying to get back to normal work on their farms. Leave the peasant alone with his land, and he is pretty apt to keep quiet. However, the question of the real assimilation by the new Polish state of the Ruthenians, or Austrianized Ukrainians of East Galicia, that is, of Galicia between the eastern frontier and the San River, where, though the cities are strongly Polish, the peasants on the land are largely Ruthenian, is one of Poland's serious problems and the activity of the Ruthenian priests, often chauvinists, renders it peculiarly difficult. It is to be hoped that the sympathetic attitude of the present Polish government toward the proposed Ukrainian state farther East will insure peace within its own borders. The memory of Germany's long effort to establish a hostile Ukrainian State on the Polish frontier, makes it particularly pleasing to see the present coöperation between these two Slavic peoples

From the great sad plains over which the Russians re-reated, part of the devastated area stretching all the way rom Riga to Roumania, we regained Lemberg, the first ight of which had been so surprising. Having thought f it chiefly as a point of defense against the human in-ader from farther east, and as an unsuccessful defender f the west against the more malign bacilli of the fertile yphus-propagating areas of Russia, I found it an impor-ant cosmopolitan city of about a hundred and fifty housand inhabitants, with many impressive buildings, everal big hotels, and above all, with an important uni-ersity. From Lemberg the eye follows with fascination he long white road cutting southeast across the plain, he imperial highway linking Vienna with this, her ap-ointed governing head of Galicia.

Apart from many evidences here of the proximity of he far east, such as the commonly-worn Persian shawls, ther unfamiliar sights are very young boys wearing the ilitary cross and groups of armed young women. The rosses are bona fide decorations, won by boy defenders f the city against the furious attacks of the Ukrainian rmy early in 1919. The young women in the straight hort khaki skirts, with weapons in their belts, are of the ow famous band of woman soldiers, the *Légionistes*, hose founders leaped to the defense of Lemberg in lovember, 1918. The *Légionistes* were still over a housand strong in July, still in uniform, and still re-uiting, though their present work is chiefly guard and nvoy duty, for which, because of their strict discipline nd efficiency, they are greatly in demand.

I doubt if, outside certain university circles, any west-ner thinks of Lemberg as distinctly a university town. And yet a visit to East Galicia at once reveals the fact hat the people of the region look to it as their educational enter. Cracow, in West Galicia, has, to be sure, the oldest nd most famous university of the country, and has, as a ity, long been counted the cultural center of Poland.

But Lemberg University, though young, is vigorous and forward looking, and holds itself in the front line of Polish educational effort. Before the war it had six thousand students; directly after the armistice twelve hundred quickly applied for admission; today there are three thousand, about one-half of whom are women.

Though the Austrian occupation policy prevented intellectual freedom, it yet permitted the use of the Polish language, and was in other ways less oppressive than the Russian or German rule. Of the five Polish universities, two, those in Vilna and Warsaw, suffered Russian oppression, the third, in Posnan, was German-controlled, while those more fortunate, or rather less unfortunate, in Cracow and Lemberg, were left in more liberal Austrian hands. That is why the rest of Poland to-day draws heavily on Galicia for its trained workers in education. And Galicia is proud to supply them.

I talked many hours with Dr. Halban, the present brilliant rector of Lemberg University, about his university's aims and needs. And once again I was struck with the close relation between our own most pressing problems and those of nations as yet almost unknown to us. How often during discussions I have heard Serb or Montenegrin or Hungarian or Ukrainian exclaim with surprise, "*Mais, Madame, c'est la même chose!*" I had not realized that many of our problems are identical. Sometimes the discovery depressed him, for the thought of America, free from his alarms and all-powerful to help him, had been cheering. At other times his reaction was the reverse. It encouraged him to know that, after all, even so great and favored a nation as the United States had to grapple with difficulties like his own.

These are simple and very real proofs of brotherhood. For example, when I left America, press and pulpit, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, were sounding the warning that our educational system is threatened at its very foundations, because our teachers are not earning a living wage.

Through propaganda and appeal, universities and colleges were doing their utmost to prevent disaster. Here in Lemberg, Dr. Halban's first remark was that it is, after all, rather futile to discuss educational development for the new Poland, or even the maintenance of what at present exists, unless one recognizes at the start that all will be lost unless teachers can somehow be assured a living wage! Everyone recognizes that while there is abundant intelligence in Poland, there is not enough trained intelligence. According to one authority, even among the teaching corps of sixty thousand, about sixty per cent might be called unqualified because of inferior training, and the sixty thousand represent only a fraction of the number desperately needed in that country, which for the first time in a hundred and fifty years, is able freely to try to educate itself. But what will be the use of trying to improve and to increase normal training schools, unless one can persuade prospective teachers to enter them, or to talk about building new schools, while teachers all along the line are being forced to quit the old ones?

We went into the matter of agricultural schools, the paramount practical problem in education which Poland faces to-day. The government has sketched the broad plan of placing an agricultural school for boys, and a second for girls, in each country, but it recognizes a paralyzing handicap in lack of funds.

"If America will send us books of science" said Dr. Halban, "we will be happy to return in exchange, just as soon as we are able, what we will have to offer in Polish. We have been very much pleased with France's recent offer to sell Polish universities books on a pre-war exchange basis.

From the impoverished university I went to the smashed-up village school, or rather, to a temporary substitute building, where a worn patriot teacher was perhaps running three school shifts a day, so that every child might have at least some fraction of opportunity.

No map, no chart, no equipment of any sort. Sometimes there was nothing but the floor, the four bare walls, the valiant teacher, and the pathetic eager little crowded company. As in Serbia and elsewhere, I rebelled against the isolation that prevented my getting swift word to some of our finely sympathetic teachers at home, of what one of their spare maps or animal or industry charts, even with their English lettering, or a simple laboratory appliance, would mean here. As I listened to the eager questions of these brave teachers reaching out to America for coöperation, from their isolated posts on the frontier I remembered the superfluous duplicate Department of Agriculture instruction pamphlets and seed packages that have arrived in our California post-box.

It was refreshing to begin traveling again across the lush territories between Lemberg and Cracow. The road lay between fields sown with myriad wild flowers, where sleek cattle grazed, and past clumps of birch and alder, and stretches of low pine forest, and quaint villages of low-hooded thatched cottages, white-washed, and frequently showing bits of bright tile imbedded in the walls or roof, or perhaps a Cimabue-like madonna painted beside the door to indicate a Christian household. I had not seen elsewhere in Poland such stoutly wattled fences, occasional huts themselves were woven of withes — or such extremely long, cradle-like, withe-plaited wagons. Most of the women and children were barefoot, with their skirts tucked up in front to their knees, as they followed the cattle in the flowery fields, or scrubbed and beat their freshly woven linen strips on the banks of ponds and streams, or stretched them along the green grass to bleach and dry in the strong sunlight.

It is with regret that one leaves the hills and flowery fields about Cracow, its magnificent tree-canopied walks, its mediæval market place, and the Westminster where the makers of Poland's history, the Jagiellos and Sobieskis, lie in austere sarcophagi. Above all, one regrets to leave

the intellectual groups of men and women of this charming old university town. The women patriot leaders alone, indefatigable in their work with day nurseries, working-girls' homes, coöperatives, trade schools and kindred enterprises, present a formidable list, including, as they do, such women as Mme. Sienkiewicz, widow of the novelist, Mme. Puget, wife of the sculptor, and Mme. Kostaniche, wife of the anatomist.

After five years in Europe, Americans are more or less surfeited with expressions of gratitude. However, even the most blasé could hardly have remained indifferent, had he stopped with us, on the way from Lemberg to Cracow, at the badly damaged town of Grodek. The American captain, hoping to prevent any preparation for our visit, had sent word only the night before that we were coming. But that had afforded the Prefet and his charming wife, devoted directress of all the child-kitchens there, time to prepare a delicious luncheon for us. They had caught a fish in a nearby pond, brought out some specially prepared prune and apricot brandies, and the Countess herself had superintended the baking of a cake whose recipe she had learned in happier days in a Cracow school of domestic science, and had exquisitely arranged the table with iris and other spring flowers. The white-haired mother seated at my right wore the military cross for having, at seventy, played a brave part in the defense of Lemberg. They were not yet in any sense settled in their few rooms (the first cook had quickly succumbed to typhus) but I doubt if any luncheon could be served with more simple and ceremonious beauty.

Immediately after lunch we started for the Polish children's dining room, where a crowd of parents waited beside the double line of boys and girls to call to us and try to kiss our hands. The children had theirs full of field flowers, with which they filled our arms. Inside the spotless kitchen, the cook, tearful with excitement, waited with her arms folded over her best apron, to offer her stove

and kettles for inspection. The walls were garlanded with peonies and marguerites, and the corners heaped with wild flowers from every field in the neighborhood. Clear voices sang the Star Spangled Banner in English, and the baby came forward with the big bouquet and the lisping presentation speech. We may not wish expressed gratitude, or we may be weary of it, but we forget that when we see the children's faces and their mothers' faces.

We went on to the packed Jewish kitchen, also clean and flower-filled. And from there to the Ruthenian one, if possible even more shining and flower-decked than either of the other two. And there above a rose-built altar, as a pendant to the little oil painting of the Holy Virgin, was set a page from the *Literary Digest* bearing President Wilson's photograph. It seems that the villagers had sent in all haste to Lemberg for a picture of Mr. Hoover, and failing to find one (which is rather pleasing to those who like the modesty with which Mr. Hoover works) had offered us, and the Holy Virgin, their best substitute, in the *Literary Digest's* photograph of the President!

In the public square we found a final surprise awaiting us, and the entire village gathered to enjoy our pleasure in it. Our motor-car had been literally ensheathed in flowers, hung with veils and garlands of grasses and flowers. There were hurrahs for America and Mr. Hoover, more bouquets thrust into our arms, and then with a hand wave of farewell we were off, and they stood looking after us from the plain where everything is yet to be worked out.

Warsaw lies to the north, halfway between Cracow and Danzig, and quite lacks the appeal of the quaint university town. However, it is a handsome, brilliant city, and as I swung around it again on the burning summer plain, toward its curious towers, and past its shabby suburbs, and finally across the river and through its dusty squalid ghetto hives, and on to the cooler park-relieved residential section, I felt once more its seductive charm, akin to the fascination of a desert city.

This capital is still a uniformed, spur-clicking city. To realize how truly so, one should go to it from Vienna; from the dead civilian city to the dynamic military center.

And to Poland, facing forward means, first of all, facing eastward. Lacking there a natural, logical frontier, either in rivers and mountains, or religion or language, or in economic variation, her eastern boundary is her problem line, her danger line, her patriotism and energy line. And however disquieting to the Allies, she has been since the armistice passionately bent on clearly setting her stakes along it. She sees a safe — though safe can be at best yet but a relative term — she sees a safe eastern frontier as one protected by the buffer states of White Russia and Ukrainia. As we know, the government declared its intention of supporting Ukrainian national aspirations, and its purpose, moreover, to relinquish a section of territory it might have been expected to try to hold, namely that section lying beyond Galicia, between the rivers Zbrucz, Loryn and Styr. How literally Poland would have fulfilled these promises to Ukrainia, remains of course, a question, but there seems no reason to doubt her good faith. The situation bristles with difficulties, but what situation in the troubled Near-East does not? Especially wherever the Allies' blundering hand has sought to resolve it. Among the complicating elements in this particular problem, one of the most serious is the question of Poland's future attitude to the Ukrainians numerous throughout the country districts of her own East Galicia.

The Poland-White Russia relations are less clear than those between Poland and Ukraine; though even there one still looks for a solution. But before the Lithuanian question, recently more hopelessly complicated than ever, the bravest simply throws up his hands. Even the Pole, important as this matter is to him, is apt to say: "Lithuania? That will simply have to work out as best it can. With the far more vital problems of the White Russian and Ukrainian states on our hands, we cannot

now cope with the bewildering intricacies of the Lithuanian situation."

That small territory — after all, it holds but about 5,000,000 people — has been the ground of recent international competition for the position of protecting power and chief encourager of national aspirations, amusing enough to follow, if one has time. On the whole, England seems rather to have won out, since she holds at present a contract for some 35 per cent of the timber output.

The eastern boundary question, though her chief frontier concern, is by no means Poland's only one. There are the thorny plebescite problems, no less than five in number, four of which are to be decided between Germany and herself, and the fifth, a triplicate one, with Tzeko-Slovakia. To these questions she has really not time to devote proper attention, nor can she, unfortunately, rely, as she might wish to, on the wisdom of the allied missions appointed to secure justice in these sections. However, she is practically sure of the most important district in question, that of the immensely valuable coal region of High Silesia, where through long years Germany's education has forged excellent weapons against itself. The western mines of this strongly Polish area (80 to 85 per cent of the population are Poles) produce the precious coke coal, and with these High Silesian fields, and a just share in the Teschen mines, Poland will be able to take her place as the third coal-producing country in Europe, and fourth in the world.

In the Teschen area, despite recurring flurries of feeling and stormy encounters, it seems probable that a satisfactory Polish-Tzeck solution will be reached.

The situation in the north is far less promising, where the loss of the East Prussia, Allenstein and Masuria plebescites seems probable. Its chief significance will be that there cannot, then, be a short direct all-Polish railroad to Danzig. The practical aspects of the plebiscite theory would furnish a sardonically humorous volume.

The Pole, then, has neglected the plebiscite points in order to concentrate on his eastern front, where he has spent his patriotic ardor. No words can measure his *élan*, or the mounting flame of his national aspiration. Whatever we may believe about our ability to analyze or tabulate this force we call patriotism (I found it in Jugo-Slavia making men still willing to die that their children may write "bread" in Cyrillic rather than in Latin letters) all must recognize that it has been a swift and powerful means of unification. The passionate focussing of the determination and hope of a yet inchoate mass of population which for over 150 years has been brutally held apart and subjected to three varieties of slavery has a fusion value of highest importance.

This advantage must be set against the loss in the deflection of energy from vital social and economic and industrial problems, and also from the overwhelming social one of arriving at a safe and just living arrangement with the despised eighth of her population, the Polish Jews, the problem that made my Zurich to Warsaw compartment mate, exclaim suddenly, "Poland is the most discouraging country in Europe!"

It is, naturally, in a short space, impossible to do more than hint at the colossal task Poland faces to-day. Though she has as yet no constitution, she has swiftly set up a democratic structure of government in whose Diet of one Chamber five women sit. The composition of the present Diet (July) is 150 peasants, 100 intellectuals, and 30 workmen, with the great burden of work falling on the 100 intellectuals, among whom most of the committee business must be divided and again and again divided. The new state has, so far, given a remarkable and surely an encouraging demonstration of its power to unite opposing political elements on a common constructive program. The head of the government is the Chief of State, for in name, there is as yet no President. "A republic without a President! What a delightful idea," a well-known dip-

lomat recently remarked: "I had somehow not realized it before, but of course that is the only kind of republic to have!" With their beloved Paderewski, who rendered such signal service in the first months, retired to Switzerland, General Pilsudski has remained the dominating force in Polish policy, and the support of his military policy has been the first concern of the government.

One of the first matters to which the new government had to give its attention was that of establishing a uniform currency. Prior to the deliverance, the present population used, depending upon the occupied zone it inhabited, the Russian rouble, the German mark, the Austrian crown, and later, after Germany recognized Polish independence, the Polish mark. To-day, we find the uniform Polish mark, whose value depends entirely on the government's power to continue as a going concern. The unit of the next currency issue will be a new denomination, the zloty, a revival of an old Polish denomination, and the equivalent of the franc.

Similarly, the inhabitants of each of the three occupied divisions have used distinct law codes. And here consolidation would be a much more complex task, and of doubtful advantage. At present, Poland is actually working under five sets of laws, exclusive of the military code. In Posnania, there are the Imperial German law and the Prussian state law; Congress Poland, including the capital, Warsaw, uses the Napoleonic code; while Galicia has the Austrian code. There is, besides, for all Poland, the set of new laws passed since the present state was founded. But the legal problem of paramount importance which the government faces, is the writing of the Constitution of the new state.

The multiform problems of Poland's resources and industries bewilder and fascinate the student. In passing, one can do little more than name a few of them. Of her seven principal activities, but two are purely industrial, those of the cotton and woolen mills of Lodz — the Man-

chester of Poland — and the woolen mills of Bielostock, the most important center for woolen manufacture in the former Russian Empire. Today, Lodz is operating about one-third of its cotton mills. The other chief resources are either agricultural or mining, or such industries born of the grain and beet fields, as brewing and sugar-making.

Poland has always been considered as preëminently an agricultural country, a grain country, though under the repressive policy of the Russian and Austrian usurpers, including differential customs, she had no chance fully to test her productive capacity. In Posnania alone, where the Germans encouraged agricultural training and development, has the Pole had the opportunity to prove what he can do with his land; and there the result has been signally encouraging. The wheat production ratios in 1910, for instance, stood as 20 (Posnania) to 13 (Congress Poland) to 12.8 (Galicia).

Everywhere I traveled I saw proofs of the importance, not only of the grain fields, but of the younger sugar-beet fields. Unfortunately, some sections of the fields, especially in Galicia, have been devastated, but this industry can soon retrieve its old position and advance beyond it. At the beginning of the war, the greater number of sugar-mills, 49, were in Congress Poland, 46 were in High Silesia, 20 in Posnania, and three in Galicia. Today, though she needs sugar for her own consumption, the young state is exporting it; for to her sugar is gold.

Many Poles believe that, with a just settlement of the western and southwestern boundaries, their country's potential mineral wealth will almost balance its potential agricultural wealth. Whether the future will support this belief or not, it is undisputed that the chief mineral asset promises to make Poland one of the world's great coal-producing countries; and it will hold a very important place in the petroleum world, because of the famous oil region about Boryslaw on the northern slope of the Carpathians, in Galicia. At present, however, only enough

oil is being exported to return first necessities, and of this, France has secured the next three months' output. The development of the pure crystal salt deposits in West Galicia holds big possibilities, as yet unmeasured, because the Austrian policy was to prevent any such development. In East Galicia, there is great wealth, too, in the potassium salt mines, one of the only three known deposits in the world. There is iron ore in Silesia and southwest Congress Poland, but not in conspicuous amounts, which necessitates the importation of iron from Sweden and Russia. The zinc deposits in upper Silesia and Congress Poland are, on the contrary, especially rich.

Timber forms the brightest spot in Poland's present commercial horizon. Its price in the forest, in actual marks, is roughly only two or three times greater than its pre-war price, though it is ten and twelve times that where laid down. However, the foreigner's advantage in exchange overcomes the second increase, so that the demand continues greater than Poland can meet. Her aspen is bought for matches; her fir and spruce for paper pulp; her furniture oak is especially valuable in French, English and Belgian markets, and the pine of her northern forests finds a constant sale. But she has neither railroads nor animals sufficient to get out the quantities she could sell, and besides, she is in desperate need of timber for her own use.

Unfortunately, the development of these vast agricultural and mineral resources can go only hand in hand with the development of an adequate system of transport. And here the task is a staggering one, involving as it does, the building of railways in every direction, of a canal system, and of port facilities. And at every point is the tragic lack of funds to finance such projects. However, already there have been little beginnings. For instance, one hundred Baldwin locomotives have been delivered. To the traveler in the shattered world-area to-day, the figure of Mr. Vauclain of the Baldwin Locomotive Works looms everywhere as a practical and beneficient coöpera-

tor and friend, where friendly coöperation is so direly needed. The government has bought 20,000 railway cars from Austria, and 4900 cars from the surplus stocks of the United States. And one hopes there is truth in the rumor that American capital is committed to sharing in the building of a canal system that will link the Vistula with the Dneiper, which means the Baltic and the Black Seas. Thoroughly discouraged over the Allies' handling of the Danzig port question, the Diet has decided to develop an independent port on the Vistula, on the Polish-Danzig frontier, the Polish port of Tczewo (Dirchan). But all these brave projects cry for money, for energy and time.

That there is an ample supply of intelligence to carry them out, there is no doubt, especially in the engineering and business world of Congress Poland. For experience and training the great development areas of Russia were open to the men of this Russian-ruled territory.

In each of the three regions of the dismembered Poland the Poles have developed a special capacity which they are now contributing to their reunited state. In Posnania they had opportunities, denied elsewhere, for agricultural training, for civic progress, and for the development of the coöperative idea. Posnania has, indeed, been called the cradle of the new state, because the powerful peasant element elsewhere, which would have had little trust in the new Poland to be, if it was to be a Poland ruled by the intellectual group, found confidence in the demonstration in German-ruled Posnania of the power of the properly trained or educated peasant successfully to develop and direct government; Posnania stood for conservative democracy, and was a warrant for confidence in a future democracy. And they set themselves toward achieving it. During the long separation years, Galicia was allowed the use of the Polish language, and was in general permitted more liberty in education than the other sections: so she has, among her other gifts, the particular one of a trained teaching force.

One hesitates to speak in so fragmentary a manner of, or even to refer to, the mighty currents at work over the wide territories of the resurrected Poland, and of their vast potential wealth and the opportunity they offer for intelligent and practical coöperation. When there, one falls under the spell of her vast monotonous plains; one becomes a part of the play of the great forces determining their destiny. Instead of questioning the concentration of thought and energy on the eastern frontier, he concentrates his own thought and hope upon it. He believes in the power of that unanalyzable and supreme emotion, the patriotism of the Pole. He cheers himself with the knowledge of the marvelous potential wealth of the young state; of the past demonstration in each of the three separately enslaved divisions, of an encouraging development — in each according to the opportunity — of an intelligence and ability on which, now reunited, they may depend. He looks to the brilliant leaders that have already arisen, both men and women, and he believes others will appear. He rejoices that through Mr. Hoover's daily feeding of 1,300,000 children, through the constructive work of the Red Cross and Y. W. C. A., and the Jewish Distribution Committee and other organizations, American support has acted as a unifying and stabilizing force, when such an influence was most needed. He cannot contemplate the withdrawal, for some months at least, of such sorely needed encouragement and practical help.

In whatever way the present tangled skein of Russo-Polish relations may be straightened out, there can be no doubt that new Poland is simply an old Poland which has never been dead, however brutally strangled and mutilated. The Poles, whether Russian, Austrian or German ruled, have remained Poles during 150 years of attempts to make them over into something else, and now Poland as a nation and a country has begun in struggle and stress a new history; my belief is that it will be an important history.

Charlotte Kellogg.

THE COUNTER-REVOLUTIONISTS

LOUIS KARASSY walked down the steep hill that leads from a district back of the royal palace in Buda. He was on his way from one momentous interview to another, and the blood flowed swift in his veins. He had just come from an interview with a man whom Louis hoped to see crowned with the Iron Crown of Saint Stephen.

During the brief life of the Communists in Hungary there was a plentiful number of Pretenders. The man Louis wished to see on Hungary's throne had a greater claim to it than many other aspirants. He was said to be a direct descendant of King Bela, and the group of young royalists who supported him called themselves the Sons of Bela.

Louis up to the time of the war, had lived with eyes fixed on Hungary's past, and no disturbing breath of a mechanistic world ever intruded on him. Of what was happening now to Hungary Louis understood nothing. He was a gallant simple lad who had spent the years of his life from eighteen to twenty-two in fighting.

Louis walked down through the silent gray streets where, in his fancy, the red banners dripped down like blood. It was a week-day, but the streets were as empty as though it was a holiday with every one gone to the country. True to their old habit, a few people were walking up on the promenade by the Danube. They wandered to and fro aimlessly, sheep of pleasure without their shepherd, their old amusements lopped from them by the relentless hand of Communism.

Louis turned into the street leading to the Soviet House where the Communist leaders lived. It had been the Hotel Hungaria, a first-class hotel, though even in the hey-dey of its prime a gloomy spot. The four lofty pillars

in front were wound around with scarlet bunting. Red banners were suspended from the windows and hung like red tongues against the gray walls. On either side were machine guns and, sitting beside them, the machine gunners, good-tempered looking boys of Louis's age.

They stopped him. No one could enter the Soviet House without permission. There was a form and a sternness to this which made for dignity. At least, Louis thought, there was not in this Communist Government the levity and vacilation of a republic.

Louis was received at last by an intellectual young Jew who looked ill and starved, and who, while he never stared at Louis, gave the uneasy impression of having minutely registered Louis's every detail.

Exactly how this official conveyed his meaning, Louis could not afterwards tell himself. It was done with masterful finesse and infinite indirection. But as clearly as though he had it flashed to him by semaphore, Louis understood he was to change his room for the purpose of watching the acts of the young man who had been assigned to him as his roommate in one of the newly "proletarianized" houses.

"This work, you understand, it is quite necessary," the official let fall in an accent of apology as Louis left. This was the most direct reference that was made to its tragic nature.

Once out in the street, Louis wondered by what intellectual sleight of hand he had been informed that his new roommate was suspected of belonging to a group of extremists reputed to be prepared to upset the present Government as one of compromise. They were supposed to support Szammuelly as a successor to the mild Bela Kun.

"Two of us!" he thought. "What a joke." He took to wondering who the people could be who looked on Bela Kun as a reactionary. He found it a strange thought that both he and his roommate were working to undermine the present government.

Louis's new room was in what had formerly been a fashionable part of town. Their dwellings had been parcelled out among the refugees who had fled to Budapest at the advance of the Rumanian armies. The janitress recognized Louis's name as belonging to the caste which she had always delighted to serve. She grumbled in his ear that the world had come to a pretty pass when God knows what riffraff was sleeping, yes *sleeping*, in the drawing room of the Herr Gräf!

"See for yourself," she cried. "Not even the drawing room would they leave!"

She flung open the doors. The room was furnished in gilt furniture upholstered in a rich red satin brocade. Large paintings adorned the wall in ugly expensive gold frames. The lusters of the chandeliers were carefully enveloped in cheesecloth and there was netting before the paintings and slips over the furniture. In the midst of this pretentious splendor were two small and meager iron beds set down by the hand of Communism — in the midst of the Count Karem's drawing room.

"And your room is the Herr Gräf's library — thank God they have locked the bookcases and taken the keys away! There is a third gentleman who occupies the bedroom beyond, which the Herr Gräf occasionally used when he worked late."

She was a powerful and impressive woman, a suitable flunky for important personages, and not one of her massive curves or angles but expressed resentment at this dictatorship of the people. She knew how the people should be treated, — they should be kicked if they did not get out of the way of their betters fast enough.

The room was occupied by two young men. One was a man inclined to stoutness with good-humored eyes peering intelligently from behind a wide spectacled lens, with a shock of blonde hair flung back from his high forehead.

"Welcome!" he called out.

The third occupant who was in the shadow, arose and

saluted and cried out in a voice in which joy and surprise fought:

"My Captain!"

"You, Simeon!" cried Louis. "I thought you dead."

"Hey, my friends," jeered the young man with the glasses, "what is all this of captain and saluting; don't you realize that this is a Communist State? Don't you know we are all Comrades?"

They paid no attention to him, lost in their discovery. They prattled on while Andreas Freud pieced out from the bits of history which they threw to him, that Simeon's father had been *haus besorger* for the Karassys, and as boys they had played together. Then had followed the war when Simeon had served as Louis's orderly, and that each had thought the other dead.

"This is like Damon and Pythias, or better yet, Scylla and Charybdis," said Andreas.

"Scylla and Charybdis?" asked Louis.

"The old and the new," Andreas explained, "for you meet, do you not, coming from the ends of the earth? Since you were boys, one of you started east and the other west, and here you are, — equally dangerous to stability."

Simeon met his eyes with a sparkle of swift intelligence, Louis with a smile of inquiry.

"From the ends of the earth?" he asked. "From the east to the west?"

"Look for yourself," said Andreas. With a gesture that carried the charm of impulse he dragged them before the gilt framed pier glass.

They stood there, Louis slender and dark and taller by three inches than Simeon, who was wide-shouldered and deep-chested; Simeon's large head was covered with soft red hair, his near-sighted eyes bulged a little. His full lips were sensitive and sensuous, and there was in his aspect intelligence and intensity.

Freud was older and shorter than either of them, his

face sensitive also, audacity in his gaze, and mulishness in his expression.

"Look at them!" he cried, with a wave of his hand. "The three fanatics! The white and the red and myself."

"You are not a Communist then," inquired Simeon.

"No, my friend, nor a Buddhist. I am a scientist. Systems of government have no interest for me. They are irrelevant to the serious business of life."

"Which is?" asked Louis politely. He had liked Freud on sight and wanted to hear him talk.

"Which is the conquest of nature. As reasonable men, I ask you what other thing is important to the human race? By what other means does it advance? Certainly not by government."

Simeon did not hear. He too had been yesterday at the Soviet House, and he had been told to watch the young man who was to room with him, since he was suspected of counter-revolutionary activities. Now he found that this roommate was his friend Louis Karassy and this thought shut out all else. He was here to spy on his friend.

"Come," Freud cried genially, "Let us celebrate the forming of this quaint household. My aunt, God bless her, has a piece of meat and some wine. She told me to bring home some hungry boys."

They walked along the ordered streets. The flags of red flayed themselves into one's brain. There was a solemnity about these flags which made the tricolors of other nations seem like the trivial decorations of a girl's dress.

"God, what streets!" cried Freud. "What a life! You know, my friends, how Communism came to be? The God of Abraham mated with the bitter God of the Puritans and the offspring of this unnatural union was Communism."

"You don't approve, then, of the cleaning up of Budapest?" asked Simeon seriously, for in common with many young Jews, the vice of the rich has always been a stench in his nostrils.

"I cannot say," said Andreas, "that after a day's hard work in the laboratory to be met with a sumptuary law on every street corner cheers me. I am but human, Comrade. I like swank and sparkle and glitter even though I know it is meretricious. One likes to know that one can have pleasure for the asking. A man of my profession needs at least the notion of relaxation."

"Pleasures have to take the back seat while society is being reconstructed on a reasonable basis," said Simeon sententiously.

"You are barking up the wrong tree, my friend. You think it is the social system that is at fault. Cure it and we have Utopia. You're wrong. What is the matter with the world is human nature; men have never been able to agree on any course of action. Look at us: We are of the same nationality and generation, and we can agree on nothing."

"But there must be some fundamental theories on which we agree," Simeon protested.

"There would be if you admit what most of you forget — that man's only real business is to get a living, and that it is to be got, in the last analysis, by raising plants and procuring animals and finding minerals such as man can use, — not by brokerage, or interest or by speech making, or by divergent systems of government. Neither Bela Kun nor Karolyi, neither a king nor a parliament in the place of Bela Kun will cure society."

In the bright mirror of Andreas' skepticism all the interests for which Simeon was striving and for which he was willing to die, seemed like the playthings of children.

Simeon believed in the extermination of all the enemies of the people. He believed that by a fruitless compromise with any element of the bourgeoisie the Revolution would be sacrificed. His life in his own eyes was as nothing, nor were the lives of others. He did not want bloodshed; but bloodshed in his mind was inevitable. This was a philos-

ophy which, if it were to be tenable, had to be as sure on its foundations and as fixed as the stars in their orbits. Now the disintegrating reasonableness of Andreas had made Simeon question.

"You must admit that Communism is an advance on the capitalistic system," Simeon would persist.

"How do I know?" Andreas returned. "I have not seen it tried under normal circumstances. Probably its greatest defect is its idealism. It pre-supposes voluntary and harmonious coöperation."

"You seem not to have a high belief in human nature."

"God!" cried Andreas, "Why should I? One of the few things which one needs no laboratory to prove is the vileness of the human animal. At every dinner time in Budapest you can prove the hideous cupidity of man on the one hand, and his savage cruelty on the other by what we will not be able to get to eat. And I assure you if we do not get more, the flu, which is raging, will get us."

There was something about Andreas blithely disintegrating. He belonged to another time and to another world. It was as though he were a visitor from a serener future. He did not argue, he asserted. It was his equable security that so disturbed Simeon.

What further disturbed him was his acquaintance with Louis. Under the old régime he had never seen Louis closely. He had seemed like a dashing splendid young lord of creation. Stripped by Communism, Louis was only a romantic boy, strayed out of the age of the Crusade with enough stupid integrity to attempt turning back the hand of time. In this modern world he was helpless. Simeon no longer admired Louis; he pitied him, and his pity bred love.

So Simeon became a prey of the two destructive forces — love and doubt; doubt in a better tide invaded Simeon. He knew that he should find out more about Louis, yet from day to day he put it off, from day to day he shrank back from any further knowledge of his friend.

"I must decide," he repeated to himself. "I must decide." His conflict drove him from the house. He walked through the stern order of the quiet streets, and he felt as though the posters made a pattern like a kaleidoscope before him and as though the red banners were tongues red with the blood which they had licked up. A distrust of himself rushed over him in a black nausea.

"Truth!" he said to himself. "I must have the truth!" He demanded it of the universe, of Andreas, of the red flags. He walked along the Danube where a discontented, aimless crowd, the meaningless flotsam of war and revolution, ebbed and flowed like refuse in a tepid tide. Success depended in some measure on these supine jellyfishes. They were very numerous.

It seemed to Simeon as though Andreas Freud was walking invisible beside him saying:

"Consult history, Simeon, you can read. Look back and see the fight over religious opinions; it bathed the world in blood for centuries. Chimera fought chimera. I assure you that the fight whether man shall live under Capitalism or Communism is as unimportant."

To this Simeon responded aloud:

"Exploitation must die!"

"You have a dictatorship of the people. Well, what then? The workman has power, he is well paid, but he still has the dirty work to do, and I assure you he must do plenty of it if the state of Hungary is to survive; do monotonous work, and this is the true exploitation of the human spirit. What is to prevent his saying, 'Well, this is a hell of a dictatorship.'" His voice buzzed this last venomously.

Everything was now black before Simeon's eyes. He felt weak with the weakness of his long and slow starvation. He could not see the people who walked beside him, but he could feel them; they flowed past like a heavy sullen river. He heard Freud's voice buzzing insistently:

"For a complete change of the system you must wait for the scientists: we hold the ultimate key."

Thin and penetrating came Andreas' voice — it came mockingly:

"There is an immense force with which you have not grappled. I know it, for I belong to it. It is the middle class. It hates good music, good art, good architecture. It is ignorant, greedy, petty; but it had the might of millions — millions of krone and millions of people, and it is tenacious of every possession."

Presently Simeon was home. He walked up the stairs as though out of a dark fog. He sat down limply and looked out upon the peaceful garden, transfigured in the moonlight. Then as he sat there it seemed to him that he looked out upon life as through a crystal ball.

He saw men planting and reaping. He saw them in the bowels of the earth, toiling; he saw them fight the hot blasts of furnaces hammering on metal; he saw them weaving tissues and fabrics, and carving objects from wood and working upon precious metals.

All these things which they made converged always to a market place where the people also sold what they had made. Always they made these things to sell that they might buy other things in exchange. Every man sold something that he might buy something with the gold which he had wrought. The earth was full of it, there was no end to it.

Birth and death, love and hate, waited upon selling and buying. War was only the hand-maid and servant of this great game, this pervading traffic which went on without ceasing. Mosque and market place, market place and mosque. They spanned life between them.

Again like the whining of a bee came the voice of Andreas Freud.

"This is the truth, my friend, that you see at last. *Getting more is what fills men's lives* — nothing but getting more. You limit this. You presuppose that men will

work voluntarily for the common good. Consider, I beg of you, what you are requiring of poor, paltry human nature."

Behind him some one had come in. He walked with noisy footsteps that shattered Simeon's vision. It was Freud. He seemed twice his usual size. Simeon got up.

He held on to himself because he had something which he felt was of intense importance which he must tell Andreas. — "You were right when you said — "

" I was right when I said that you have a high fever," Freud answered.

Then for some time Simeon knew no more. Influenza had him; for a moment at rest, there was nothing now he could do. He could delay decision. At last he was well enough to go out into the sunshine again, and again doubt began to wear on him.

He was saved again from his torment of doubt.

An opportunity presented itself for Louis to leave for Vienna. The mission was a dangerous and delicate one. The man who undertook it would be marked. He would be permitted to go only that he might be watched. Louis volunteered.

As Louis was leaving Simeon walked out of the house with him. He had come to a partial decision. In the isolation of the square Simeon said in a low voice:

"Comrade, do not return to Budapest."

Louis turned upon him and they exchanged a long look.

At first Vienna seemed to Louis a land of lost content. Money could buy something again, and Louis was hungry. He went to see his aunt Helena. She was living in a magnificent apartment. She embraced him fondly.

"Heavens!" she cried. "How thin you look, my boy."

She was a woman of middle age and still handsome, with beautiful dark eyes, and she was fighting a losing and tragic battle with time. This was no new thought to Louis. He had often heard good-natured laughter about

Helena's unwillingness to yield to the implacable inroads of her unseen adversary.

In the urgencies of today's affairs the sight of her appalled Louis. There was something wrong in making up one's face so meticulously when the last trump is blowing.

"When," she wailed, "are we going to see an end to this? Tell me about the executions, Louis! They say no one is safe. I fear so for you, my boy."

"She wants me to tell her about corpses popping into the Danube like schooling porpoises," he thought.

There was a silence.

"Louis, did you get my letter?"

"Yes, Aunt Helena," he replied dutifully.

"Well, is it safe?" she asked eagerly.

"Is what safe?" asked Louis.

His aunt wrung her hands.

"He asks 'is what safe?'" she cried to the universe. "I wrote you didn't I? You got my letter, my child. I wrote you to go and find out if the vandals had made off with my Sèvres. You cannot mean you've neglected that! Why, Louis, the Sèvres is priceless!"

His Cousin Linda Karassy came in.

"Louis, our unfortunate country — tell me about!" she cried. "Is it true that there is a filthy rabble sleeping in our house?" She was exquisitely groomed, perfection in every detail. In appearance she and his aunt differed very little from the women who had remained behind. But it seemed to Louis as though adversity had ennobled these others. He liked to think that there was a dignified serenity in their acceptance of the inevitable. Then he remembered that Budapest was full of elderly ladies of more or less noble lineage who spent their days and nights in telling one another of their past glories and lying about how much jewelry the Communists had stolen from them.

These were his people. It was to reinstate these that there was to be a counter-revolution. To please such

women Simeon had to die. He went away abruptly. He passed the day in business and in the evening he had supper with some of his friends. In the air was talk of compromise. If you couldn't get one king, well then another form of government would do. What Louis understood with luminous clarity was what they wanted — their privileges. In the end they all got drunk and danced around a table, shouting, "Hang Bela Kun! Hang Bela Kun!" Louis went away with disillusion enthroned in his heart.

As he lay in his bed sleepless that night it seemed to him that he was alone in the world with his friend who was to have been King of Hungary. He saw them as through the disillusioned and humorous eyes of Andreas Freud, and as though this king was only a follower of the great Quixote, and the Sons of Bela a force of young and well born Sanchos. There was something wrong with almost all of them, and what was wrong with them was that they had relatives like his Aunt Helena.

There were hundreds of these ladies, yes, thousands, who all wanted to know what had become of their Sèvres or their jewels. Women who moaned, "But what shall we *do?* There won't be any jewels! There won't be any servants!"

Louis did not see the kingdom of Hungary, for which he was willing to die, in terms of elderly painted ladies moaning about the absence of servants.

This searing hate, this appetite for horror, these prancing drunken young men shouting "Hang Bela Kun," — they meant one thing. White Terror was what they meant, and he saw this terror as a questing animal, an animal with a deformed face which resembled his Aunt Helena's, a blind face, a-slaver with blood.

Suddenly he saw his revolution as something inglorious, blood-spilled, so that pretty greedy women might get back their priceless Sèvres. And because he was still weak from his fever, and because he had been partly

starved for a long time, his disillusion stabbed him to the heart and he threw himself on his bed and wept.

Next day he walked along the Ring-Strasse to discuss certain matters in private with one of his friends.

"Oh, by the way," the friend remarked, "the accomplice of Szammuely, who was living with you has been arrested, hasn't he?"

"Arrested — accomplice" — Louis began.

"He must be denounced to the Commissar of Justice at once. You haven't found out anything about him, but he may have found something out about us — and anyway — he has seen us together."

It flashed through Louis's mind, "If I don't go back myself to warn him, they will kill Simeon. I must go back. He warned me. They may kill me, but I must do what I can for him."

"I'm going back tomorrow," Louis answered. His friend raised his eyebrows.

"You know the risk you run?"

Louis nodded. He no longer cared. Life had lost its savor. The thing for which he had been living did not exist. He had seen himself as he was, as Freud saw him, as Simeon saw him and he felt that there was no longer any room for him in the world.

He went back to Budapest by motor. The city had an ominous quiet. Rumor was flying from mouth to mouth. Other forces had been disintegrating the Bela Kun government. The Trade Unionists, with Peidl at their head, were stronger counter-revolutionaries than any Royalists, and Hunger was their ally, and there was food at hand for a compromise government.

Freud was radiant.

"Now," he cried, "we may have the promise of a little stability. The middle class, God bless it, has faults, but it has certain elements of basic good sense. My dear friends, both of your little experiments have two little defects — the people were not for it and the Entente was against it."

Their household was broken up. Almost as though by magic, the Graf, the Gräfin and their three plain daughters arrived complaining. The government proceeded to fulfill the terms of armistice which was to recall its victorious troops. The victorious Red Guards were turned into straggling bands. They were now no longer soldiers, but disgruntled men without employment.

The Rumanians advanced. And while the Entente made futile gestures to stop them, the victorious Rumanian troops were in Budapest streets.

The ill-fated moderate government of Peidl lasted but a week. The Arch Duke Frederick succeeded it — it was rumored — with the help of the Rumanians. The hunt of the Communists began, and Louis sheltered Simeon in his home.

One day they met Andreas Freud on the corner of the Wilhelm Strasse. Together they walked along the street. As if by magic, the dripping blood-red flags had vanished. The city was transformed overnight. It was as if a stern and war-like woman whose virtue and whose courage alike were unassailable, had overnight gone mad and become a wanton.

Wine was being sold again, people were getting drunk. Where had they come from, the women, flaunting their painted bloodless faces on the Budapest streets? And through it all stalked the White Terror. And through it all rioted the joy of killing. It seemed as if some ghastly, blood-stained carnival were in progress.

Everywhere Rumanian troops were swaggering down the streets; dark, handsome men playing the part of victor with the naïve abandon of children.

The three former roommates tried to talk together naturally. But at last there burst from Freud:

"My God, I can't bear their insolence!"

Louis looked at the ground. He could not bear it either. Despair had his heart in its hand. They were all silent again until at last Freud spoke with slow bitterness.

"It is my middle class that has done this, damn them! Neither the Communists nor your people, Comrade Karassy, would have withdrawn victorious troops, neither the Communists nor your people would have gone whining for bread to the Entente like hungry curs."

"They have not taken your laboratory from you, you can work," Simeon reminded him. "The government does not matter to you."

"They have taken worse," said Andreas Freud. "They have taken my peace of mind, for I see the faces of the Rumanians in my sleep. In my sleep I see them looting and thieving and taking from us even the little that we have."

A Rumanian officer, walking ahead of them, turned abruptly.

"I heard you," he said. "You are under arrest. A woman in Debrezcen got fifty lashes for less than that."

Freud's heart had become light. "Come on, Comrades!" he cried. "Here is something at last on which we agree." He leaped on the officer with his bare hands, the others following. In the sudden fury of his assault he had overpowered the officer. Before a shot was fired he had the supreme joy of feeling his hands at his throat. Shots rang out; the Rumanian guard hurried up.

"What is it?" they asked looking at the three figures lying motionless on the pavement.

"They attacked me with their bare hands," the officer muttered. His tunic was awry and torn at the neck. "If you hadn't come they would have killed me. They jumped at me — " He had not yet recovered from the surprise of it.

They looked at the three young men curiously. It seemed incredible that any one should value life so lightly as to attack armed men without arms.

"Fanatics," he pronounced at last. "Communists!"

Mary Heaton Vorse.

POT GOLD

(To Robert Frost)

THE pot of gold at the rainbow end
is a pot of mud, gold mud,
slippery shining mud.

Pour it on your hair and you will
have a golden hair.
Pour it on your cat and you will
have a golden cat.
Pour it on your clock and you will
have a golden clock.

Pour it on a dead man's thumb and
you will have a golden thumb
to bring you bad dreams.
Pour it on a dead woman's ear and
you will have a golden ear
to tell hard luck stories to.
Pour it on a horse chestnut and you
will have a golden buckeye
changing your luck.

Pour it in the shape of a holy cross,
give it to me to wear on my shirt,
and I will have a keepsake.
I will touch it and say a prayer for you.

Carl Sandburg.

AIMS IN COLLEGE EDUCATION [1]

MY excuse for reviewing a subject as familiar as important is merely the hope of bringing a new point of view. In college teaching I am both an insider and an outsider, or, frankly to confess the worst of myself, several sorts of each. Beginning at Williams College as a teacher of English literature in elective courses, I soon drifted into that immense organization that teaches collegiate French. That meant wholesale divisional work — the hard labor of the profession. In six years I wearied of such well-doing and escaped into New York journalism. There followed ten years of writing on politics, letters, and art, at the end of which time I completed a vicious academic circle by accepting a professorship in art at Princeton, retaining certain journalistic relations. Such episodes as foreign residence and an obscure eighteen months in the American Navy, where sometimes my associates were men almost without letters, may have helped to abate the professor in me. I mention a record vagrant enough, and perhaps in these days of specialization inherently discreditable, because it after all has left me in the college but not wholly of it. And if the taunt be true that your best critic of painting is a *peintre manqué*, then I may fairly claim a favored position as a critic of the aims and works of my academic betters.

My total impression gained from fourteen years of college teaching is cheerful rather than satisfactory. May I sum it up as follows, premising that the remarks apply to a region on the nether side of the watershed between undergraduate seriousness and unseriousness — the New England and Middle Atlantic States. I have found that a faithful professor may hope to do much

[1] An address to the Phi Beta Kappa of Cincinnati, Ohio, delivered April 15, 1910.

good to a few students, that he may so conduct himself as to do no palpable harm to the rest, and that they all quite apart from lectures and classes do a lot of good to each other. My first misgivings as to the results of collegiate education came in newspaper days when I met familiarly hundreds of college alumni. As a class they seemed to me to possess, in Matthew Arnold's fine sense, only the barbaric virtues. They were well-groomed, forthright, effective, companionable men, but quite indifferent to the things of the mind. In their agreeable barbaric way they were highly trained; educated they were not. Their minds had settled comfortably within those limits which the American gentleman imposes upon himself. In later years I felt that perhaps half of our Eastern college graduates get out of their four years at college no more nor less than could be got, given the same company, out of a summer of Plattsburg Camps. It does not behoove a pioneer graduate of Plattsburg to speak lightly of his military Alma Mater. Indeed as a school of the indispensable barbaric virtues, it is incomparable. My real point is simply that many college graduates could get cheaply and swiftly at Plattsburg or its equivalent the moral and social training which at college requires four years of time and some thousands of dollars. So for years I have felt that while the colleges were doing good, they were doing so with enormous wastefulness of effort on the part of the faculty, of time on the part of the student, and of money on the part of parents and trustees.

I was perfectly aware that the difficulty could be smiled away. So can anything by a sufficiently beamish person. An impossible woman once smiled clear through my senior oration on Jonathan Swift as an Exemplar of the Literary Misanthropy of the Eighteenth Century. I have heard at no less a solemnity than a Johns Hopkins commencement thoughtless girls giggling at the reading of the topic of a doctor's thesis, namely — The Effect of

Methyl Alcohol on the Isolated Mammalian Heart. Smiling, then, settles nothing that wants thinking out. Only an emeritus professor can repeat with gusto the late Professor Lounsbury's laudation of the student's lifesaving resistance to useful knowledge. And even an emeritus professor might hesitate to emphasize Emerson's dictum that the professors call boys to college in order that they may educate themselves. Acccordingly while I have often smiled over the existing collegiate situation, I have also tried to think it out.

Year by year the conviction has grown that our trouble is lack of a central aim. We do not know what we should teach our students, nor yet what may be reasonably expected of them after they have been taught. Meanwhile, to conceal our essential aimlessness, we pursue confusedly a variety of minor, competitive and largely imcompatible aims. Before discussing the aims under which the college is actually working today, an anomaly on the side of results should be noted. Our college degrees imply absolutely nothing about the knowledge possessed by their holders. What does an American A. B. know? It would be very hazardous to answer that question specifically. He may know almost anything, and he may know almost nothing. Nor is this due to our great diversity of courses under the group or elective system. You might painfully investigate the twenty courses or credits the individual student has absorbed for his degree, and still be far from knowing his available store of learning on graduation. He would be aghast and offended at such questions as, Do you know mathematics? Any ancient language and literature? Any modern language and literature? Any considerable period of history? His mind doesn't work in greater branches of human knowledge, but in far smaller units called courses, which half year by half year he has duly passed, and in the poet's expressive words "shoved behind him." Once finding a student

could not read French in my art course, though he had taken courses in the subject for several years, I asked him what he knew after these prolonged studies. He answered unhesitatingly that he knew French literature. The case is precious as showing the very working of the average undergraduate mind. My pupil of course had formerly known the French language, in school, but having passed it on entering college, had dismissed it from mind and memory while pursuing the less taxing courses in French literature. Clearly when a great variety of courses are pursued by our undergraduates and most courses forgotten within a few months, it will be impossible to answer the question, What does a college-educated man actually know? I suppose most alumni and many professors would resent the blunt question. Our academic tree is unwilling to be known by its scholastic fruit.

On the part of a Spanish or Italian professor or bachelor of arts or what not, there would be no such feeling. The question would seem unreasonable only because it was assumed that everybody knew the answer. Every bachelor of arts, letters or sciences would possess respectively much the same body of knowledge. To a professor in these Latin regions it would seem derisory to hold that a student had got substantial benefit from studies he had promptly forgotten. If a student has studied Greek, he knows it; if a modern language, he can read it fluently and probably speak it a little; if mathematics, he can use them. The State sees to it that he does know what he has studied, by subjecting him to thorough and comprehensive examinations before giving him his degree. If he failed, it would be useless for him to protest that his professors had duly granted him twenty credits for courses satisfactorily completed, or to plead that he had known at the proper moments the subjects required for the baccalaureate examinations, but now no longer knew them. In short the European academic tree expects

nothing else than to be known by its scholastic fruits. The practical convenience of the European educational situation as compared with ours requires no argument. The three standard degrees correspond to three distinct trainings, in the humanities including classics, in the newer humanities, and in mathematics and science. Every year thousands of young men of tested and known attainment offer themselves for the callings for which their training has fitted them. Without being specifically vocational, the European collegiate education admirably meets the needs of the vocations. In comparison our system is an anarchy. Our degrees have no sure connotation, our vocations can merely guess at the actual qualifications of applicants from our colleges.

That our topsyturveydom has compensating advantages of a moral and social order may readily be maintained. Certainly a wholesale imitation of the European plan is not to be considered. We should rather seek an equal clarity of aims and efficiency of methods along the line of our own tradition and needs. The difficulty, I am certain, is not with our students, but with the way we treat them. In part simple administrative reforms would tell us what our students know. We need only add to the examinations on courses, broader examinations on entire subjects. We are the only civilized nation that does not impose such tests, and our colleges did hold annual examinations up to about fifty years ago. Harvard has reintroduced general examinations, and the move is a wise one. But so obvious a reform takes us only a little way in the right direction. The trouble lies deeper. If our students are far less serious in their studies than those of Europe, it is because we their teachers give them less to be serious about. The French *lycéen* respects the system because he sees it is based on coherent ideals. Our student quite rightly declines to take seriously the mere show of a system which shifts and totters under the successive impact

of ideals at once conflicting and incoherent. The same students show an extraordinary industry and contentment in officers' camps, ensign schools, and in the professional schools generally. Their indifference or discontent in the college corresponds with the certainty of nemesis to the hesitation and confusion in the minds of most college professors and administrators. We don't know precisely why we are teaching them, nor yet what we should teach them, and they, with the sure divination of youth for force and sincerity, know we don't know.

Having feeble aims of our own, we make the best terms we may with the strong aims that beset our college gates. The students themselves, the alumni, most trustees, know exactly what they want of the Eastern college. They want it to be a finishing school, an opportunity for campus life. Since the poorest students are those who profit most by campus life, things must be made easy for them. If you drop an idle freshman, you may be unwarily depriving your alumni roll of a great evangelist or of a corporation president. The job of the faculty then is flexibly to uphold mild standards which, while exceptionally permitting the pursuit of scholarship, shall not unduly obstruct the joyous self-development of successive generations of young gentlemen, who study with something less than ease. All Eastern colleges are constantly under pressure to accept this aim. It will soon be felt strongly throughout the country.

I am the last man to decry the ideal of making the gentleman. Oxford and Cambridge have long given it countenance in that merciful dispensation known as the Pass Degree. But the English universities, while living on the pass men, do not regard them as their jewels. Their pride is in their honor men. They would be appalled at the thought of graduating only pass men, of failing to challenge superior diligence and intelligence by fitting tests. We have so far out-Englished the

English that all our college graduates, with the negligible exception of those who have taken special examinations for honors, are pass men. Our highest honor men are merely such as have done pass work brilliantly. In short we let our poor students set the pace for the best. The remedy is such honor schools as Harvard has recently instituted, and Princeton and Columbia have attempted organizing. As to making the gentleman, it is a process that will take care of itself. Our task as college teachers and administrators is to keep our heads against alarmist agitation in influential quarters. Let us oppose to the panic fear that campus life will wane, the robust faith that it will flourish mightily despite all scholastic obstacles of our framing. Let us regard a good fellow dropped for cause, not so much as a loss to the campus but as one more gentleman restored with special expedition to the wide, wide world.

Indeed the college, instead of furtively resisting as best it may the dogma of the almost unlettered gentleman, might well make definite terms with it after the British precedent. Let us concede that while four years spent mostly in rubbing one's shoulder against college walls is an unjustifiable waste of time, two years might profitably so be spent. Give the undergraduate two years under the old system, to loaf and invite his soul, thereafter require him to cease loafing, and invite his mind. The late President Harper invented a degree, Associate in Arts, the usefulness of which might be indefinitely extended. It was to be taken voluntarily at the end of the second year. I would propose conferring it imperatively upon all passed Sophomores whose work gave no assurance that they could or would spend their two upperclass years in work of honor grade. And I believe if we applied the standard strictly, the mortality, always considerable midway in the undergraduate path, would not be inordinately increased. What is necessary is to stop the undignified running fight between college

faculties and their alumni and students by a fixed and reasonable treaty of peace — the terms naturally to be dictated by the faculty.

But, as usual, the more formidable foes are those of our own household. As all the old clear educational values vanished in a haze of relativity, and the great romantic, President Eliot, persuaded us that the student was properly the captain of his own academic fate — as the old ideals of general culture vanished, a new and potent ideal entered and dominated the collegiate confusion, namely, the ideal of vocationalism. It is the single living academic ideal today. Its exponents have behind them the weight of conviction, and those who are by no means convinced of its universal validity have been constrained to grasp at it as the only practical offset to the theory of making the almost unlettered gentleman. With the vocational idea in itself, there should be no quarrel. Most people must take short cuts to their work in the world. All intelligent makers of such short cuts, from the wizard who develops your will power in three lessons to the correspondence schools which will make you a mining engineer in twenty, deserve well of the republic. But the moment the liberal college engages to provide such short cuts, it is untrue to its genius, challenges impossible competitions, and imperils its very existence. As a matter of fact the vocational pressure is constant. Harvard long ago yielded to it in the matter of time, permitting graduation in three years, and Columbia soon thereafter paid more dearly yet in studies, allowing admission to her professional schools at the end of the Junior year. This was as much as to admit that for a professional man, a quarter, and the best quarter, of a liberal education is superfluous. In various ways all the colleges are yielding to this pressure. Having no clear idea of what is necessary for all liberally educated young men, the college, as represented by dean or advisor, particularizes the prob-

lem — discovers that the student is headed towards law or medicine or banking, and prescribes jurisprudence, biology or finance. From the point of view of one who believes in liberal education, this is a homeopathic heresy of the rankest sort. What the lawyer really needs to quicken his imagination and liberate him from his shop, is letters, science, mathematics; what the budding doctor really needs is letters, art, history, and the unbiological sciences; what the prospective banker needs is letters, history, art, and science. To admit any other theory is eventually to undermine the colleges and to debase the learned professions themselves. Since Plato's time until yesterday, nobody has questioned that the business of liberal education is precisely to furnish the information and inspiration that the vocational life is unlikely to afford. If this be not true, the college has little excuse for being. The professional schools may fairly claim its later years, and the preparatory schools will not long be denied the lower years, while both professional and preparatory schools may carry the college down with them, leaving the convinced exponents of intensive vocational training, the correspondence schools, in sole and justified possession of the field. Such is the danger — a Bolshevism of higher education in the name of economy and efficiency. We professors are playing the vocationalist's game today, not from conviction, but because we have no equally clear formula to oppose to his.

The only competing ideal that I see today is that of social service. It is that which drives two-thirds of our undergraduates into very recent history, contemporary politics, recent economics, latter-day finance. They feel that thereby they are equipping themselves for service, taking the world's measure. I have noted hordes of enthusiastic and eminently undiligent students endeavoring to enhance their social sympathy and strengthen their minds by personally conducted tours

to epileptic villages. I would give something for the opinion of the epileptics on their young visitors. I do not question the educational value of these studies in themselves. Only from the point of view of liberal education these would be studies for men intending to lead guarded lives apart from the active world — for scholars, teachers, men of letters. Nor do I fail to see the element of generosity in the ideal of social service. Only I see that the ideal is actually often reducible to a vague and undirected sympathy. The business of a college should be to show the man who wishes to serve, first what service he is competent to render, next what sort of service the world needs. This informing act of criticism I seldom see. And perhaps these necessary lessons are better learned, and these delicate adjustments better made, in the face of practice. Perhaps the servant of society will be all the more serviceable when the time comes, if we do not prematurely define his own vision of his function and reduce the great world to categories acceptable to the undergraduate mentality. Again the ideal of services imposes itself unduly, not merely because of its warmth and magnanimity, but because we professors have nothing better to put in its place. We shall be liberated from partial ideals only by attaining to some ideal which is really comprehensive.

I think the finer ideal exists, indeed that it has existed for centuries, is only temporarily obscured, and may be recovered. So much to assure you that I shall not interminably play the ungracious rôle of destructive critic of my own profession. But before we approach constructive theory, it is necessary to achieve a practical view of the position of the college in the far larger world of education. I feel we shall get nowhere until we admit with complete candor that a liberal education is a luxury. Such it has always been, such it remains. It is properly accessible only to a few who command either exceptional leisure or exceptional abilities. The college does its

peculiar work alongside a dozen other equally worthy educational institutions, mostly vocational. It does not compete with them, it directly supplements them and incidentally aids them. It has its own aims, which are not immediately practical, vocational, or material. It is even willing to reduce the practical efficiency of some of its alumni for good cause.

A charming story is told of Frederick the Great by the French critic Stendhal, who had it from a hearer of the royal utterance. Stendhal writes, "The king, having learned that the foreign sovereigns blamed his taste for literature, said one day to the diplomatic corps united at an audience, 'Tell your masters that if I am less a king than they I owe it to the study of letters.'" In the spirit of this saying I should like to see inscribed over our college portals:

"Generous Youth! Enter at your peril. We may so quicken your imagination as to bring you loss as the world counts it. There may be a great inventor in you now, there may be only a poet in you when you leave us; the captain of industry in you may give place to some obscure pursuit of philosophy; you are literary, we shall leave you forever incapable of best-sellers; you are philanthropic, we may develop the detached critic in you; you are politically shrewd and practical, we may bring out the utopian visionary in you. For our values are not those of the world of work, with which we can only incidentally help you to make terms, — our values are those of the world of thought. We shall make you contemporary of all ages, and since you must after all live in this age, such extension of your interest and imagination may make you an exile in your own day and place. We offer you no material reward of any sort for your effort here, we may even diminish the rewards you would enjoy if you kept away from us. We offer you nothing but what we ourselves most treasure — the companionship of the great dreamers and thinkers.

Enter if you dare. Should you enter, this college will be indeed to you Alma Mater. All that we have shall be yours."

Does not the meaning of collegiate education emerge from this fantastic inscription? In the simplest words the aim of college training is orientation, and only that. Our task is to give the student his bearings. To sketch vividly for him the high roads of mental endeavor, and help him to find his own place and path. But to do this we must first know ourselves what has been central in past thought, and what promises centrality in the future. Above all we must liberate the student from near-sighted and mean views. And while teaching him to find and assert main values in the life of thought and action, we must also teach him to hold such judgments with flexibility, knowing the magnitude of the thing judged, and the limits of any individual capacity. Thus we shall wish for our students both the audacities and the modesties of the mind. The whole matter has been admirably set forth by the best educated man I have ever been privileged to know — the late John La Farge. He writes:

"The noblest of all the gifts of the great institutions of learning is a certain fostering of elevation of mind. It is not so much by what he knows that the man brought under the trainings of the great academies is marked; it is by his acquaintance with the size of knowledge; with, if I may say so, the impossibility of completing its full circle; with the acquaintance of the manners of enlarging his boundaries; with the respect for other knowledge than his own; with a certain relative humility as compared with the narrower pride of him who knows not the size of the spaces of the world of knowledge."

La Farge's statement of the scope of academic education would have seemed indisputable up to the Civil War or thereabouts. The colleges simply gave students their bearings, offered for purposes of orientation some-

thing of the main branches of knowledge as then understood, put their student in touch with the human endeavor in literature, mathematics, the natural sciences, philosophy, and history. They gave some grudging acknowledgment to the claims of the modern literatures. They felt that men trained in the classics of Greece and Rome would incidentally be oriented towards the classics of England, France, Italy and Germany. And the event justified that confidence. The generations that groaned under imposed Homer and Horace were better read in English literature, if diaries and publishers' lists mean anything, than the present generation which is being personally conducted by our academic Thomas Cooks to the contemporary novel and the recent stage. The merits of the old system were, to be sure, largely traditional. The colleges still taught, confessedly by sample, that sum of knowledge, — *omne scibile* — which had been the ideal of the old Trivium and Quadrivium. Doubtless there was bad teaching, as there has been at all times. Mark Hopkinses are as rare as Abelards. And the students of nearly a century ago were not always mindful of their advantages. They never have been. In 1839 one of the literary societies at Williams College solemnly resolved that the curriculum does not tend to develop the mental powers. Against this we may set the grateful utterance of David Wells, later the famous economist, who graduated from Williams in 1847. Only eight years after that damaging resolution of no confidence, he writes:

"I believe I have gained some facility in directing and fixing my powers on a specific object. . . I can look longer and steadier than I could four years ago. I have not richly freighted my ship, but I trust I have acquired some little skill in managing its helm and sails, I know where the freight is, where my course lies, where the rocks are hid, and I humbly hope I may reach the port towards which I steer."

Could there be a clearer or richer perception that the aim of a college education is just orientation, than this Williams senior had seventy-three years ago?

How the American college lost this lucid and eminently practical ideal is a somewhat melancholy story which here need be touched only in outline. Within Darwin's generation, knowledge seemed to ramify infinitely. Each subdivision imposed itself as a division. Thus the conception of a whole region of knowledge got confused with that of so many courses on the smaller townships and bailiwicks. These scholastic subdivisions soon became vocationally useful and could further magnify claims originally excessive. The *omne scibile* was no longer the simple and compact thing it had been, but a various, shifting, growing and confusing thing. It became bewildering and unmanageable, just as the new industrial order was beginning to become unmanageable from its swift expansion; or democracy itself from the creation of new problems and the influx of a variegated world of new immigrants with citizens' rights. And the emergency of the sixties caught the colleges a little numb in their tradition. The *omne scibile* had been so long defined for them that they were staggered at the sudden need of redefining it for themselves. The necessary work of criticism and selection was evaded in favor of vague enthusiasms.

Meanwhile President Gilman at Johns Hopkins had been working out the classic compromise between the Wayland-Eliot formula of free election and the old ideal of a well-balanced, imposed curriculum. Enter the group system. It is not unfair to a revered memory to say that the animus of the group system was negative as regards the mediocre student. The theory was that if you tied your courses up into coherent bundles, almost any bundle will be a good enough choice. The elective system is to be made foolproof. Your student who has early developed a vocation will know what

group to take, while the student who chooses casually will, getting a considerable body of coherent teaching, be none the worse off. Between 1890 and 1905 the group system took possession of the colleges, and, I suppose, still has the approval of most faculties. Naturally the colleges are under pressure to give up the rather slight requirements they have ventured to retain.

Such is the present uneasy equilibrium, and we are today hardly better off with the group system than we were with its predecessors. What has actually happened is that the students flock into the historical, economic and English groups. Probably two-thirds of our undergraduates are thus pursuing academic lines of least resistance. The scientific groups are small and vocational. Scientists are being made without the necessary liberalizing studies. Students are no more intelligently choosing groups than they did single courses. Again the faculty advisor, that sinister plumber or undertaker of the academic underworld, makes his ill-omened appearance. Lacking the ability to choose for them, we will persuade our students to choose wisely for themselves.

Just a word on the fundamental fallacy on which the group system is based. It assumes that the student at eighteeen or nineteen has clearly marked intellectual preferences for one or another set of studies, whereas only a small minority have such preferences and many have a wholesome aversion to all study whatsoever. It also assumes that the college underclassman has a sufficiently clear view of his future vocation to choose his group intelligently. Only a small minority again is in this favored state of mind. It further assumes that the student is likely to follow some branch of postgraduate study, and the courses are mostly conducted on that false expectation. As a matter of fact only a minority of our graduates attend any graduate school. Their formal studies terminate with the college. The college actually is for most of its students a finishing school. The group sys-

tem in its very organization and as administered fails to conform to this central fact.

Here we touch an essential issue of spirit and aims in teaching. A Latinist needs to know Latin in a way that ill befits a mere gentleman. The introduction to physics that is right for a physicist may be quite wrong for a layman. At all points this difference of needs between the future specialist and the generally educated man holds good. Let me illustrate. Undergraduate physics left me intellectually unscathed. But a few years ago I saw Dean Magie repeat with Joseph Henry's crude apparatus the fundamental experiments in electrical induction. There, with the pickle pots borrowed from Mrs. Henry's pantry, and wire insulated with strips from her discarded dresses, I saw a great principle triumphantly demonstrated. It was the most genuinely educational hour I have ever spent in the scientific field. It put before me the whole struggle to wrest from nature her essential and abiding truths. It once for all humanized what I, with the philistinism of the student of art, had imagined to be a somewhat inhuman pursuit. Now it seems to me from the point of view of general education it is far more important that the student of physics should grasp the quality of the endeavor of Galileo, Newton, Faraday and Helmholtz than it is for him to memorize the latest formulation of the ionic theory or the newest lore concerning the alpha and beta particle. And in my own field it is more valuable for the student to sense the creative endeavor of a Giotto, a Leonardo da Vinci, a Rembrandt or a Rubens, than it is to cope in the first instance with the latter day vorticists and synchronists.

Here and there I have tried to touch the weaknesses of our present collegiate order, and I have tried also to suggest a constructive ideal — in orientation and its practical implications. It is not the time to express such general ideas in terms of courses and curriculum. First the ideas themselves must be weighed. Their practical

application, however, is not difficult. We have to correct a delusion of size. We are meeting insistent claims from new studies, and are tempted to believe that there are many more needs in a body of two thousand students than there were among two hundred. Sheer delusion in both instances. The great divisions of knowledge have not changed since Aristotle, ten thousand young men represent no more needed types of education that do one hundred. Indeed their need to cultivate a certain elevation of mind and to acquaint themselves with the best that has been thought and said and done in the world, is absolutely uniform. We have largely turned over to their untrained judgment the choice of a path towards this end, and they are wandering in confusion. The moment requires that faculties resume their duty of leadership. It is our task to choose the most eligible knowledge for our students, and their part to trust our judgment. They will do so when we show ourselves capable of that act of selection and criticism which underlies all education. They will welcome required courses which are complete and informing in themselves, and not merely prerequisite to special study. They will respond to instruction, which, whether in the literary or scientific side, is humanistic and exemplary of great historic and personal endeavors.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

"DORA"

WHEN the news comes from America that Johnson the "Pussyfoot" one, has again been prophecying a dry England within ten years, the Englishman in the club and the man in the pub are equally hot and emphatic in declaring that someone must have been "spoofing" him, but that, unlike the gentleman in "The Earl of Pawtucket," he is quite unconscious of the fact. The man in the club has arguments and figures with which to back his contention; the man in the pub falls contentedly back on the line of "Rule, Britannia," to the effect that "Britons never, never, shall be slaves." Right or wrong each is stolidly wedded to certain convictions. Each holds stubbornly that the said Johnson is a dominating figure the dominating figure for that matter, in the United States; and that throughout our land, from Atlantic to Pacific, Canadian border to Gulf, the word "Pussyfootism" is being daily hymned or execrated by every tongue. Venture the information in England that probably ninety-five out of every hundred Americans never heard of the said Johnson until the news of his activities in England was cabled over to the papers, and that the word "Pussyfootism" is not at all of common usage, and the smile is one of pity and patronage. It is simply as it always has been. Once upon a time the English papers were referring to all the tall buildings of American cities as "flatirons." An American then living in London, who should have known better, wrote a letter to the *Times* pointing out that the term in actual use was "Skyscrapers," and that "flatiron" referred to a particular edifice at a particular corner of New York City. The *Times* printed his letter, crushingly informed him that he was entirely in error, and went on blithely to tell of American "flatirons" of forty stories. A conspicuous advertising poster

of the present hour shows an English soldier offering a French soldier a beverage. "*Magnifique!*" cries the *poilu* after tasting. "Of course. It's British!" explains the Tommy. The point of the matter is not that the drink in question really happens to be, not English, but Argentinian. Simply these English have not changed; they never will change. So, to maintain amicable relations, and to convince them that, when at home, I do not live in a tree, I concede that "Pussyfootism" and "Anti-pussyfootism" are now our national slogans, and that the said Johnson looms taller than the Washington Monument, and makes a louder splash than Niagara.

England Forewarned

Yet England, pretending to flout the "danger," and swearing she will ne'er consent, realizes and fears. Forewarned by what has happened in the United States, she is not going to be caught napping. The Englishman may be a peculiar animal; but he is not without intelligence. "Afraid? Of course we are afraid," said one rather more candid than the rest, probably for the reason that he was caught and tamed for a considerable period in the States. "We are the same people as the Puritans of Charles' time, who, as Macaulay has it, 'suppressed bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.' All history goes to show that people will fight harder to impose a yoke upon some one else than they will to remove a yoke from their own necks. These so-called 'reformers' think they are right. Of course they do. So did the gentlemen of the Spanish Inquisition. So did the gentlemen of your own Colonial days who burned the witches in Salem town, and sewed the scarlet 'A.' on the breast of Hester Prynne. And the arguments in use are precisely the same. Those Salem Fathers were careful to explain that their hearts held nothing but affection for the lady whom they destined to play the leading rôle in the projected bonfire. But it was

the only way in which they could reach the wicked devil that had come to tenant her body."

That is for the man in the club. For the man in the pub more direct methods are used.

BRITAIN BEWARE!

If, as the Pussyfooters claim, Prohibition means wealth; and Personal Liberty, Poverty, Great Britain, the United States, and France should be the poorest nations on earth, and Persia, India, and Turkey the richest. As everyone knows, exactly the opposite is the truth, etc. etc.

Thus begins one of the various placards that, by the tens of thousands, stare and glare down upon the passerby from walls throughout the Kingdom. Crude and platitudinous in its argument, perhaps, but it is the form of warning designed to affect the mind that is open only to crudity and platitude. To sway the more enlightened, all intellectual England, forewarned, seems to be arrayed. If there are dissenting voices, they are not heard. Last Sunday I dined at the table of one of England's most distinguished and honored playwrights. He said: "It will blight your literature and your art," referring to what he termed the "crime." "No people can accept meekly the repression and the moral slavery, and remain vital and creative." Lightly, swiftly, yet with intense earnestness, he went on to build his edifice of argument. From day to day Chesterton fulminates ponderously and brilliantly: "America, in repealing the Declaration of Independence, and at last officially denying the Jeffersonian view that all men have inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, did something that goes far beyond the small and special occasion of some ephemeral hypothesis about 'alcohol.' The question of Prohibition has very little to do with the question of Drink. It may be interesting to speculate on how far this curious negative type

of materialism, which we call teetotalism, tends to recur and rage in certain places on the edge of European civilization, in the deserts of Arabia, or the prairies of America. It might be entertaining to ask whether such unnatural simplicity in any way connects the American with the American Indian. A savage will sometimes burn a tomahawk for committing a murder; and we can easily imagine the same savage breaking a bottle of firewater, and thinking he has extinguished all the flames of human passion."

Or again:

"What interests me, therefore, is not this one fugitive fad, but the loss of the whole idea of liberty, the denial of any proper province for the choice of the citizen. The original human tradition was that the free man, as distinct from the slave, could be trusted with a certain group of normal functions, could choose a mate, could rear a family, could eat or drink what he could produce, or purchase, and so on. The democratic tradition is that no men should be slaves, but that all men should be trusted with the normal functions. The modern movement is that all men should lose all their functions, not in logical order, but by a series of raids by random sectarians. The Eugenists will take away the choice of a mate. The Servile Staters will take away the choice of a job. Irregularly and in patches, like all blind barbaric things, the heathen slavery will return."

The Case's Serious Aspect

The verbal pyrotechnics of a Chesterton are always amusing, but they are not likely to disturb international harmony or to impair Anglo-American friendship. Unfortunately, there is heard and read every day a type of utterance that may lead evilly far. The Englishman is a creature conservative, and not always consistent. Historically he has not always minded his own business, but he retains, in a state more vehement than ever before, his absurd prejudice against the stranger who comes to his

land to meddle with what he deems to be his private affairs. With tolerant, amused eyes he regards those of his own land who would restrict him. In his own pig-headed way he is even open to argument. But with the intrusive and "reforming" foreigner, even though he be what Kipling has dubbed "a brother hedged with alien speech," the tolerance in the eyes fades to bitter and undisguised aversion.

Two years ago the United States and her people enjoyed a popularity in England that had never been known before. Superficially the Englishman's attitude towards the late war is that of the popular picture that is still to be found in many inns and homes in Scotland, showing a single Highlander brandishing a long sword, and entitled "The Battle of Waterloo." But in his heart of hearts he has always known — and occasionally the concession may be wrung from him — that America was the decisive factor, not so much on the actual fighting line, but because the spectacle of the gathering of the vast resources of men and equipment, and the nation's grim resolution and obvious ability to "carry on" forever, if necessary, spurred the Allies to renewed hope and life, and correspondingly wrought the crumbling of the German *morale*. Popular? Of course we were popular. So were the brothers of Mrs. Bluebeard popular when they came galloping to the rescue in response to Sister Anne's signal from the tower. Perhaps, later, there were family differences.

We are not popular now. Politely received, yes, but the undercurrent of feeling is perceptible. It is not political; it is not due to the activities of such mischief makers as Bottomley's *John Bull*, which plasters the sign boards of England with such lettering as "Trouble Brewing With America." It is a personal — a resentment based upon what they call America's unjustified and impertinent participation in Irish affairs, and above all upon the "meddling" of certain invading elements with the Briton's

beer. It isn't the threat to the beer that irritates so much; it's the meddling.

"How would you like it if the case were reversed?" asked one Englishman, and went on to enumerate certain alleged conditions in the States that he regarded subject to amelioration. "Better not oppose any suggested appropriation for augmenting the American navy if you can't keep your 'Pussyfoots' at home. After all, perhaps your tax payers and ours are rich enough to foot the bill." Beneath the laughing tone there was the suggestion of serious menace. Then he went on to insist that back of it all was the sinister influence of Germany, beaten on the battle field, but still plotting to sow dissension. "Can't you see it? It is as plain as a fire on a hill. The very arguments go back to the fountain head. We bring you the new Kultur. What you mistake for a yoke is for your own happiness and good. Isn't it von Kluck on the march towards Paris telling the frightened French peasants brought before him that they would all be Germans, and that it would be much better for them?"

Here is an excerpt from a speech delivered one day recently at Birmingham by Alderman W. J. Coates of West Hartlepool. The individual voice may be of no great importance, but it is one of many raised in similar utterance:

> Why did the Government tolerate the invasion of our land by bands of alien mercenaries, whose propaganda was so scandalous in its abuse of the non-abstainer, in its deliberate misrepresentation of the habits of the industrial class of our fellow countrymen, and in its mendacious statements on the drink question, that it has already been the cause of strong resentment, particularly in rural and urban districts?
>
> The incursion of these American professional prohibitionists aroused the passionate opposition of people to such a degree that it threatened to create a racial antagonism far reaching in its extent and most disastrous in its national influence.

Yes. The case has its serious aspect.

Decency With Dora

I have said that the Englishman has not changed. But England, in one sense, has changed beyond all recognition. There was perhaps some foundation for the German belief at the beginning of the war that gin-soaked England was incapable of formidable resistance. I have seen Argyle Street in Glasgow on a Saturday night, and to any one who knows what that means, no description is necessary. I have been in the High Street of Ayr when it seemed that three quarters of the town's population was there riotously and offensively drunk. Incidentally, in the old Ayr it was always easy to determine the extent of a native's inebriation by the particular poem of Robert Burns that he happened to be declaiming at the moment. I have seen the pubs belching forth to the gray London morning the straggling, incoherently babbling, maudlinly weeping, gin-poisoned women. Saddened, I never wanted to see those sights again, as I never want again to see the dirt and squalor and misery and degradation bred by the bad American saloon of yesterday, which, to hundreds of thousands of our land has stood as the symbol of all drink, whereas it is as death-dealing wood alcohol is to the glass of good wine that Marshal Foch sipped in moderation when planning the counter stroke that blasted the German dream of world dominion.

But that aspect of England has gone. There was a crying liquor problem a few years ago; there is none today. I have been here four weeks, in London and in half a dozen rural towns. I am willing to make affadavit that I have not seen one person patently under the influence of liquor. I add that I have been looking for any such persons, and say candidly that I am old enough and experienced enough to be able to determine the symptoms. To be strictly accurate, there was a "docker" at Southampton whom I suspected. But talking to oneself in the public street cannot be accepted as certain proof. A woman has wrought this amazing change: a sane, Minerva wise,

tolerant-eyed, but unswerving little lady who answers to the name of Dora.

D.O.R.A. is the proper spelling. Her full name is Defence of the Realm Act. She wears many robes for many purposes, but the most conspicuous one that she dons for the curbing of the abuse of drink, is that which signals the restriction of the hours. In other words, public drinking — and it applies to the best club as well as the most humble pub — is permissible only at approximately the meal hours; between noon and two-thirty in the afternoon, and between six and nine at night. The present United States Consul at Southampton (for the benefit and dignity of the service, may more like him be sent over!) was for four years stationed at Sheffield. There, in that midland manufacturing town, he saw how effectively, beneficially, and almost instantaneously the change worked.

To quote him: "It was so simple and so practical. The English workman of the old days, as a class, stayed till the very last moment at the late closing pub, and then reeled home to sodden, inadequate sleep. In the morning, still shaken, his first journey was again to the pub, his whole system in agony for the early drink that temporarily braces, but that also inflames and corrodes. Perhaps he went to work that day, and perhaps he did not. There were occasional periods of blue-ribbonism, during which his voice was raucous in denunciation of the devil that lurked in the glass, but they were brief, and the fall from temporary grace was harder than ever. He hasn't changed in the least at heart, but now he neither signs the pledge to break it, nor does he find reason to do so. He still stays rather often in the pub till the closing hour, but he has had just about enough time to drink sufficient bitter to make him comfortably sleepy. So off to bed, and a long refreshing slumber, and in the morning no place to go but to work. Sometimes when the clock strikes nine he is in the mood to say uncomplimentary things about Dora.

But the next morning reflection convinces him that the lady was right.

The Social Side of Dora

Dora has had her social side. Not that the Continental manner of drinking has come to England, but there is a manifest tendency in that direction. Mr. Britain is taking Mrs. Britain to the pub, or rather, perhaps, Mrs. Britain is taking Mr. Britain there. Stolidly they sit side by side, sipping the tankards of stout, in audible whispers discussing the children's schooling, or mumbling together through the evening paper. Miss Britain, too, is there, a spinster of any age. For two men unaccompanied by women the doors open for three women unaccompanied by men. Respectable? Well, if you confine your attention to the group of so-called "Lounges" in the neighborhood of Piccadilly Circus, you can find plenty of evidence to the contrary. You may accept that as London, just as you may accept the rat-eyed guides who pester the stranger in front of the Grand Hotel in the Boulevard des Capucines, as the soul of Paris, or hold West Twenty-Ninth Street between Broadway and Sixth Avenue of a decade and a half ago, as the true reflection of the American life of that day. But go to the pubs of the real London, beyond the limited quarter of the transient foreigner, and the very question of the women's respectability will move to laughter. The very frumpiness of many of them is the *cachet*. But not of all. There are those who are neither dowds nor wrinkled. In little groups of two or three, fresh-faced young stenographers and yellow-haired girls from the shops, come to break the homeward journey by a cigarette and a bottle of Bass. To them the idea of the pub of today is no more reprehensible than the tea shop. In the shadow of Dora they sit secure and unnoticed. Dora may not be a lady of the caste of Vere de Vere, but as I have seen her, I hold England to be right in maintaining that she possesses some very womanly attributes.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

TO INCREASE RAILROAD EFFICIENCY

IN cold dollars and cents this is what the war did to the American railroads: As the public sees it — average freight charge raised from ¾ to $1^1/_3$ cents a ton-mile, or 80 per cent; average passenger fare raised from 2.1 to 3.15 cents a mile, an increase of 50 per cent. As the workers see it — workday shortened an hour; average wages increased from $800 to $1900 a year, or 135 per cent. As the owners see it — market value of capital securities depreciated 25 per cent, or more than four billion dollars; no increase in income, and a 50 per cent loss in the purchasing power of the income received.

It is true that this is a cold and colorless view of the changes that have taken place in our railroads since 1914. But, after all, do not most of these economic changes finally sift down to dollars and cents — or pounds sterling, or francs or rubles, the measures of material values? The struggles between races and nations, the economic conflicts that have brought on political revolutions, have largely grown out of the instinctive human desire for more of the world's goods. All the "red" propaganda is written around one text, "The workers must have a larger share of the product of industry."

The social leveling that has been going on in all industry since 1914 is translated into cold but convincing statistics in the war record of the railroads. Whereas before the war more than 20 per cent of railroad revenues was taken by capital as its share, the increases in labor and material costs have reduced this proportion below 12 per cent. On the other hand, the railroad workers now take 57 per cent as compared with 45 per cent before the war. To state it in another way, labor now receives five times as many railroad dollars as capital, while before the war it received only two and a quarter times as many.

Most of the other railroad dollars are received by workers in the steel, coal and allied industries. And it is also to be borne in mind that "Railroad Capital," despite Mr. Hearst's cartoonists, is to a surprisingly small extent a rotund gentleman, in a silk hat. He or she is to-day very largely a plain American workingman or workingwoman with savings in the bank or in an insurance policy.

The immediate problem facing the railroad managers is that of producing more transportation. War slowed up railroad growth, and today there are not enough tracks and trains to carry the tonnage of the country — not enough unless managers and men, and shippers and receivers of freight, pitch in and speed up the output of transportation. Heavier loading and quicker movement of cars will produce more ton-miles — and it is ton-miles that are now needed. Ton-miles are produced by loading freight cars and keeping them moving to destination.

The freight car is one of our most valuable and least appreciated public servants. We have two and a half million of them — one for every eight families — and a million of them are coal cars. It is the freight car that made possible agricultural America, and later, industrial America. Modern large-scale machine production in great cities, entirely dependent on distant sources of food supply, would be impossible without the freight car. It is only when the transportation machine gets clogged and freight cars slow up and stop, as they did during the recent "outlaw" strike, that we realize our utter dependence upon this modern beast of burden.

Railroad operating efficiency is largely a story of the better use of freight cars, which means keeping cars well loaded and moving. Every freight car ought to carry a placard in foot-high letters, "Load this car to capacity, and don't let it loaf on the job."

Although we make the most efficient use of freight cars of any country in the world, the possibilities for improvement are amazing. The railroad managers issue in Wash-

ington a little monthly bulletin entitled "Freight Car Performance." It carries four pages bristling with statistics, but all boiling down to just four figures, — the monthly measure of the combined performance of the two and a half million cars. In order to assemble these data a daily record is kept on every mile of railroad in the country, of the work done by each freight car. That means that Great Northern 123649 has its diary kept day by day, whether it is in Canada or Florida, on a New York harbor float or in a Pacific coast repair shop. The four basic figures worked out of these millions of individual car performance records are, in the jargon of the railroad analyst, — car-miles per day, tons per loaded car, per cent of loaded car-miles, and per cent of unserviceable cars.

In order to make the present inadequate equipment carry the commerce of the country, the railroad managers have undertaken a national efficiency campaign, with these goals — (1) increase the car movement to 30 miles a day, (2) increase the car load to 30 tons, and (3) reduce the number of "bad order" cars to 4 per cent. At the head of the committee of railroad presidents in charge of this efficiency campaign is Mr. Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore & Ohio, who was brought up in the "Jim" Hill efficiency school, and who studies as closely as did his famous teacher, the percentages and unit averages of physical performance and income and outgo that spell success or failure in railroading.

Increasing efficiency is no new story for railroad managers. For years there has been a continuous gain in operating results, due largely to the heavy investment of new capital in heavier roadbeds and rails, reduced grades and curves, more powerful engines and bigger freight cars, more tracks and greater terminal facilities, improved signals and labor-saving devices.

Only by reason of this intensive development of the existing lines — amounting to a virtual rebuilding of

some of them — was it possible in the ten years preceding government war operation, to increase wages by 70 per cent (from $640 to $1080 per man), without increasing the rates charged for service. In this period the freight trainload was increased 66 per cent (from 360 to 600 tons) and the traffic output per employee was increased 55 per cent (from 191,000 to 296,000 traffic units — ton-miles and passenger miles — per man). The latter figure attained in 1917 as a result of the efficiency campaign of the Railroad War Board, will remain the record performance until the managers can, by renewed efforts, overcome the loss entailed in the recent shortening of the workday.

Moving a freight car thirty miles a day would not seem to be a very difficult job. It isn't. But moving all the freight cars in the country an average of thirty miles a day for a year, or even for a month, is a difficult job. It has never been done. In one month of 1917 the record of 29 miles was made, and the average for that year was 26.1. It fell to 24.9 and 23.1 in the following two years of government operation. Now the managers are making a mighty effort to get back to 1917 efficiency, and then add four more miles a day to that. This means setting up a standard 15 per cent in advance of the best record under private management, and 25 per cent above the average performance under government operation. So great a gain in freight movement would effect so large a saving in the use of cars, that it would reduce by hundreds of millions of dollars the amount of new capital now necessary for building more cars.

Why is it, the layman asks, that freight cars cannot easily be moved 30 miles a day — a little more than a mile an hour? A study of the daily life of a typical car through the year shows that nine-tenths of the time it is off the main track, being loaded or unloaded, being switched in yards or on sidetracks, being repaired, or just standing idle waiting for something to happen to it. Such a study

of the freight car has been made by that master of railroad analysis, Mr. L. F. Loree, of the Delaware & Hudson.

The typical freight car spends fourteen weeks of the year on loading and unloading tracks, and six weeks being switched to and from these tracks, two weeks awaiting shipper's orders, and three weeks of sheer idleness because of arrival at destination on Sundays and holidays. Thus half the year is spent in the work of getting loaded and unloaded. When the car gets to moving under load toward its destination, or moving empty in search of a new load, it is again subject to various delays. It spends five weeks going through intermediate yards, where trains are broken up and remade for movement to various destinations, and nine weeks more on interchange tracks where freight is transferred from one railroad to another. This leaves thirteen weeks of the year, but nearly five of these weeks are needed for repairs, and in addition in a normal year, the car is stored about two weeks for lack of tonnage in the slack season. So there is left about six weeks of the year in which the car is actually moving along the main line. Road delays — wrecks, washouts, breakdowns, congestion — reduce the normal road movement to 37 days, or one-tenth of the year. And this is not the whole story. Due to the fact that the unloaded car cannot always find a load for the return journey — (and this is particularly true of the million cars carrying coal from the mines) there is an average of three empty car-miles to every seven loaded car-miles. This reduces the typical freight car's normal road movement under load to 26 days a year.

To speed up freight cars to thirty miles a day, as the managers are now bending every energy to do, does not mean increasing train speed. The low cost of American rail transportation (averaging even now with the great rise in rates only one and one-third cents a ton mile) has been made possible by the development of very heavy slow-moving trains. Increasing freight train speed would

call for a reduction of the trainload, necessitating more trains, engines, tracks and men to handle the same tonnage — all resulting in a heavy loss in efficiency, with greatly increased operating costs. Better freight car performance will be brought about by saving a few days a year out of the many weeks that the average car spends getting loaded and unloaded, or being switched in yards and terminals. During nineteen weeks of the year the car is in the hands of shippers under rules permitting its use as a storage warehouse, a serious obstacle to operating efficiency. Ten days saved here, by quicker loading and unloading, would in itself largely solve the problem of the present equipment shortage. The railroad managers, on their part, must find ways of speeding up switching, now consuming nineteen weeks of the car year. The labor cost of switching service in 1919 was $225,000,000, and as the switchmen have just been awarded an additional $65,000,000 a year they will no doubt pitch in and help the managers speed up freight movement.

Thirty tons a car, the second of the three goals sought by the Willard Committee, is likely to be more easily reached than the thirty miles a day. For years equipment of larger and larger capacity has been coming from the car shops, and loading has been increasing automatically. But in 1917 when the railroads were called upon to carry a maximum of tonnage destined for the battlefields of France, an unusual effort was made by the Railroad War Board, under the direction of Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt of the Southern Pacific, to increase carloading. In the nine months' period from our entrance into the war until the taking over of the railroads by the government, the nation-wide appeal to shippers to load cars to capacity resulted in an average gain of two and one-third tons per car, nearly one-tenth, and in December the record of 29.2 tons was made. In the following summer the figure of 30.1 was reached, and for the year 1918 an average of 29.1 was maintained. The reaction in business im-

mediately following the war reduced loading somewhat, but at the end of government operation the monthly average was being held at 28.3. With the constant putting into service of new heavy-tonnage cars, and the renewed efforts of the railroads to interest shippers in heavier loading, in order to overcome the shortage of cars, an average loading of 30 tons a car ought soon to be recorded.

Cleaning up the excess of "bad order" cars — the third feature of the railroad efficiency program — is in itself a big task. Before the war one freight car in every eighteen (5.5 per cent) was in the repair shop or awaiting repairs. During the war, in order to save labor and materials, the government reduced car maintenance to the safety minimum, and freight cars were kept on the road until they "ran their wheels off." The result of this was that in the first summer after the war, one car in eleven (9.2 per cent) was off the line for repairs. The recorded number of "bad orders" at the end of Government operation was 161,000 (6.5 per cent), but in addition thousands of cars were on the lines that were classed as "serviceable" only by courtesy. To put all these war-worn cars in good order needs time and money. The Willard committee aims to reduce the number of "bad orders" to 100,000, or 4 per cent of the cars owned. In passing it is of interest to note that the expenses of maintaining equipment (cars and locomotives), which was $500,000,000 a year be-the war, rose to a billion and a quarter in 1919 and will be close to $1,500,000,000 (three times the pre-war figure) under the new scale of wages. The shopmen's wages are now close to a billion dollars a year. And yet this is an "item" of railroad operating cost that easily escapes the eye of the traveller or shipper.

Reducing the number of "bad order" cars to 4 per cent will put into service 80,000 more cars. One mile added to the average daily movement of all freight cars will enable the cars in service to do the work of 100,000 additional cars. One ton added to the average car loading will make it

possible for the cars now on the rails to carry the tonnage of 80,000 additional cars. The cars now in service, if the man power is put behind them, can thus be made to do the work of 260,000 more cars.

Mr. Daniel Willard, who has been moving trains all his life, says it can and will be done. He uses no "ifs."

Under the old order of things, when railroad managers were entitled to all they could make, and shippers to all they could take, there was no common interest in increasing railroad efficiency. If a shipper found it profitable to use a freight car as a warehouse, he saw no reason for unloading it merely to sell more transportation to somebody else. Or why should he delay shipping goods until he could load a car to capacity? He paid cash for railroad service, and he demanded his money's worth. If the railroad was short of cars, it was up to the directors to buy more, or the shipper would put in a complaint to the railroad commission.

But times have changed. A new coöperative era has been opened in the history of American railroads. The railroad owners, the managers, the workers, the travellers and shippers, the whole public — all are now partners in a common enterprise. We have public ownership and public operation of railroads, although it is not quite the kind of public ownership that Mr. Hearst and Mr. Plumb and Mr. Trotsky have been advocating. Thank Heaven that it is not! But it may comfort them to realize that the government now has over a billion dollars invested in the enterprise, and may have more before it has less.

When Congress turned the railroads back to their owning companies, guaranteeing that their combined net income should not fall below a fixed minimum, and providing for recapture into the public treasury of a large share of their profits, all the people became partners in the railroad business.

What is there left of private ownership or operation?

An investor puts $100 or $100,000 in the stock of a railroad, and he becomes a "railroad owner." But an owner of what? He can sport a silk hat and increase his girth and put on a stage-villain scowl like the gentleman in the Hearst cartoon. But he must pay the same price for a commutation ticket as does his cook, if he is fortunate enough to possess that luxury. The display of his stock certificate — symbol of railroad "ownership" — will not get him a better place in the long line at the ticket window, nor even reserve him a seat in the dining car. He can't even get a pass up to the State capital — and who couldn't get that little slip of paper at one time?

But the directors — yes, the directors! They still meet and authorize the expenditures of money — but only after the president has informed them that the budget has been approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission. They may also have the pain of hearing that certain expenses already incurred do not have the approval of the Commission "and will have to come out of the corporation." The president also announces a new scale of wages "by order of the Railroad Labor Board," and the necessity of building a new passenger station at Lonely Junction "by order of the City Council," and that the proposed sale of new securities has been postponed because the government financial experts don't like the rate of interest suggested by the company's bankers.

But it is all for the best, although it would drive stark mad the author of "Man versus the State." We could not have unrestricted private control of this great public service, and the country was overwhelmingly opposed to government operation in any form. We followed a middle course, seeking to obtain all the advantages of private initiative under a system of absolute public regulation. It is a difficult combination to effect, but the plan adopted by Congress will succeed, and probably better than any other suggested during the Congressional inquiry. With a courageous and alert Interstate Commerce Commission,

the new system of national control, with occasional modifications, is likely to serve for years. It is fortunate indeed, that the inauguration of the new system is under the direction of the able group of public administrators now composing the Commission.

For nearly a decade preceding the war, the railroads had been starving to death for lack of adequate revenues. But the Commission was confronted by the dilemma that an advance in rates enough to keep the whole industry solvent would swell the profits of the rich roads that needed no larger revenues. Then the surplus earnings of a few prosperous companies became the *bête noir* of the rate cases.

This was the basic problem tackled by Senator Cummins when he took his place at the head of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate. In times past he had been one of the most bitter critics of corporate railway management, and his advocacy of government ownership would not have created any astonishment. But after he had seen the railroads under government war control, he put himself squarely on a platform of private ownership and operation. In the difficult work of shaping the after-war railroad legislation, Senator Cummins sought the counsel of many expert advisers, but the three men who had most to do with laying the foundations of the bill were the late Mr. Frank Trumbull, organizer of the Association of Railway Executives; Mr. Walker D. Hines, director general of railroads after the war; and Mr. Paul M. Warburg, formerly governor of the Federal Reserve Board. It was Mr. Trumbull who brought over from France the idea of the sharing of excess profits with the Government. These principles were accepted by Senator Cummins as fundamental: first, railroad operation must be sufficiently profitable to attract new capital for expansion; second, adequate profits are possible only with adequate rates; third, rates adequate for all railroads will produce profits more than adequate for the strong roads.

Around the solution found by Senator Cummins to the "weak-and-strong-road" problem, the whole Transportation Act was built. The two basic provisions of the law are these: (1) recapture by the government for general railroad purposes, of half the profits of individual companies in excess of 6 per cent on their property value; (2) forced consolidation of the weak roads with the strong into a limited number of large systems. The purpose of the latter provision is to dilute the earnings of the richer roads for the benefit of the poorer lines, and eventually set up a group of consolidated companies with approximately equal earning power. When this is done, it is believed that rates can be so adjusted that there will be no excess profits to recapture. With these two restrictions on profits, Senator Cummins was able to write into the bill the third fundamental — the so-called earnings guarantee, which instructs the Commission to establish rates that will produce a "fair return" on the value of the railroads as a whole. The fair return for the first two years is fixed at 5½ per cent with an additional ½ per cent for improvements out of earnings. After that the Commission will determine the percentage.

While the recapture clause was violently attacked by eminent constitutional lawyers as a radical invasion of property rights, and is likely to be forced to run the gauntlet of the courts, there is nothing novel about it. Similar provisions are to be found in a number of the early railway charters in this country and in England. For example, the charter of the Ohio & Indianapolis railroad, granted in 1832, provided that the company could charge rates to yield dividends of 15 per cent, and that all profits in excess of this should be turned into the common school fund. In France for many years the railroads have been operating under a system of government guarantee of minimum earnings, with the recapture of a share of the excess.

It is to be borne in mind that the Transportation Act

does not guarantee the profits of any individual company, nor does it guarantee interests or dividends on any securities. It does not stint individual initiative by removing the fear of failure or the hope of reward. The unsuccessful railroad can go bankrupt just as easily now as before the law passed. It provides no insurance against the results of bad management. What it does do is to provide a level of rates that will enable the industry as a whole to live — but not grow fat, and give a modest reward to the most efficient and most fortunate.

These basic financial provisions of the Transportation Act — the minimum guarantee for the industry as a whole, recapture of the excess profits of individual companies, and forced mergers into large traffic groups, together with the provision for public fixing of the wages of all the workers — these great changes in the Act to Regulate Commerce put the railroads in a radically new relation to the public. Private ownership and private operation, in the old sense, are no more. The railroads to-day are built from the mobilized savings of millions of people — the rich owners, the pioneers, are rapidly disappearing into the great beyond. The directors and managers are the hired servants of the public, administering these great properties under the direction of a government board having almost limitless powers. They can take no important step without the approval of the government. Their management must be "honest, efficient and economical."

In the old days rising railroad profits meant rising dividens, and "melons," and riotous speculation in the shares. Under the new order of things, rising profits will mean rising dividends only to the point the government considers necessary to establish a firm credit foundation. After that, the bigger the profits, the lower will be the rates charged the public, because the new law restricts profits, and the quickest way to cut profits is to cut rates.

Frank H. Fayant.

HELLENISM AND THE FRINGES OF NEW GREECE

I. *An Imperialist Interlude*

THE city of Smyrna has been under Moslem control for approximately a thousand years. In the country districts of the province of Smyrna there is a large Moslem majority, in the whole province, country and city combined, there is still a considerable Moslem majority, but in Smyrna itself, "infidel Smyrna," the Greek Christians are in a local majority. Notwithstanding these racial ratios, the Greek Christians have always desired the restoration of Greek rule and now demand that city and province alike be incorporated in the Kingdom of Greece.

The chief causes of Hellenic expansion are simply stated: Less than a half of the Greeks are found within the present kingdom of Greece. These "unredeemed" Greeks are a commercial, seafaring people, scattered along the sea-coasts and in the trading centres. In most cases they form a minority of the total population of the territories involved. The crux of the problem lies in their determination to be united politically with the Kingdom of Greece at all costs, with or without the consent of the majority of the population. The territories involved include the Black Sea coasts, the Pontus, Thrace, Macedonia, the Epirus, Southern Albania, Western Asia Minor, Cyprus and the Dodecanese Islands, as well as the two greatest sea-ports of the Ottoman Empire, Smyrna and Constantinople.

Inasmuch as the effect of these ambitions has been to convulse Asia Minor with the horrors of irregular warfare, to agitate the Balkans, and directly to menace the peace of Europe and of the world, it is not mere pedantry to examine the nature and causes of this agita-

tion. This is doubly true because the Hellenist movement has recently gained great successes.

The political development of the movement has been marked by a gradual aggrandizement on the part of Greece at the expense of her neighbors. Since the foundation of the Kingdom of Greece in 1831 under the joint protection of Great Britain, France and Russia, Greece has added to herself the Ionian Islands, the Ægean Islands, Macedonia, Crete and the Epirus. Her present immediate ambitions include Western Thrace, the Dodecanese Islands and Smyrna.

The occupation of Smyrna is an excellent example of the methods of Greek expansion. After the armistice with Turkey, French and Greek troops occupied Odessa in Southern Russia. After some fighting with the Bolsheviki, the French troops were first halted and then slowly driven back towards the sea. The Bolshevist leaders have introduced propaganda as a fundamental in tactics and were successful. The French troops became converted to Bolshevism and refused to fight the Reds. Odessa was hastily evacuated, and for a time the Bolshevists threatened to sweep all of South Russia, and advance through Roumania into the Balkans. The Allies were seriously alarmed, but the Greek troops stood fast and saved the remnants of Allied military prestige. All this happened towards the end of March, 1919. Venizelos, who was then at Paris, had constantly urged, with British support, that Smyrna be given to Greece. Clemenceau had opposed this, but now with the defection of the French troops in Russia, was no longer able to combat the Greek claims effectively, especially as the Greek troops had barely averted a considerable catastrophe, for which the French would have been responsible. Thus the Paris Conference gave Venizelos permission to occupy the city of Smyrna, under the authority of the Peace Conference, "to preserve order."

On the fifteenth of May, 1919, an Inter-Allied naval

demonstration was made off Smyrna. This was followed by the landing of 10,000 Greek troops. Instructions had been issued that the occupation should be unostentatious, in order to avoid arousing racial clashes. But the Greek troops paraded down the quay, flags waving and bands playing, while the Greeks of the city turned out with their priests and families to celebrate. Technically Greece had never been at war with Turkey and no intimations had been given to the Turkish military authorities as to what attitude they should take towards what was considered a violation of the terms of the armistice. And so, when the Greek troops attempted to seize the barracks, the Turkish troops opened fire. This was the signal for a violent outbreak. The Greeks overcame the resistance of the Turks, and then, Greek soldiers and civilians alike, proceeded to loot and massacre the Moslems. The Allied warships took no steps to stop the disorders. The Turks claimed that 20,000 were killed; the Greeks declared that 200 in all were killed on both sides. The precise number is somewhere between, but is not pertinent. The Greeks advanced inland, subjecting one of the richest portions of Asia Minor to the horrors of partizan war. To complicate matters, the Italians, in their jealousy of the Greeks, landed forces at Adalia and Scala Nova, to the south of Smyrna, without permission from Paris. For a hundred and fifty miles inland Asia Minor was devastated.

The repercussion of these events in Turkey was terrific. Constantinople was tense with indignant patriotism. The Greeks were badly frightened. Greek flags disappeared overnight. Greek shops were shuttered. Greek songs, which had filled the streets of Galata and Pera, were hushed. Foreigners were alarmed, and kept to their houses. The military authorities took steps to repel any assault from Stamboul, the Moslem quarter of the city. Machine guns were posted at the street-corners, patrols of cavalry and infantry constantly

passed along the streets, the bridge across the Golden Horn was mined, while the battleships got up steam. But worst of all was the tension. No one knew what would happen, or whether anything could happen. The Turks, in the meantime, were tremendously aroused. They wished to liberate their country, to extirpate the Greeks and to drive out the Europeans. Day after day enormous mass-meetings were held in Stamboul, but again and again they were headed off. At the end, the course of events was turned from disaster by a hairsbreadth. A huge mob had assembled in the Hippodrome, in front of Mehmet's Mosque, ready for any action, however desperate. There had been several alarms that day and one real panic, patrols were doubled, troops guarded all the legations and embassies. How the mob was stopped is now history. A Turkish woman, Halideh Hanum, feminist and author, defying the traditions of Moslem womanhood, courageously addressed the crowd and turned them from their intent.

The immediate danger was averted, but a more formidable one appeared in its place. The nationalist spirit of Moslem Turkey began to arise. Bound hand and foot by the Armistice; held down by Allied troops; convulsed by the many internal foes of the Ottoman régime; misled by a bought government, whose one definite programme was to exterminate their political rivals, the Young Turks; whose only characteristic was complete subservience to every Allied demand; Moslem Turkey, considered dead, began to revive. There was nothing convulsive about the action; it was slow, ponderous, and quiet. Concerning the occupation of Smyrna, the Embassy was flooded with hosts of petitions, telegrams, protests and threats until the movement assumed huge proportions.

On the heels of this came the news that a serious Turkish insurrection had been successfully organized by two Nationalist leaders, Mustapha Kemal Pasha and Raouf Bey. A provisional government was organ-

ized at Angora, and plans laid for a Pan-Moslem Congress. Measures were taken to combat the Greeks in the hinterland of Smyrna, an economic blockade of that city was established, and irregular forces equipped. Serious encounters occurred between these and the Greek troops near Aidin. With the advance of the Italians from Adalia, the boards seemed cleared for a tripartate struggle between Greek, Italian and Turk. This is itself was serious enough, when a still greater danger appeared in the background.

The power of the Young Turk Party began to revive; it was reported that Enver Bey was established in the Caucasus. The Turks and the Bolshevik leaders got in touch with each other. Rumors of a Pan-Turanian Empire, to include Turkey, Persia, Turkestan, Afghanistan and the Tartar countries, were combined with a revival of the Pan-Islamic movement. And to emphasize the danger, troubles arose simultaneously in Afghanistan, India, the Caucasus and Egypt.

These facts should demonstrate that the nature and effects of the Hellenist movement are sufficiently important to the rest of the world.

The obvious goal of Hellenism is: Constantinople and the restoration of the Byzantine Empire. They are nearer now than ever before. Established at Smyrna and in Thrace, the Greek power has, curiously enough, taken the form of a gigantic claw, its pincers still wide apart, but ready to close.

It is obvious that these advances could not have been made unless the public opinion of the world were behind Greece, and unless there were a semblance of justice in Greek demands. Accordingly, the propagandist activities of the Hellenists form the most striking part of this immense human effort. Like all successful propaganda it is based upon a modicum of truth, skilfully presented. In Europe and in America there are a host of newspapers, continually placing before the public the merits of the

Greeks and the defects of their foes. For the officials there is the propaganda that expresses itself in inaccurate or colored statistics, a flood of memoranda and claims, until Greek views are partially accepted because they are thoroughly advertised. But above all, their trump cards are that the Greeks are Christian, clever and energetic. This, backed by a constant insistence upon the inherent vitality and superiority of Hellenic civilization, coupled with the reports of atrocities and sufferings inflicted on them by their enemies, tends to carry the day with the distant publics of Europe and America.

In the field itself the policy of the propagandists is to retain the Greek element, to Hellenize the non-Greeks and to coerce the recalcitrants. The organization of the Greek Orthodox Church exerts a very powerful political influence, and serves to retain the actual Greeks. The establishment of Greek schools throughout debated territory is useful in spreading the Greek language and in bringing the non-Greeks under the rule of Hellenic culture. For the recalcitrants they resort to more vigorous methods. For the Greeks seem to possess a greater degree of national enthusiasm than their neighbors, and, when the process of noisy propaganda, carried on by Press, Preceptor and Pulpit, fails, they lapse to the less refined expedients of banditry, and comitadji. Dragonnades, massacres and political outrage are used to extinguish any determined opposition. These methods were used in Macedonia against the Bulgars, in the Epirus against the Albanians, in Crete against the native Moslems, and are now being used in Asia Minor against the Turks. They have always been an accepted, though never admitted, feature of all Balkan politics.

Whenever the Hellenists prepare for a new expansion, they always placate Europe by convincing her of the equity and expediency of Greek ambitions, and thoroughly prepare the ground for their projected advance; which is, in the field of annexationist politics as generally

throughout life, half the battle. And this to a large measure explains their remarkable success in advancing the Greek Great Idea, the dream of Nea Hellas.

II. *The Fringes of New Greece*

The rehearsal of the main outlines of the political situation leading up to and consequent upon the occupation of Smyrna, is necessary to any comprehension of the gravity of the Hellenist movement. So far I have confined myself to a candid statement of fact. In the following paragraphs I take the liberty of stating my own personal impressions and conclusions with reference to the actual causes and nature of this movement. My excuse for such temerity is the fact that four months' service as *attaché* with the American Commissioner at Constantinople — from April to August, 1919 — gave me a closer acquaintance with the contemporary political situation in the Near East than usually falls to the lot of the American abroad, while a month of travel and observation along the coasts of Asia Minor and in Greece proper, brought me into contact with many of the more picturesque aspects of the present conditions. This trip came at a time when the outburst of Hellenist propaganda was at its height.

The problem I had set myself was that of gauging the sentiment behind the Hellenist movement. On the surface it would appear necessarily to be the expression of some great national enthusiasm, similar to the Pan-Slavic or Pan-German movements, similar to the *Risorgimento*, not alien from Sinn Fein, or any of the nationalistic movements that have disturbed Europe ever since the French Revolution. I was therefore somewhat amazed to discover that my first impression was one of its unreality. I could not help but feel that there was a lack of spontaneity: something in the climate, the countries, the character of the peoples, that belied it. The reality seemed in the trumpet-call of the classic names, in the sapphire glory of the summer Ægean, in the passionate

languor of the sprawling islands. Behind that pageant of storied sea and fabled isle the striving of political forces was trivial and unconvincing.

I can best illustrate this impression by a series of more or less significant pictures. The first is Stamboul, reposing on her seven hills, a slumbering empress. A string of mosques toss up their domes and minarets in bold relief. Across the waters of the Golden Horn squats Galata, a squalid Levantine shrew, and raves with envy. Yelling, bustling, her cry is far higher-pitched than the sonorous dignity of Stamboul. There is a tang of salty Greek energy in the air. The garish modernity of Pera, perched ostentatiously upon the hill above, an impudent drab chattering French and Greek, comes into view. Then as the ship slowly feels her way for the open sea, the long lovely line of Stamboul, the mosques and palaces, the crumbling sea-walls and Byzantine towers, the trees and gardens of Seraglio Point seemed to swing quietly towards us, interposing herself between us and the blatant pettiness of Galata, the tawdry perversity of Pera, rendering them unsubstantial, evanescent.

At Mytilini, this sense of unreality returned. We were seated in the shadow of the ancient Venetian castle, exhausted from a ramble over the interminable walls and the towers. A dirty little café built on the headland served as an eyrie, from which to gaze over Homer's "wine-dark sea" towards Asia. The harbor lay upon our left and, behind, the white houses of the town and the steep slope of the hill, dotted with red-roofed villas, wrapped in folds of dusty-green olive trees or the dark-green of orange orchards. Dusk was creeping out of the east. I was chatting with two Greek soldiers, or rather, with one of them. For one could speak nothing but Greek. He sat quietly, puffing innumerable slim cigarettes, sipping Turkish coffee, drowsily courteous. The other was a keen, energetic fellow who spoke the most idiomatic of English. To him politics was the breath

of life. He spoke valiantly of how he hoped soon to be sent to join the Greek troops back of Smyrna and fight the Turks. Mytilini had been the base for the original Greek expeditionary force into Asia, and he expected his turn to embark would soon arrive. He was a volunteer, not a conscript, being a British subject from Australia. Love for Greece and a passionate hope for her glorious future animated him. But he told me that three of his brothers had died at the Dardanelles. How much of his patriotism was Hellenism, how much a strong human desire to revenge himself on the Turks, was not clear. Nothing was clear, except that the view was beautiful and that it was far nicer to sit in a café and drink coffee and argue than actual fighting would be.

Nor did Smyrna, the centre of all these events, dislodge this sensation. She should have been excited, thrilling with political currents, fraught with suppressed emotion. Smyrna was a great point in international policy, back of the Greek front and Venizelos' "war" with the Turks, with the battleships of the Allied Commission of Inquiry into the Greek atrocities, lying in the great harbor. But Smyrna was not particularly thrilled, though she was rather proud of herself. She lay basking complacently on the shore of "the glittering gulf," in the shelter of the rampart of mountains, rather intrigued by all these wars and massacres, campaigns and naval demonstrations. Her sentiment seemed to be that "*Paris valait une messe*," that an international naval demonstration was worth a massacre.

The massacre was generally considered as the finest achievement in the modern history of Smyrna. I sat at one of the quay-side cafés with, apparently, the entire city. One after another told me all about it, with considerable gusto, tales of bayonetted prisoners, looted bazaars and houses, butchered Moslems, violated women, and so on. The only tangible evidence I saw was broken windows and bullet-holes in house-walls. But it did not

seem to them to be any more vital than, say, a big fire or an epidemic: their attitude was one of languid and detached loquacity concerning an event that was of common interest.

I do not know whether the above brief sketches are sufficient to communicate my mixed impressions of activity and unreality, of dynamic and static forces working throughout the fringe of New Greece. Everywhere this dual strain persisted, this unnatural combination of activity and languor.

Since in the fringes of New Greece I had found only a struggle between action and apathy, it therefore seemed natural that at Athens, the heart of Greece and the fount of Hellenist propaganda, I would find a dynamic unity with sufficient force to inject into the inert body of New Greece the germ of intolerant vigor.

III. *The Fountain of the Philhellenes*

I was disappointed in my expectation to discover at Athens the source of Hellenist energy. Only by effort was I able to locate more than a passing interest in contemporary Greek expansion, and that was for the most part among the officials, the *intelligentsia*, the Philhellene foreign colony and the Venizelist press. This interest was counterbalanced by a strong body of anti-expansionist sentiment, both overshadowed by general indifference.

Behind this indifference lurked a diversity of causes, some paramount, some apparently trivial, some self-evident. Among the first I would put the Lethean beauty of Attic Greece and of Athens. From the moment when we first sighted Sunium, I moved continually in a dream of stifling beauty. That struggle between static loveliness and political energy did not exist: for beauty had won and the Athenians did not know it.

The focus of this splendor is in Athens. She lies in the hills, Parnes and Hymettos lovingly encircling the still glorious darling of antiquity. Hers is a beauty that

first attracts, then absorbs, and finally digests. And the Athenian is naturally predigested. Surrounded as he is by beauty of which he is the heir, it absorbs him before he realizes its existence. The Acropolis and Jupiter's Temple are pleasant to gaze upon from the iron tables of Athens' most popular café. But to watch sunset bathe Hymettos in violet haze, to mark the tints of ivory and gold of the shattered Parthenon deepen to rose and wine, then swiftly blend to the silver glory of the eastern moonlight and the quiet loveliness of the eternal stars: these cannot be for him the one paramount enthusiasm in life. One becomes accustomed so easily, so easily, if one is an Athenian born and bred. There are some things one takes as a matter of course, among them the Acropolis. Such passions are for foreigners, but to him Athens is a vast metropolis, the capital of the puissant Kingdom of Greece. It is the seat of government, the source of preferment, the centre of influence and intrigue. Where there is government there is politics, and where there is politics there are cafés and arguments. And so politics, or rather political discussion, is to him the true vocation of a proper Athenian. The draft of potent beauty has sapped his energy, rendering him indolent, talkative and factious.

The café gossip and political chatter of Athens is always intense, but the political situation in Greece has turned it to sheer frenzy. The details leading up to the present state of affairs are too involved and too uncertain to be of value. Briefly, it may be said that in 1916, King Constantine dissolved the Greek Parliament, of which Venizelos was Premier. Venizelos fled the country and, under British and French protection, organized his Provisional Government at Salonika. Under his influence the French and British coerced the Royalist Party, his political rivals, first by blockade and finally by armed intervention. Constantine abdicated, the Royalist troops were disbanded and Venizelos returned to des-

potic power, entering Athens with 30,000 Allied troops. His policy was to force Greece actively to participate in the war against Bulgaria and Germany. Back of him stood English ships and troops, French troops and gold. Since his return in 1917 he has held the country in his capable and capacious hand.

He held Greece under martial law. Each night the streets of Athens rang to the pomp and circumstance of drum and bugle, patrol and sentry. There was no one to stop him. Constantine was in Switzerland, the young King too pleasure-loving or too cautious to attempt a revival of the Royalist party. And this would have been difficult, even without opposition. For Venizelos had decimated the ranks of the Royalists. All the former political adversaries of the Cretan were in exile or had been jailed without the semblance of a trial. The prisons were said to be jammed with over 40,000 political prisoners. Moreover, he treated the common people to a diet of *panem et circenses*. Every day his press trumpeted the news of some fresh advance in Greek ambitions. Hosts of Bulgarian prisoners captured by the Allies, had been turned over to the Greek Government, which found them very useful in building roads. A censorship, rigorous and crushing, beat down any papers that had the temerity to oppose him. Venizelos could say: "I am Greece." And the politicians knowing it raged over their coffee and cigarettes.

Royalist, Socialist, innumerable minor factions of the anti-Venizelists, raged in solo and in chorus. The fiercest political opinions, the bitterest tirades, the most rabid partizanship, the cruelest greed, insatiable factiousness, rebellious discontent boiled up, but nowhere did I find more than a few traces of that Hellenist ideal that had shaken the Near East again and again from the torpidity of the diplomatic *status quo* to war.

There were those who believed that the "unredeemed Greeks" had suffered unspeakable brutalities, and who

desired to rescue and avenge them. There were those whose actual purpose was to line their pockets by exploitation of the rich lands that Venizelos desired to add to the realms of Hellas. And there were those who merely felt that Greece, as one of the greatest, most civilized, most progressive of world-powers, ought inevitably and naturally to expand at the expense of her neighbors.

And so by breathing the superheated atmosphere of Greek politics I found the germs of the Hellenist movement, amid the stew and turmoil of cafés. I had come to the council halls of Hellas, and had found the Greek politician a hopeless victim to the *bacilli* of café-life and political gossip, sitting like one of Kipling's *banderlog* amid the shattered glories of an age he did not comprehend, but upon whose former magnificence he based his pretensions. I had come to the fountain of the Philhellenes, and had found the waters roiled.

IV. *Government by Cafés*

The talk of the cafés is the heart of Greek political life. At one table would be found the foes of Venizelos, conspiring to crush the Cretan. They declared that their one desire was to restore Macedonia to its rightful owners, that they felt naught but love and friendship for the Turks and Bulgarians, and were animated by trust and loyalty for King Constantine. After a stirring recital of the horrors of the Venizelist régime, they unanimously asserted that Venizelos remained at Paris because he was afraid to return to Greece, that were an election held he would be defeated ten to one.

At the next table would be a group of annexationists, advocating the expansion of Greece northward in Macedonia or eastward in Thrace, or urging that the Greek forces at Smyrna advance three to five hundred miles inland. To them nations were squares, armies pawns, time and space non-existent, and the glorious completion of the Empire of New Greece a foregone conclusion.

Next to them would be a Socialist or so. One of these once talked away half a night with me, telling me what a pity it was that Greece was so backward as not to have a strong Socialist party. The obstacle seemed to be that the majority of the population were prosperous and contented. Hence it did not ardently desire any radical change.

Next, a table of Italophobes would hold forth to all and sundry. Their theme was the continued Italian occupation of the Dodecanese Islands, emphasized by Italian activities in Albania and Asia Minor. They felt that the Italians were in duty bound to give up the islands to Greece, free of charge. And because the Italians did not feel the same way about it, they declared that the Italians were a brutal, unfair, mean nation.

This view of foreign policy is characteristic of many Greeks, and quite common throughout the sphere of Hellenism. It is the moral duty of all "Great Powers" to fight costly wars, and then present Greece gratis with such portions of the spoils as she may covet.

And finally, there would be a table of disconsolate Royalists, spinning futile little plots for the rehabilitation of the Royalist party and the return of Constantine. Night after night these varied cliques would gather in any one of a hundred cafés and argue and talk interminably.

The passion for specious epigrams, political formulas and phrasemaking, inherent in such chatter, becomes dangerous when carried into government. A pungent catchword originating over the eternal coffee and cigarettes may eventuate as a definite formulation of foreign policy. The *boulevardiers* of France have constantly tended to exert a similar pernicious influence upon the decisions of the *Quai d' Orsay*, sometimes with success. The *boulevardiers* were responsible for the Franco-Prussian War, Boulangisme. After Fashoda they howled for war with England, after Morocco for war with Germany. It is not a new thing in European politics.

And it has been all-powerful in Greek politics. An

excellent example is found in Venizelos' brilliant formula: "The road to Crete lies through Macedonia." This remark, smacking though it does of the café, cost Greece the two Balkan Wars and the lasting enmity of Turkey and Bulgaria, and has so complicated the Balkan Question as to render utterly improbable any peaceful solution. And it is superfluous to point out that the roots of the war lay in the Balkan Question. Venizelos' purpose, in making this phrase, was to rescue Crete from a not oppressive international administration under M. Zaimis, a Greek, acting as High Commissioner, in order to give the Greek government a free hand in exploiting the political and material resources and in expelling or destroying the large Greek Moslem population of the island. Venizelos, by his perfect control of the censorship, is able to weave irresponsible threads of annexationist and Hellenist sentiment into a fabric which has the appearance of unified national emotion. Just as there were many opponents to the Pan-German movement in Germany, so are there many to the Hellenist movement in Greece. Certainly there is a vast amount of indifference. But the cliques in control of both governments made it appear that these nationalistic needs were the solid sentiment of the nations involved.

And back of this welter of political chatter one could sense a few little groups of hard, determined men, resolved to "hack their way through" somehow or other. Such groups are a permanent and notorious feature in the politics of all nations, but in none are they of greater influence and significance than in Greece. The real annexationists are a small clique, headed by Venizelos, and it is their determination, coupled with their present control of Greece, that is at the heart of Greek imperialism. Such groups are always irresponsible, always clever, often unscrupulous; and here it is through the cafés that they operate. For the Greek Government essentially lies not in kings or premiers, parliaments or constitutions,

but in cafés which are the key to government and power.

In the case of Greece, the mere fact that no one is able openly to oppose the policies advocated by the government, facilitates the diffusion of these policies. And, coming from the center of Greek thought, the Hellenist impulse, originally specious, acquires considerable actual momentum at the circumference. Born of the ambitions of a few men, escaping from the limbo of Athenian cafés to the realm of practical execution, the impulse presents that appearance of unified coördination that deceives the uncritical and overwhelms the unwary. As long as Greece, as in the past, is controlled by successive cliques of unscrupulous politicians, so long will there be found Greek Governments willing to interpret these into terms of foreign policy. There is no indication that these fundamental facts will alter, and, accordingly, as long as they remain unaltered, Greece will chronically disturb the peace of the Near East, and, through the very delicate adjustment of political forces known as the Balkans, will seriously menace the peace of the world.

V. *Imperialist Epilogue*

The events of the summer of 1920 served to deepen the mazes of the Turkish problem and to intensify the charge of imperialism against the Greeks.

Arising as a spontaneous protest against the impending dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, the Turkish Nationalist movement assumed serious proportions under energetic leadership of Mustapha Kemal and his lieutenant, Raouf Bey. At first unconsidered, Kemal's organization of resistance to Greek encroachments and the successful operations of the Nationalist troops against the Greek regulars back of Smyrna in May and June of 1919 demonstrated the force of his leadership. Gradually increasing the scope of its operations, his Nationalist organization, built on the remnants of the Young Turk

party, came to cover Anatolia, from Cilicia to the Sea of Marmora, while in Thrace, a kindred movement, gathered head under Colonel Jafar Tayar.

Inaction and mutual jealousy of the Allies vastly strengthened Kemal's position. The Turkish people were taught to look upon Kemal as the leader of their nation, and to consider the Sultan in the light of a prisoner and puppet in the hands of the British and French. The Nationalists seizing upon the western dread of Bolshevism flirted with the Bolshevists, who had driven the British out of Baku and Enzeli and were invading Persia. By posing as the head of the Pan-Turanian group planned by Enver Pasha they revived the threat to the British in Mesopotamia and Afghanistan. Moreover, they greatly embarrassed the French and British by stirring up Moslem sentiment in India and the French colonies.

To this successful propaganda they had added a good measure of military support. Raising the spectre of national annihilation before the patriots of Turkey they resolutely set out to reverse the military defeat that might render possible the imposition of Carthaginian terms in the Turkish Treaty. Elated with their success against the Greeks near Smyrna, they had met the French troops in Cilicia, finally forcing them to retire. In the north, the Nationalists, occupying Broussa, proceeded to plant batteries and sealed the entrance to the Dardanelles. The troops of the Sultan, used as catspaws by the British, were defeated, and in many cases went over to Kemal. Ismid and Skutari were crowded with throngs of Greek and Armenian refugees fleeing before the Nationalist advance. Moving on Constantinople, Kemal's forces attacked the British entrenchments at Ismid, sent detachments across the Bosphorus at Stenia, and attempted to bombard the capitol.

These last acts forced the British to yield to the Greek clamor for permission to crush Kemal. On June 5th last, British warships opened fire on the Turks at Touzla, forty

miles west of Ismid, and Allied consent was given to the Greeks to conduct campaigns in Asia Minor and Thrace. The Venizelists, who had kept 100,000 men in arms, biding an opportunity to act on the Hellene maxim, "You hold him and I'll hit him," at length had their chance, and took it.

With the advantages of sea-power and equipment all on their side, their success was remarkably swift. The Greek troops justified Venizelos' promise to the Allies that the Nationalists would be beaten in fifteen days. The Turks were cut in two, and the Greeks captured Philadelphia, surrounded the Nationalist headquarters, and captured 3000 prisoners. The southern wing thus disposed of, they advanced against the northern wing from Sema and Panderma simultaneously, caught the Turks between two fires, defeating them at Balikesri. In two days on a front of 250 miles Kemal was beaten and forced to retreat with heavy losses. Encouraged by this swift victory the Greeks marched north and entered Broussa.

Their campaign in Thrace was equally decisive. With British naval support, landings were effected at Rodosto on the Marmora, and at Media on the Black Sea. These forces, coöperating with the advance of the main Greek Army on the Moritza, advanced against the Nationalists from three directions. On the 25th of July Adrianople fell to the Hellenes, and Colonel Jafar Tayar, fled ignominiously towards the Bulgarian frontier. The Greek columns continued to advance, clearing the country of the Nationalists, now styled "brigands." At the same time British and Greek units coöperated in clearing the "bandits" from the European shore of the Bosphorus and from the Peninsula of Skutari, opposite Constantinople.

The Turks were acquiescent, cowed by the British threat to bombard the mosques of Broussa unless the Nationalists retired, and discouraged by their defeat in Asia Minor and Thrace. In Syria too the Allies were successful against the Nationalist movement of the Arabs

headed by Prince Feisal. General Gouraud advanced against Damascus and, after Feisal had accepted the French terms for an armistice, proceeded to attack and rout the Syrian forces and to levy a fine of 10,000,000 francs on the city of Damascus.

All in all the moment seemed propitious for the signing of the Turkish Treaty, and the salting away of the booty carved out of Turkey in the late war, waged "in the interest of minor nationalities." The pro-British Turkish ministry of Damad Ferid had formerly declared that it did not dare sign the Turkish peace terms, but now asserted its willingness to comply with the Allied demands, lest the worst befall the Turkish Empire and the Greeks be let into Constantinople. So Damad Ferid and his colleagues were hurriedly packed off on a French battleship and despatched to Sèvres, carefully labelled "This side up with care." But if the Turks were in no position to play the bull in the china shop, there were for a time other obstacles that threatened to prevent an outbreak of peace in the Near East. The Greek and Italian Governments again opened their dispute over the Dodecanese Islands, a subject that had been provisionally settled by Italy yielding to Greece all of the islands save Rhodes in a secret agreement between Nitti and Venizelos made July 29th, 1919. Now the Italian raised the objection that the basis of this agreement was that Italy should be compensated by concessions in Asia Minor, and that the Greeks had occupied five times the amount of territory stipulated by the Dodecanese Agreement. Both sides refused to sign the Turkish Treaty until this matter should be satisfactorily settled. Pressure was brought to bear on the Giolitti government by France and England, and this obstacle was disposed of by the settlement of August 11th, 1920, in which it was stipulated that Greece should receive all the islands save Rhodes, the final fate of Rhodes to be determined by a plebiscite to be held not sooner than five and not later than fifteen years from date.

Although Damad Ferid and his associates affixed their signatures to the Treaty of Sèvres it will not be valid until confirmed by the Turkish Çhamber of Deputies, which was dissolved in 1919 at the instigation of the Allies. The Chamber is controlled by a large Nationalist majority and cannot be reconvened without new elections, which are not possible at this juncture. The Nationalists are still controlled by Mustapha Kemal, who has retired to Angora to lick his wounds. He still governs the major part of Anatolia, the heart of Ottoman Turkey, and cannot be dislodged without a difficult and expensive campaign. Neither the British Commons nor the French Chamber are in a mood, to endorse their governments in a policy of "little wars." The Italians have no particular reason to dislike Kemal, and indeed are suspect of being in complicity with him. The Greeks are the only people who possess the means and the will to tackle the Nationalists. But in view of their already immense territorial gains in the Near East the Allies are not inclined to welcome further Greek campaigns in Asia Minor. Accordingly, the key to this particular situation reposes at Angora, in the hands of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. The various attempts on his life by agents have met with a uniform and disheartening failure, and until he is dislodged, the Nationalist *bloc* in the Chamber will remain unalterably opposed to the Turkish peace terms, and the signature of the treaty will, from the standpoint of international law, be absolutely worthless. In the meantime, Kemal's strength is to sit still and avoid again arousing the Allies to the necessity of united action against him.

Thus the Hellenist movement in the near East begins and ends with imperialism, although the end is by no means yet. And still continues the struggle of Greek and Turk for the fatal legacy of the Byzantines: Empire and Corruption.

John F. Carter, Jr.

SHOP AND ART

I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestickmaker much acquaints
His soul with song, or haply mute,
Blows out his brains upon the flute.

WELL, Robert Browning, you writer of plays and poems, and diviner of hearts, here are several subjects made to your hand.

I do not know a butcher who paints, but I know a young deep-sea fisherman who does. With exactness paints he all — except indeed his place of business, the multitudinous seas, which seem not to interest his muse — an exactness, to be sure, as literal as a photograph; but I doubt not he has a beautiful time achieving it, which is really the point under our consideration. In other words he is not a stodgy, shop-keeping fisherman — if such be conceivable — solely devoted to his winds and waters and the price of swordfish, but one concerned with life on shore, his eyes enamored of the look of the grain of wood, the clean curl of shavings, the gleam of nails, as in the building of dories these things are to be seen by the strictly unimaginative eye. In some strange way, it is to be supposed, his diversion refreshes his soul, strained with gazing at infinity and eternity, by providing emphasis upon the concrete and homely part of his world. Perhaps it is because of living romance, that he swings to sheer commonplace by way of recreation. Anyhow, he prefers new dories to old. But who shall say that potentiality is less poetic than history, seaworthiness less desirable, as the beauty of fitness, than the æsthetic charm that comes of use and age? A common-sensible fisherman, truly.

As for grocers, I once knew a Scotch-Irish one with the taste and originality to paint his walls a warm pumpkin

yellow, and his shelving and baskets black, because he liked them that way. He took a shy pleasure in seeing his lettuce, his tomatoes, his oranges and pink onions and rosy apples, in black baskets. And the beauty thereof was enough to make one long to take one's knitting and spend the day in that grocery, reveling no more in color than in the spirit that with the simplest means achieved the beauty and distinction which are style. Had this man been Italian, he would have seemed less remarkable, for clearly the Italians take pleasure in the arrangement of their fruit, else they would not do it so well. Perhaps too, it is that they have not only the love of color but the habit of it. In any case, he has three pleasures who enters an Italian shop — the joy of color, an intellectual satisfaction in its arrangement, and pleasure in a genuinely human contact. Your Italian takes life by the way, is willing to be human in business hours. Recently considering crook-neck squash, I became enamored of one resembling a swan. "No, no," said our kindly Latin, "data one no gooda — dry. Deesa one good," offering another. Then studying the object of my affection he smiled inimitably, and holding it as if it were a beloved pet, he stroked it tenderly, with keen enjoyment of the joke.

A maker of candlesticks I have never known, but there was in San Francisco some years ago, a Japanese importer thereof, together with other objects of use and art, who with great enthusiasm and regularity blew out his brains upon the flute. Upon one occasion inspiring to rivalry certain batrachians in Golden Gate Park, he thereafter charmingly called his flute "The Friend of Frogs." If here we have not the poetic shopkeeper, extra-illustrated, produce him! He had, too, a friend of kindred spirit, who when asked whether he expressed himself in any artistic way, replied with grave melancholy, "Ah, no — I have too much time with the business. Alas, I am artless!"

But, you will say, these were Japanese, men of the race whose very 'ricksha-coolies compose poems to blossoming fruit trees, whose gardeners will many times patiently plant and unplant and replant a tree, not under direction, but in accordance with their own taste, for its ideal placing in the composition of the garden as a whole; men whose racial sensitiveness to beauty has created for the pine tree a word that means "view-perfecting tree."

Very well, then, I will tell you of the nursemaid who wrote creditable, if sentimental, verse; of the chicken farmer who modeled in clay; of the boy in a mid-western city who, employed in carrying drinking water to laborers in the street, whiled the tedium thereof with an amazing variety of bird-calls, evidently his native wood-notes wild. And I will tell you of William Henry Howard Hill, colored, sometime surreyman and charman in our family. It would be agreeable to vanity to call him our coachman, but at least the upper reaches of a coachman must include buttons and a high hat, and William Henry wore no livery, but only decent hand-me-downs, with especial blacks for state occasions. Moreover, we had no coach, but only, for every day use, a surrey, so-called; and for parties and calling — there was calling in those days — a heavy, solemn vehicle, name unknown, which possessed at least one characteristic of social exclusiveness as then understood, since those on the back seat were effectively excluded from the public eye. It had, in short, what Mr. Henry James so much admired in English life, "a constituted privacy," a thing apparently outmoded in these days of limousines built after the fashion of greenhouses or sun parlors.

What I have been so long getting to is that William Henry did not limit his activities to surreying and charring. (If any think I am ultra-British to say "charring" I will hurl at him not only such dictionaries as I possess, but also the United States government, which has recently standardized the pay and services of charwomen as such).

To come to the point, what time William Henry was not driving, or taking care of the horses, or attending to the furnace, or washing windows, or polishing brass, or cleaning walks, or cutting grass, was given to music's golden tongue, speaking through the mouth organ, the accordion, the banjo, the guitar, and the church organ. This assortment being inadequate to the expression of William Henry's soul, he was also a patron of the higher forms of drama, as attested by his naming the eldest scion of his house Othello, and the next to the next child Desdemona. Followed Victoria Beecie, whether because a former employer had recently removed to the lovely city on Puget Sound, or because William Henry in the Jubilee year of the late so long indestructible English Queen, misconceived the date of the good lady's nativity, I am unable to say.

It will thus be seen that although William Henry (What a pity we did not think to telescope him to Menry, after the labor-saving fashion invented by Mr. Arnold Bennett!) surreyed and charred for a living, he would nevertheless have been a cheering person for Browning to have contemplated, in the inspiring combination he presented of art, labor, history and geography.

And I have yet to tell you of the most romantic shop in America, whither I was directed for the purchase of a cannon-ball. If you have never shopped for a cannon-ball, you cannot imagine the pleasure of it. Never mind why I was seeking it; ladies of equatorial avoirdupois will know without being told.

But about the shop. It is not an ordinary shop, but an extraordinary one, a super-shop, a shop that is a seven-story museum of all the kinds of weapons and other war material invented by man since the world began, from stone hatchets and tomahawks to dynamite guns and torpedoes, from the conical lacquer hat, protection against the arrows of feudal Japan, to the trench helmets of recent warfare.

There are ghostly suits of medieval armor, and startling effigies of those in our own service by land and sea. In a place of honor is the capstan of the battleship *Maine*, retrieved from its long immersion in the harbor of Havana. Nearby is a torpedo riddled by American shot as it lay on the deck of a Spanish warship, and just beyond it a Spanish torpedo, complete from warhead to propeller.

There are guns — revolvers, rifles, blunderbusses, muskets, machine guns, cannon. On innumerable tables are knives, and more knives, long ones, short ones, and wickedly wavy ones that would assuredly feel even worse coming out than going in. They have tiny spots of rust on them, too, for, mark you, these are not the innocent arms of the hardware or sporting goods shops, nor the superannuated weapons seen within glass cases in museums. *They are second-hand.* They have been used. You can touch them, handle them, get the feel of them, the thrilling, shivery feel of adventure, chivalry, sport, crime, perhaps deliverance. Here are the instruments of the passions of men, connoting intensity of living and dying.

When Stevenson revisits the glimpses of the moon, I think he must sometimes betake himself thither, to gloat over the motley crew that should there assemble at the witching hour: Captain Kidd, listening greedily to a U-boat captain's exposition of torpedoes; a Japanese daimyo marvelling at steel armor, or listening intently as Theodore Roosevelt explains to General Grant the identity of principle in the dynamite gun he used in Cuba and that scourge of Paris, Big Bertha; men of the stone age curiously fingering a machine gun, a Crusader handling a rifle, American Indians gravely regarding the lacquer helmet and the steel armor, Lorenzo the Magnificent sniffing at presentation swords of the sixties. And surely there would come also the amiable Long John Silver, and behind him, tap-tapping, the ineffable Pew, who would feel his way to the murderous curly knives, to run

his thumb over them, delicately, with the air of a connoisseur. Perhaps Smee would follow, darning a stocking, say, though truly this is no place for a boned pirate, as Mr. Huneker calls the milder variety.

Even by daylight one peered about the shop expecting to see dark characters — gunmen acquiring stock in trade, revolutionists buying arms for half a nation, Black Handers and Highbinders choosing knives, and so on. What we did see the moment we entered, was a perfectly good cowboy, 1919 model, just up from New Mexico, and intent upon buying a gun, namely, a revolver, before he hit the town and burnt his wad, as he gratifyingly expressed it. His costume consisted of thick boots, guiltless of blacking since their creation, blue overalls, much turned up, a black silk handkerchief knotted at the throat of a black cotton shirt, a very broadbrimmed sombrero, and — last heavenly touch in Broadway — a crimson silk sash by way of belt.

What need had the founder of this business, the material of which overflows to an island in the Hudson off Storm King, for more poetry in this life than in itself it offered to his imagination? Is there any other business you can think of wherein a man might live more lives than in this arsenal of soldier, sailor, hunter, Indian, cowboy, pirate, revolutionist, burglar, gunman? Think of the luck of it! It is not every man that can make money at a business permitting him to play at soldiers and pirates every day.

> Because a man has shop to mind,
> In time and place, since flesh must live,
> Needs spirit lack all life behind,
> All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,
> All lives except what trade can give?

A thousand times, No! And why in the name of Demos should we wonder at human beings having tastes and gifts outside their occupations? Why otherwise would it be of any use to have free libraries and museums, park

concerts and community choruses, university settlements, night schools of music and art, and I know not what else for the sharing of spiritual food with those who might otherwise miss it?

It is precisely in what a friend of mine calls the over-touch, the indispensable unnecessary thing thus brought into the lives of all who crave development of the mind and spirit, that this century — complex and puzzling, even terrifying, as it is — transcends the earlier day of limitation to that state of life to which it was thought it had pleased God to call His creatures. It is now so clearly to be seen in this post-bellum world as to be beyond debate, that it hath pleased God to call each and every one of us to any state of life soever for which he can qualify.

Which brings us to the cheering conclusion that despite the bewilderment and anxiety of our ferment in these days, that ferment must bring to us more and more of liberation, in its very continuity with the progress that preceded and produced it. Shop-keepers — by whom I think Browning meant all little lives, based on and bounded by material necessities — are today so bound only as of choice. Today Art, like other sovereigns, mingles with the people, and none who desires it need miss shelter beneath her ægis.

There is some talk of the vulgarizing of Art, but though many so-called "art-products" are vulgar, Art itself — the expression of the aspiration of the human spirit toward beauty — can never be really vulgarized. Its votaries and expositors may be stupidly debased by Demos, but the goddess herself will ever remain inviolable, accessible, kind, to the true believer, even though by day he traffic in the marts of men.

Edna Kingsley Wallace.

AUTOMATISM IN WRITING

THE high accent placed on automatic writing by the recent popular discussion as to its sources, has had one advantage which we may all without compromise share. This is the way in which it illuminates the whole problem of automatism and the part it plays in all our intellectuation. Although at first sight it appears regrettable that so many automatic writers, prepossessed in favor of the spiritistic explanation of their phenomona, have declined to submit themselves to searching psychological examination, in other cases this very sureness gives to their own accounts a revealing naïveté which throws much light on the mechanisms involved.

One such account of automatic experience which appeared in THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW, and is therefore familiar or accessible to its readers, is full of suggestive material. I refer to Mrs. Pearl Curran's account of the phenomona to which she gives the name of Patience Worth. Mrs. Curran is so evidently uninformed of the processes involved in so-called "literary" writing, that it will not be amiss to recall them categorically to mind.

All or nearly all utterances of the kind that man has cared to preserve for reasons wholly apart from their value as fact, whether made vocally or in written words, *seem to the speaker* to have come from some source outside himself. The poet or philosopher or prophet has felt himself a medium through which the valued communication is made, a medium, as Van Wyck Brooks has said, only yesterday, "of something not himself, but his sense of something that exists in himself, something not personal but universal."

"All good poets," says Socrates, who believed himself at all times guided by a familiar spirit, "compose their beau-

tiful poems not by art, but because they are inspired and possessed."

Also it has been characteristic of all ages and cultures that these unpremeditated and often uninvited messages, on arriving at the doors of consciousness, present themselves as Beings. Man has always been at great pains to separate his own consciousness from the cosmic mind; even his vagrant sense perceptions, tag-ends of his dawn-man period are identified as Pan, as fauns, imps and leprechauns. The aboriginal American derives his songs and rituals, often of high literary quality, from his totem animal encountered in dreams or in visions induced by fasting. The Greek had his Apollo, his nine muses, and finally as he grew more aware of the nearness of the springs of art to his own self, his personal "genius" ever whispering at his ear. During the Middle Ages inspiration came from the Saints, or the Devil, who, so much nearer were those times to identifying a man's art and his soul, was always expected to demand that soul in payment. Last of all we have the automatic writers, accounting for the ideas that escape from below the threshold of consciousness, as communications from the spirits of the once alive.

We do not get any clear account in the paper referred to, of the incidents which led Mrs. Curran to identify the source of her writings as a personality called Patience Worth, but neither do we find Joan of Arc explaining why she believed that her Voices were the voices of St. Michael and St. Catherine. Doubtless the evidences were, as they seem always to have been, interior, and sufficient to the subject of them. "Patience showed me" she says with the same sort of finality with which it is stated that "God showed Abraham . . . " or that the Virgin showed San Bernadino the use of the Rosary. Robert Louis Stevenson humorously attributes those swift surprises that overtake the creative writer, to the Brownies.

In my own case, when I first began to write, so definite was the sense of Presences, that, though I very quickly

traced my work home to its source in my own subliminal self, the memory of those tall white figures that came and stood on either side, colors all my speech about it.

Mrs. Curran tells of her automatic writing being accompanied by "a feeling of uplift, a sort of ecstacy" and of "mental flashes of white radiant light." Mild ecstacy is so usual an accompaniment of acute cerebration that it need hardly be commented upon. The "white light" is of very frequent occurrence in the experience of what is called "artistic genius." Whether it happens or doesn't happen makes all the difference in the world between writing and literature. I recall once, asking Jack London about the progress of a book he had described to me as one he meant to write. He replied that he had not yet begun it. I told him that I hoped he would do so at once, as it was a great idea. "Yes," he answered, "it is a great idea, but it refuses to spark."

I suppose it was this "white, radiant light" that Paul saw on the road to Damascus. I recall discussing this with a neurologist who suggested that the effect of light might actually be the register on the brain centers of an excessive discharge of phosphorus accompanying acute cerebration. I do not know enough of neural psychology to know how sound this suggestion may be; I mention it merely as indicating that if a practicing neurologist had taken the pains to think out an explanation of it, it must be rather a common phenomenon.

Another significant index of Mrs. Curran's experience is that the Patience Worth ideas are frequently conveyed by symbols.

This is one of the oldest methods by which truth not yet rationalized, is presented to the conscious mind. It is so nearly universal that there appears to be a language of symbols by which the same truths are conveyed to widely separated groups of men, speaking totally different tongues. It is a language that antedates speech, invented by the subliminal self, of which the simile and metaphor of

the literary artist are vestigial remainders. Peter on the housetop beholding a sheet let down from heaven by the four corners, filled with clean and unclean animals, is a historic example. And in modern times we have Kekulé's dancing atoms.

Indeed the whole theory of dream interpretation, from Joseph's time to Freud's, depends for its validity on this universality of the disposition of the human mind to state its profoundest surmises and conclusions in symbolic form.

In a slightly narrower degree, the same is true of the acute visualization which runs along with the story which is told by Patience Worth. Only certain types of minds seem to be endowed with this faculty for visualization, which is the psychic base of "visions," "second sight" and crystal gazing. Andrew Lang goes so far as to conclude that without this gift of visualization crystal gazing is impossible. Few people realize, however, that this faculty for acute visualization is common to all artists. Jack London, with whom I discussed the minutiæ of the literary process, had it to such a degree that he told me he often obtained information for the story he was about to write, directly from the picture so present to his mind's eye, without reference to other sources. Tissot, on his return from the Holy Land where he spent six years making studies for his illustration of the Bible, stated in an interview that often while he was studying a historic spot, the figures in it would disappear and be replaced with the features of the event supposed to have taken place there.

Here are four of the concurrent manifestations of supposedly spiritistic automatic writing, shown to be quite the ordinary accompaniment of creative work in general, and without the least suggestion of spirit intervention.

When we come to the index of complete automatism, we have to work in a more restricted field. There is a vast amount of academic matter on the subject of automatism which can be read by the scientifically equipped.

For the purposes of this paper I shall deal only with the question as to whether there is anything in the mediumistic automatism of Mrs. Curran which differs pronouncedly, or differs at all from the automatic processes involved in writing which are usually spoken of as the product of a special aptitude called "genius."

Genius has been defined by Hartmann in his *Philosophy of the Unconscious* as "the activity and efflux of the intellect when freed from the domination of the consciousness." Thus he does not discriminate between the kind of genius which produces a tremendous fancy like Paradise Lost, and the sort that gives you the answer to 1870054 times 5677 as quickly as the numbers can be named.

Both these results are assumed to be drawn from that part of the mind which Meyers has named the subliminal self, the region of the self which lies below the threshold of consciousness, so that a certain tincture of automatism is involved in every expression of it.

But the layman in speaking of automatic writing in connection with literary genius, must carefully distinguish between true automatism and the kind of writing which is done rapidly and easily after long periods of cogitation. In all the arts most of the important processes take place out of sight, though the subconsciousness may be consciously instructed to work upon them, or they may be brought to the surface of attention from time to time, to subject them to the censorship of literary requirement. Most writers are agreed that the deeper the material for a book can be plunged into the unplumbed depths of the self, the better the work will be. William Archer has said that, after much experimentation, he concludes that no good play can be written without this dive down of the idea into the subliminal, and its subsequent reappearance at some moment when the consciousness is off its guard. These are not his words, for at the time Mr. Archer recorded his experiments in conscious play making, the word subliminal was not in common use. But these are

his implications. Nearly all the devices of the literary writer, such as quiet, isolation, are not so much to secure "concentration" as is popularly supposed, but to keep the conscious mind in a state of quiescence while the "genius" operates. Mrs. Curran herself plainly states that during the time she is obsessed by Patience Worth, there is a thin stream of consciousness flowing alongside the "message," and that only a sharp noise or a conversation to which she is obliged to give her whole conscious attention will banish Patience. Any literary worker will tell you precisely the same thing of himself.

In mediumistic writing there is sometimes complete suspension of consciousness. I do not recall a single case of this in the history of literary writing, where the necessity of holding up the story at the threshold to subject it to criticism, always keeps the consciousness awake. There are instances, like Coleridge's Kubla Kahn, in which a work of genius has swum close to the surface and darted away so quickly that it can never be recaptured; and Stevenson's account of how he composed the story of *The Master of Ballantrae* is an excellent example of the way in which the two streams of conscious and subconscious work side by side.

The question at issue, however, is not of their resemblances to ordinary literary methods, but whether there are any differences between Mrs. Curran's experience and those of any other writer which demand, or even warrant supra-liminal factors.

Mrs. Curran claims for her work that it makes use of facts that she is certain never got into her mind by the ordinary channels of information; that it presents "practically the entire mechanism of a wonderful story in instantaneous flashes"; that it describes scenes never witnessed; that it makes her aware of facts in the lives of other people, never communicated. It is on these items, which seem remarkable to her, that the assumption of an extra-personality is built. It is largely on the first item,

the use of facts acquired in no other way, that the whole spiritistic interpretation rests.

The subliminal self is of unknown extension. Psychoanalysis has shown us that so much may be in it which arrived there by perfectly normal means, which have since been forgotten, that without competent analysis, to which I understand Mrs. Curran has declined to submit, no statement of previous unacquaintance with facts, however sincerely made, can be accepted at its face value.

Let me give an example from my own experience which will at least have the merit of freshness. When I was about ten years old, at the age when children take to "pig-latin" and other absurdities of speech, I produced a totally new language for myself and my friends, which I had received in a dream. Many years later, myself and one of those friends made the discovery, on finding a vocabulary of that "Latin" scribbled in the back of a school book, that it was a crude, phonetically spelled German. Had I not been of an investigating turn of mind, this would have passed for a marvel. It turned out on inquiry, that at the time I was born my father had been interested in acquiring German, that he had had a teacher come to the house, and kept a German maid; but on our removing from that neighborhood, when I was between three and four years old, according to my mother, all use of German in the household ceased. Subsequently the dream by which this fragmentary memory of German was recalled to me, was located by an incident separated by several years from the German lessons. How the two had been joined in my subconsciousness is not so easy to explain, but it is the sort of thing that does happen, and by virtue of its happening stories are made. Robert Louis Stevenson has written more of this matter as it concerns the literary worker, than any other author that occurs to me, but too diffusely to permit of quotation. A recent compilation of Stevenson's called *Learning to Write* contains much excellent material on the subject.

There is another aptitude of the subconscious mind besides this of synthesis, in which a consistent whole is built up out of previously unrelated fragments. I refer to the faculty by which missing elements of the picture are inferred, often with startling fidelity to the facts. You will hear writers relating instances of this to one another, but until psycho-analysis provided a vocabulary by which such things could be communicated to the layman, there was very little that could be used as evidence. I suppose that this faculty by which, given two or three leading items of a scene, the rest of it could be constructed, is what we have clumsily called "imagination."

Human incident probably proceeds according to laws as sure in their workings as those that produce the infinitely varied shapes of snowflakes. It is a question how much law is known to the subliminal. There are psychologists who insist that all truth is accessible to it, and cite the solving of difficult mathematical problems in a flash as evidence. Mrs. Curran gives a detailed account of as much of this process in herself as registered in consciousness, but there is nothing which cannot be duplicated in the experience of the literary writer. I may be pardoned I hope for introducing an example from my own experience which bears not only on the psychic problem, but on the spiritistic interpretation.

I had been so long convinced that, given a starting point of known fact, I could build out a competent description of places never seen, that I offered myself to the Society for Psychical Research. My offer was accepted, and the following was propounded: Give a description of the whereabouts of Madam X when she disappeared from her home. I did not then know whether Madam X was living or dead, but the person who did know sat beside me throughout the experiment.

My first effort was to clear my mind and allow a picture to form, just as I do with a story. As I described this picture my interlocutor would exclaim "Good!" "That's

it!" and other encouraging phrases. Subtly the picture would alter and correct itself until even the locality revealed itself as a place in Long Island. Not one word had been uttered to indicate this, and I do not know how much of my being able to put a name to the picture was the result of my being tolerably familiar with Long Island. We went on from there through half a dozen sittings, in which my interlocutor would ask from time to time, "What next?" "Where did she go from there?" until, bit by bit the picture was extended to include all that my interlocutor knew of the subject, and more, which he assured me later had been verified. If I do not go into detail on this point it is because the stenographic reports of the conference are all in the hands of the Society, and will eventually be published by them. The point of contact with the present paper is this, that while my interlocutor was certain throughout that I obtained these details by spiritistic communication from the departed Madam X herself, I was equally certain that I had used none but the methods I employ daily when I sit down to my typewriter to compose a story.

The question of how I came by the facts which gave me my starting point for a veridical picture of the Long Island location, refers to that other statement of Mrs. Curran's that Patience Worth seems to know the inner lives of people that come to meet her.

This takes us into the question of thought communication, which is a field by itself, but once so much discussed that it is hardly necessary to say that many people experience it who make no claim to spirit aid. There is in existence in New York a piece of sculpture which makes a peculiar impression of horror on all who see it, the story of which is well known to the sculptor's friends. He had been, before he made it, groundlessly tormented with just that impression of horror, which he strove to get rid of by turning it into stone. A few weeks after the work was completed, he discovered that horror under his own

roof, it having been going on at the time the work was initiated. There is no doubt that the fringes of the subliminal self in the artist are of more than ordinary sensitiveness, and gather knowledge from sources not evident to the intelligence. One thing seems generally affirmed which is that in most cases the phenomona can be easily explained without the spirit factor.

The question as to how any particular fact, such as the wealth of detail in *The Sorry Tale*, was acquired, is matter for the psycho-analyst. Until Mrs. Curran submits herself to that test not very much can be affirmed one way or another.

She makes a point of the amount of work done; I do not know of any writer who would admit so many words in a year, though Jack London used to work at that rate for short spurts. One also recalls what prodigies Charles Dickens was said to perform. It is subjecting the work to literary criticism as it arrives, that slows up the process for the ordinary writer and renders it painful.

One other item of Mrs. Curran's statement is worthy of extended comment. It is that the work done by Patience Worth exhilarates rather than fatigues. A mild form of ecstacy is the normal accompaniment of artistic conception. The discrimination between conscious work that fatigues and automatic work which exhilarates is more subtle. An experience of my own seems to throw some light on the problem. I had been at work a long time on a book calling for tremendous intellectuation, and was very weary. One day in sheer rebellion I allowed my mind to run off in a story which had no literary value but released a very ancient complex, the hunting of man — it developed as a detective story — and gave me precisely the relief of mind and body that Mrs. Curran describes. I actually even felt lighter on my feet after working at it for a time. Correlating this with observations made on other automatic writers, — for the whole of this work of about sixty thousand words was practically automatic, I not being

aware of the progress of the story except as I read it in manuscript, — I decided that the rest came from the release of a suppressed story complex. In my case it came from the very substratum of the self, the oldest type of story in the world. I am satisfied that if I went on permitting my story-telling capacity to leak out by this ancient spillway, the result would be the caving in of my carefully built up capacity for literary craftsmanship. Which seems to hint that the Freudians may be mistaken in ascribing invariable deleterious effects to repression.

It is only when the released complex is superior to the conscious effort, as seems to be indicated in Mrs. Curran's case, that it is safe to give way to it. I am, however, taking Mrs. Curran's word as to the superiority of the Patience Worth material over what she writes in her own person. For here she renders the one touch which convincingly relegates her automatic writing to the lower strata of productivity. She naïvely speaks of it as "all literature," and uses the words "great" and "wonderful" without hesitation.

No artist could go on with his work who did not think it tremendously worth while, *as he is doing it.* But no artist goes far who cannot afterward subject it to the strict censorship of the canons of criticism. We all go through the process described by William James in his account of an automatic draughtsman, who, while his pictures were making, saw them as beautiful and bright with all their natural colors, but the moment he lifted them, discovered them to be grotesque and rather smudgy pencil sketches. There is even an infirmity of the painting gift which consists in just this inability to discriminate between the color that the artist has put on the canvas with his brush, and what is put there by his mind.

Among the very best of us, there is often one piece of the artist's work — usually the worst —, which somehow manages to escape the censor and remains forever, to his mind, colored by the underworld in which the soul is

always a child and finds the broken pebble glitter as a diamond. Even the layman experiences something of this in the dream which he recalls as resplendent, but discovers on attempting to relate it to a friend, that it is pointless and a trifle absurd. One recalls Thackeray, slapping his thigh and exclaiming, "By Gad, that's a stroke of genius!" Probably the same process gives rise to those lucubrations which their innocent authors pass off sincerely as the spirit work of Shakespeare or William James.

The work of Patience Worth though superior to most automatic writing, is by no means "all literature" by the prevailing standards. Mrs. Curran is reported as having great natural gifts as a story teller, and her paper gives evidence of the possession in her own right of much more than ordinary writing power. One wishes, one ventures to prophesy, that her gift will become robust enough to throw off the obsession of Patience Worth and continue in her proper character to make genuine contributions to the elucidation of the Unconscious.

Mary Austin.

GARRULITIES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN EDITOR

IV. More about Yale. The Columbia Law School. Piratical Publishing Days. Some Authors

MY reminiscences still persist in clustering around college days.

When I entered college in '57 the Yale student was a strange animal. He generally wore a cap, as all muckers, including the Paris *Apache*, do now; and he often carried a "banger," a straight stick over an inch thick with the bark on, mythically for defense against his natural enemy, the "townie." In cold weather he wore, especially to conceal the defects of his hasty toilet when going to chapel before daylight, and because he could put it on quicker than an overcoat, a shawl, generally a grayish one, or if he happened to be a swell, probably a quiet Scotch plaid.

As a rule, he had not yet seen a game of baseball, nor one of intercollegiate football.

All this was changed while I was in college. In 1856 there came the first group of the younger sons of New York business magnates, and they brought a revolutionary quantity of good clothes. One of the boat clubs of this class of '60 was defeated by some New London whalers, which gave Ed Sill occasion for a couplet in a song:

> Silky Sixty pride of tailors
> Qualed at quails, and whaled by whalers.

"Quail" was then the college slang for a young person of the female persuasion. My recollection is that the class of '60 was anything but shy of them, and moreover Bernard Shaw had not yet discovered, nor Kipling declared, that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. But Sill, like poets in general, had to have his rhyme and metre. If facts oppose, so much the worse for the facts.

New York never sent Yale more good clothes or better breeding than came with dear Frank Kernochan, who later, as I have already told, was the virtual founder of the University Club. Though it was sixty years ago, I see him as if it were yesterday, walking down the Chapel Street side of the Green near Church Street, followed by his brown terrier, dressed in the pink of fashion but in perfect taste, handsome as a young god, but, more advanced than the gods in that he was smoking a straight meerschaum pipe with a cherry stem twice as long as anybody would smoke now. There was Davy Haight, too, who later, as probably the greatest chairman of a house committee on record, rescued the University Club from disaster, and put it on the right track, and kept it there for a generation. Davy too was an exponent of good clothes. He entered college very young, and once I found him crying because, as he averred, out of five pairs of trousers his tailor had just sent up from New York, there was not one that hadn't one leg longer than the other. But he grew up enough to keep his trouser-legs in perfect symmetry, also to manage not only the University Club, but the Vanderbilt real estate interests in New York.

Speaking of Frank Kernochan's beauty, reminds me of another '61 classmate whom at the very outset we quite properly dubbed Apollo Belvedere; but before we got through with him, his solid character so eclipsed his beauty that he became "Judge Newell," or "Judgey" because we loved him. These facts may hardly justify introducing him into as serious a chronicle as the present, but the fact that he was our minister to Holland at the time of the first Hague conference, certainly does.

The very eminent legal authority and writer on legal and political topics, Judge and Governor Baldwin of Connecticut, was also in the same class.

Among the men whom I knew well in college and who subsequently became famous was Marsh, the great paleontologist. He graduated in '60, but remained in

New Haven studying for a couple of years. He was known to the scientific world while an undergraduate. About the time he graduated, he picked up a stone in Nova Scotia, which at a glance he suspected of being a vertebra, and examination not only proved him correct, but led to his reconstructing the big lizard from which the vertebra came, as the elder Agassiz reconstructed a fish from a single scale. I don't remember whether those reconstructions were subsequently confirmed, but take it for granted that they were, as otherwise they could not have created the sensation they did. Agassiz and Marsh must have done a good deal to teach this trick: but such reconstructions are now taken as all in the day's work.

Marsh was a nephew of George Peabody, who left Yale the Natural History Museum. Marsh after he became professor had two great shows in it — his infant-class and his horse-show. The infant-class consisted of ten or a dozen skeletons ranging from some little ape-like creature a foot or two high (I haven't seen them for fifty years) up to man. The horse-show began with the skeleton of the five-fingered, or five-hoofed one, discovered by Marsh, about the size of a coach dog, followed by the four-fingered one, a little larger, and so on up to the skeleton of Fashion, Robert Bonner's famous racer. I seem to remember that Huxley pronounced those two shows of Marsh's the most interesting things he saw in America. I'm not sure the Grand Canyon had been discovered at that time, or that Huxley would have preferred it if it had been. Marsh also regaled him with the sight of a lot of birds with teeth that he had been the first to pick up in his casual work.

The man Bonner was a character. He made a fortune out of the *New York Ledger*, a weekly paper that is dead now for all I know. He was as great an advertiser as Barnum. He got half a dozen or more leading clergymen, including Beecher, to write for consecutive numbers, and advertised them mercilessly; then I think he got half a

dozen statesmen to do the same trick. What they all wrote under such circumstances can be imagined. Bonner induced the Mayor (How I don't know! I think the Mayor was Fernando Wood, and if you're up in municipal history or a good guesser, you can do your own guessing) to let him fire off a cannon a hundred times in City Hall Park, in honor of his victory — over the parsons, the statesmen and the public. In the middle sixties a wave of malaria swept down the Hudson and up the Sound. A frequent accompaniment of a country place advertisement was: "No chills and fever." Bonner owned a place in Westchester County in the midst of the malaria, which of course he did not wish to occupy. So he published an ad to this effect: "For Sale: A place where there *is* chills and fever, and which I want to get away from as fast as Fashion will take me." To stop the advertisement, the owners of neighboring properties had to get together and take his on his own terms.

But even Bonner's genius and universally-known success in advertising, though he had a few imitators, did not get up any such Mississippi-Bubble or Tulip-Bubble of it, as, without any genius but that of the modern advertising agent to show them the way, people are chasing now, and chasing with the effect of quadrupling or quintupling the price of the paper needed to disseminate literature, science and education.

To return to Marsh. After a year or two in New Haven following graduation he prepared to go abroad for farther study, and disposed of his effects. His gun fell to me, and it was the most marvelous gun I ever saw. Once on emptying it, as I always did, before going into the house, I instinctively fired at a duck an impossible distance up, and turned away, supposing a hit, certainly a fatal one, impossible, when a man in a nearby boat called out: "You've got your bird," and I had. My sporting son won't use that gun, because it is a muzzle-loader with dangerous exposed hammers, and calls for percussion

caps; I'm glad he won't. And like a great many other abandoned things, he couldn't use it if he would: for there are no longer any percussion caps. But I'd back the gun to outshoot his modern breech-loader with the concealed hammers.

Marsh was a blond with rather a stocky figure. When he settled down in New Haven as professor, and inherited the fortune his uncle left him — "large enough," in the uncle's words "to secure you leisure for study, but not large enough to interfere with it" — he built himself the beautiful house on Prospect Street, which I believe he left to Yale, and which is now devoted to the Forestry School. There he exercised a cheerful hospitality, but despite a constant yearning which he confided to me, for a chatelaine for his house, he remained a bachelor. He wanted everything in the woman, including a fortune that would prevent her limiting his enjoyment of his own. He got me to ask to dinner with him a woman whom he thought might fill the bill, and, though it was well over forty years ago, I still vividly see her staring silently at the centerpiece during most of the meal. I still remember Marsh's exclaiming, during one of those street-corner talks where my ways home from the Century have separated from so many good men and true: "Now if I could only find a woman like Hen Draper's wife!" She indeed possessed all the qualifications in an eminent degree — including the fortune. As she and Henry, and Marsh too, are, like pretty much everybody else, all dead, I can tell the tale. Henry died long before Marsh, and I wondered a little over what would happen, but she remained a widow.

Henry's death reminds me of a strange illustration of what life in New York is. One evening as I was dressing for dinner, a card was brought me, asking me to act as pall-bearer for Henry Draper. I turned it over to see what joke he was playing, probably expecting to find some queerly associated invitation to dinner. But the other

side was a blank. I went down to see the messenger, and it was no joke. I had dined at the Drapers' within a week, and did not even know that Henry was ill. He had died of pneumonia. Such is life between intimate friends in New York.

Remembering Draper and Marsh together, recalls an interesting and even important bit of information. They two and Alexander Agassiz were all dining with me one night, when each of them asseverated that if he had not early come into a fortune, he would never have done anything in science. I doubt this: for I think the genius of each one of them was too great to be suppressed. Be that as it may, however, Agassiz said that when he had grown up, his father took it for granted that he would at once follow in the paternal footsteps, but that Alex declared: "No, I've got to make a fortune first: I've seen enough of poverty in our family." So he went out and made his fortune, partly, I believe, by marrying some of it, as Draper did. But Agassiz added largely to it. Godkin told me that Agassiz told him perfectly candidly that he did not hesitate to buy legislation in the Calumet and Hecla interest, justifying himself, I suppose, by buying only good legislation.

I remember with much pleasure a Sunday afternoon walk with him and Pumpelly on Riverside Drive soon after it was opened, and Agassiz comparing it favorably with the Chiaja at Naples. Alex Agassiz was dark, spare and tall, not nearly as heavy as his father, nor as striking-looking. He was excellent company, as were all the mining men I have known — he, Pumpelly, Clarence King, the Hagues, Marsh too, who was a miner of fossils — the whole bunch of 'em: they see so much of nature and of human nature.

Among the young men I knew intimately in those days were three who became as prominent in politics as the three I have just named already were in science, and each of them too married a fortune. They were Bill Whitney,

Whitelaw Reid and John Hay, and there is a fourth friend of my youth, in the same boat, a statesman of equal eminence still living. Yet I have never said to any of my three boys: "Go thou and do likewise."

Whitney was at Yale in the class below me, and showed there the political tact which made him Secretary of the Navy and put him in control of the democratic party and the New York street railroads.

Draper was one of the most lovable of men, and pleasant to look upon, of medium height and weight, dark hair and eyes. He was one of the creators of celestial photography, as his father was of photography itself, having made a sun-portrait, I believe, earlier than Daguerre. Henry died at about forty, too early to have become as popularly known as Marsh and Agassiz. I shall have something to say about his home, while he was there and after he left it, if I come to speak more fully of the New York of fifty years ago. Now I'm merely episoding away from Yale.

In the class after me was Billy Sumner, as the men who later sat under him as professor continue to call him. I didn't know him intimately at college, but came to later when I published most of his books. In fact, the considerable congeniality that grew between us did not exist in college days: for he was preparing for the priesthood, while I distinctly was not, although it was, in its most "liberal" aspect, on the horizon of my closest friends, Sill and Shearer; and it even, in some troubled days, did loom up for a little space on mine. Shearer actually did enter the Harvard Divinity School, and I have a faint idea that Sill was there with him for a little while. But Sumner's mind was very different from theirs. Their minds had wings and loved broad sweeps of generalization. He was inclined more to statistics perhaps than to imagination, less apt and perhaps less able to see at a glance the essential facts and judge from them, and better endowed with patience to seek them. Such men begin orthodox, and Sumner was at peace in his Episcopal pulpit until dis-

turbed by the dishonesty of the government's issue of paper money to meet the expenses of the war. This set him to studying finance and the contiguous subjects, until, in his patient way, he reached the conclusion that the world needed the truth regarding these more than it needed the truth regarding immersion in baptism or even the virgin birth and sundry other statements in the creeds he was teaching; in fact, he reached a state of mind in which he exclaimed (I'm credibly told, though I don't vouch for it) that he'd be damned if he was going to preach any more. And the great teacher and apostle of honesty in finance and politics took the place of the propounder of dogma. He retained enough orthodoxy, however, I understand, to "pass the plate" in the Episcopal church through the remainder of his days. Probably no teacher at Yale ever had a larger or more enthusiastic following, or did better or more needed work. I have already told what provision was made for such work in the Yale of my day. Probably it would not be too much to say that Sumner was the Moses who led the institution out of that Egyptian darkness.

He was a rather tallish man for those days, when five feet ten was the equivalent of six feet now, medium coloring, fine brow, though not so noticeable as the philologist Whitney's, which was almost too fine; and he was, as I remember, a pioneer of the present fashion of close shaving.

I went to a class reunion (58th year) last Commencement, and although I had been to one three years before, I was simply astounded at the progress (if it is to be estimated by buildings) that the university is making. The institution when I was an undergraduate, consisted of seven brick buildings and two brownstone ones on the campus, for undergraduates. Besides these were one Sheffield Science building, the Law school and the Medical school. The seven brick buildings stretched the length of the

campus in the middle. Within a dozen years two or three stone buildings were erected on the edge or corners of the campus, and President Porter told me that they hoped in time to complete the quadrangle. That was the wildest dream I had then heard of, and I wondered if I should live to see it realized. Not only has that quadrangle been completed, but at least four more, and a fifth, nearly under roof, is twice as large as any of the others. Besides these, I saw, last Commencement, at least ten other buildings, and there are probably several that I did not see, and all in sizes and architectural richness as far beyond the buildings of my time as our ocean liners are beyond the packet boats on the canals in my childhood. And though, in spite of the veto of my time, already alluded to, the chapel seats have long been cushioned, the war then and the recent one have shown the opposite of the prophesied decreased manliness in the students.

The Civil War broke out the year before I graduated. To those who were not mature and wise, it came as a bolt from a clear sky: they had not thought it possible. Nobody was prepared for it. Even judgments about the right and wrong of it were all confused. The idea of coercing members of a republic was a puzzle to those who had not thought about it. I think I said sometime back that Frank MacVeagh had to study it up before deciding that he could stand with his government. Most of us boys didn't even know how to study it up: the Yale of that day didn't even teach how.

The recent World War, on the contrary, was a fact years before the United States went into it. The result was that a score went from the universities to the World War, where one went to the Civil War. Most of the comparatively few who ultimately did go waited a year or two or even three before going. The older ones contemplating professional courses went right on through them, and then some went to the war. The professional courses then, how-

ever, generally took but two years. I know there is a story of some small western institutions where all hands, teachers and students alike, went to the war; but if the story is true, probably they all went to free the slaves. As the abolition sentiment in Massachusetts was much stronger than in Connecticut, many more, I think, went from Harvard than from Yale — especially as Massachusetts men gave the first blood, to the mob which attacked them as they passed through Baltimore. But even at Harvard the Civil War record was nothing to that of the recent war, and the same was true pretty much everywhere else. I think that to a considerable extent the East and the West changed places in the two wars — the West being stronger than the coast in the Civil War, and the Coast, as more open to attack, being stronger than the West in the recent war. However that may be, there was no such universal rising in the earlier war as in the later one. In the former, substitutes were freely bought, and even municipal funds appropriated to help poor people with dependents buy them, and drafts were often resisted, while in the recent war, they were virtually not resisted at all. Some attribute the difference to the modern propaganda, but I think there was a feeling far beyond the reach of propaganda, and that the greatest cause of all has been improvement in human nature — this with my compliments to those who think human nature does not improve, and those who think that frequent wars are necessary to keep alive the military virtues. If they say that the Civil War created the splendid display of those virtues in the recent war, the answer is that the Civil War was fought by the grandfathers of our boys who fought the World War, and that people do not inherit the characteristics acquired by their ancestors — which latter argument, however, I don't believe, even if my disbelief weakens my own argument: there's enough of it left.

And now we will leave Yale — at least until I think of something else I want to say about it.

Somewhere back I said I had known only two great teachers, but old people forget many things, partly because they have many things to forget. As I forgot my three greatest instrumental musicians, so, among my great teachers, I forgot Professor Dwight of the Columbia Law School. To him came a lot of us from Yale, including a large proportion of those who didn't know what else to do with themselves: that sort of youth generally went into law then, just as, I understand, they go into Architecture now.

I have always understood that the Columbia Law School began as Professor Dwight's private venture, and that he made a fortune out of it, as he deserved to. It was started in one of the Colonnade Row — a string of about half a score of houses built a generation earlier by a group of merchant princes on Lafayette Place (now Lafayette Street) just below Astor Place and opposite what was then the Astor Library. In a few years the school outgrew its quarters, and was moved down to the corner of Great Jones Street, and after one or two more changes it reached its present superb quarters in the new Columbia, on what Daniel Gilman christened the American Acropolis.

Professor Dwight's preëminent power as a teacher is that he could hold a seminar of fifty men, have them all questioning and debating at once, never lose his lucidity, let alone his temper, get the allotted stint for each exercise through on time, and retain the respect and affection of every man in the class.

The Columbia Law School was the parent, though Yale was the grandparent, of the University Clubs which are probably the most important social feature spread through the country during the last half century. By the way, we badly need a better word than "society" to mark off the world which has conventions from the world in general. Frank Kernochan, who graduated at Yale in '61, and his brother Fred of '63, lived with their father on the north-

west corner of Second Avenue and Ninth Street, a region which had not then quite parted with its social prestige to Fifth Avenue. Those two fellows came down to the Columbia Law School, as it seems to me pretty much everybody did from Yale at that time. The Kernochan house had at the right of the entrance hall a little reception room papered in red, and the two Kernochans got about a dozen of the Yale men of their time to come there Saturday nights and play whist. When in 1865 this "Red Room Club" grew into the University Club, Professor Dwight was its natural president, and from it are descended all the University Clubs in the country. They could not have proceeded from fitter or worthier sources than Professor Dwight and the Kernochan boys. They were not only model gentlemen, but Frank was quite a scholar, with a happy knack at Latin, and even Greek, versification.

The club came to grief within a year or two; its original members were too young and obscure. Its charter was kept alive by a dining club until, in 1879, when the members had made money and reputation, it was reorganized.

Then our first club house was on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, and when we negotiated the three-year lease, we arranged that the average four thousand dollars rental should be thirty-five hundred for the first year and forty-five hundred for the third. The present club house, which is the property of the club, subject of course to the usual mortgage, represents a rental of probably twice as many thousands as the first house did hundreds. And it does not represent a material advance during the club's time, any greater than the educational advance.

After the first year of my law course (there were but two years then) I married, thank God (I wonder how many more generations it will take us to express such

emotions in less anthropomorphic ways!), and the prospects of building up a legal practise did not meet the exigencies of the situation, or even any special interest of my own. At that time, George Palmer Putnam, owing to the sudden death of a partner, had suffered some inconveniences in his publishing business, and was supplementing his income by acting as United States Revenue Collector, with an office where the Flatiron building now stands on Madison Square. Among his clerks was a classmate of mine who, on learning that the inclination toward publishing with which Daniel Gilman had inspired me in college days, survived, introduced me to Mr. Putnam. That eminent publisher had then in hand an elaborately illustrated edition of Irving's *Sketch Book*, a larger undertaking than was warranted by the recent accident in his affairs, and he proposed that I should share the investment with him, and pick up what incidental knowledge of the business I could by watching the book's progress with the printers and binders. This I did, and the Christmas season of 1863 furnished a profitable market for the book.

Mr. Putnam was then engaged in publishing *The Rebellion Record*, a compilation of all sorts of data regarding the Civil War. The editor was Frank More, the name-father of Frank More Colby, editor of the *International Cyclopædia.* A third party in interest, who was attending to the details of publishing, wanted to sell out, and Mr. Putnam proposed that I should take his place. This too I did, but the Rebellion and the Record of it had outgrown all expectation, and all chance on the general market, so within a year we sold out to Van Nostrand who was then a specialist in military books, and who dazzled me by the statement that he had been making twelve thousand a year! In these days that would be a very modest income for the head of a publishing house, but a dollar doesn't buy as much now as it did even in those greenback days.

In '64 I finished the course in the Law School, and while

I was looking for something to turn up, or trying to turn something up, I translated About's *l'Homme a l'Oreille Cassée*, and took it to "F. Leypoldt" (as he announced himself), who came over from Germany a few years before, and had already published in tasteful style translations of a few well-chosen books in continental literature. He would take my book only at my own risk, but our talk led to my working with him for six weeks, at the end of which we went into partnership.

I was very fortunate in both my leaders into business life. To neither of them was his departure from strict honor or good taste conceivable, and both were of exceptional intelligence and energy.

Publishing in America was a queer business then. As my friend Fred Macmillan (now Sir Frederic) very candidly said to me about 1870: "You fellows are not publishers: you're simply reprinters." His idea, and the proper idea, of a publisher was a man who often devises work for authors, who introduces them to the public, secures for them what publicity he can, and the proper fruits thereof. The American publishers of those days were mainly occupied in reprinting the books of English authors, some of which had been devised, and whose public had already been secured by their English publishers.

The business was perhaps the greatest paradox in human experience. At one end, its principal material was not protected by law, and the business lived to a large extent on what was morally, if not legally, thievery; while at the other end, there was honor among thieves, in the respect that they paid each other's property. The standards of the trade were probably, in dear John Hay's phrase "high-toneder" than they are now. Just as Palmerston (Was it?) said that if there hadn't been any Austria, they would have had to make one, so as there was no code of order, the publishers had to make one. All this means that before 1891 there was no law to protect foreign authors, that American publishers, at least as far as

fiction and belles-lettres were concerned, naturally preferred foreign books, for which, if they paid at all, the conditions were mainly in their own hands. But although no amount of payment could secure them any copyright, they gradually evolved among themselves a habit not only of paying, but of leaving the man who first reprinted a foreign book, in undisturbed possession of it. While this usage prevailed, it was safe to pay for an early copy, or advance proofs, of a foreign book in order to reprint it before anyone else could.

This usage was called the "Courtesy of the Trade," and while it lasted there was as high a tone in the relations of publishers to each other as in those of lawyers, doctors and parsons, and the publishers and some others began to speak of their trade as a "profession." There now hang side by side in my office the portraits of William H. Appleton, Joseph W. Harper, George P. Putnam and Charles Scribner, and I never contemplate them without thinking, "What a fine body of gentlemen you were!" Sons of all but Harper are in the trade today, upholding the honorable traditions of their fathers.

But a "profession" has certain conditions of admission, and certain enforceable regulations of its members' conduct, while anybody who can get credit for paper, printing and binding can be a publisher. The business was not restricted to Appletons, Harpers, Putnams and Scribners, and their like, but sometime about 1870 "the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold," in the shape of a man in Chicago who started a *Lakeside Library* of cheap pamphlets like the weekly papers, in which he printed, as soon as it appeared, every popular novel not protected by copyright. New York was not to be beaten by Chicago, and here soon appeared the *Seaside Library* which contained not only the successful current fiction, but ranged widely over time and space for material. The Harpers soon were driven to publish, in similar form, a *Franklin Square Library* but as they would not print

books previously secured by publishers who respected the rights of their fellows, the *Franklin Square Library*, although the Harpers put into it several standard works outside of fiction, was too restricted to succeed.

This state of affairs brought all respectable publishers into favor of an International Copyright Law. Indeed, some of them had been in favor of it long before. It was I think as early as 1864, when I was with Putnam, that he and Henry Ivison, a publisher of school books, and I were associated in an International Copyright League with some authors, including William Cullen Bryant and Charles Astor Bristed, and probably (I can't remember) Stedman, Stoddard and Bayard Taylor. But that League accomplished nothing, because some leading publishers and virtually all the printers, preferred free piracy.

But as already said, the piracies of the Seaside Library brought virtually all the publishers into line, and a league for securing International Copyrights was formed by them, and another by the authors.

About 1885 the Congressional Committee on Patents, gave the Copyright Leaguers a hearing. I was one of the committee from the Publishers' League. Washington was crowded, but not of course because of our little interest. But other interests crowded Mark Twain and me into the same room and the same bed at that good hotel then kept by a mulatto whose name I forget. There was no better hotel in Washington. Not many years later I happened to occupy the same room on a honeymoon.

My occupancy of it with Mark is the first I remember of our acquaintance. He was great fun, as he always was before he lost his wife. The afternoon of that day in Washington was drizzly, and he and I took a constitutional under the same umbrella. He was most of the time talking about Blind Tom, a famous half-idiotic Negro pianist of those days. Mark said he never missed an opportunity to hear him. Tom, it appears, used to solil-

oquize about himself and his music, and Mark's memory was full of his quaint sayings, of which Mark poured out a stream to me, and so vividly that I can't tell today whether I ever saw and heard Tom, or whether my imagination has constructed him from Mark's account. I may as well tell here what more I can about Mark. He must have been a man of extraordinarily quick and broad sympathies: I don't remember any "getting acquainted" with him. He was one of those men whom from the start one seems to have always known well. I remember a wonderful Sunday afternoon in his pretty library at Hartford where Governor Jewell took Bill Fuller and me when we were spending a week-end with him about 1880. But I can't remember a thing that was said. I remember, too, a musical, much later, when Mark had a house on the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street, where his daughter Clara, later Mme. Gabrilowitsch, among others, sang. On going away I said something to Mark that I thought was awfully funny, but his answer was so much funnier, that mine no longer seemed funny at all. What either of us said I haven't the slightest idea. This is one of the moments when I half wish (not more than half) that I had kept a diary; but I've always got to bed late enough without having that to make me later, and I've always wasted time enough, without the large share of waste that a diary must inevitably involve.

One thing Mark said, I remember distinctly. When one of my boys who now measures six feet two or three, measured about two or three feet six, his mother on going out one afternoon told him she should be back to take him somewhere. She was detained, and when she got home she found him dressed and waiting on the stairs (it's a basement house) and he greeted her with: "It's dark now, and you're a liar." Mark and his surpassingly lovely wife dined with us that night, and my — may I say ditto? — told him the little story I've just written, when he almost jumped around in his chair and flashed out: "You didn't

punish that child?" I'm proud to tell that my wife was able to say she didn't.

The last time I remember seeing Mark was at a dinner given in the *Times* tower by the editors to the editor of the London *Times*, whose name, of course, I forget, but it was before the present management. If Mark said anything funny it was bitterly funny. The burden of it was that he was growing old, that the future was dark, and that the heart was gone out of him. This has often puzzled me, in view of the printing of so much matter indicating that in his family were known psychical experiences which have convinced critics fully as exacting as he, that there is a prospect beyond this life brighter than any in it. That a nature so sunny as his should have found the prospect dark is doubly pathetic.

I'm afraid Mark had the type of mind seen in so many excellent and able men, which is incapable, as things now are, of an interest in Psychical Research, or of imagining that the laws of Nature go any farther into the regulation of the individual's life than the length of his nose. I'm not the man, however, to consider that that type connotes a necessary lack of excellence or ability: for I was of it myself until I was knocked out of it by heavy affliction and overwhelming evidences of the survival of death.

At that hearing before the committee on patents, Mark was surprisingly noncommittal. He seemed to be somewhat under the influence of the old-fashioned New England protectionism. Among the powerful advocates before the committee was James Russell Lowell. But it took even such advocacy half a dozen years to get the bill through. The credit of it was due principally to William W. Appleton, Richard Watson Gilder, George Haven Putnam, Robert Underwood Johnson, and in Congress, Senators Lodge and Platt.

And even the bill we did get, partly owing to "protectionist" notions, was behind that of other countries; for to be copyrighted here, a book must have its type

set and be printed here. There's no such requirement anywhere else.

I haven't attempted any chronological order in these notes, but have let topic suggest topic, and I find myself as a publisher down to the International Copyright law in 1891 when, now that I have reached a bird's-eye view of my experience, it seems to me that my real career as a publisher ended with my wife's death in 1879. I realize that after that I, as a publisher, never created anything worth while. It was her influence that made me, while it was with me, phenomenally successful in a career that, though it had its pleasant features I embraced only as a means to an end. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that she could make almost any man do almost anything — anything worth doing, and she could not care for anything else. I now realize that while in my first twelve years I created the Leisure Hour Series, the American Science Series, and our uniform editions of Maine, Mill and Taine, since 1879 all the successful series issued by our house have been created by others than me. This partly because, not long after 1879, I reached a financial position which justified my giving only a part of my time and thought to publishing. What creation I have done since, was, up to 1914, as author, and since, as editor. Of course the books in the various series I created did not all appear for many years after the series began. I hope all this has not been unduly egotistical.

Whoever cares enough about publishing to have got as far as this, may care to read the following letter which I lately sent to the Publishers' Weekly, and which has been seen by few who see this:

R. R. Bowker, Esq., Publishers' Weekly,

My dear Bowker: Formalities do not come natural when I write to the family organ of the book-trade in memory of our dear old friend Joe Vogelius — even the formality of his full name: for, like Joe Harper, he was generally spoken of by his familiar name, as good and generous men are apt so to be.

Many of the older men in the trade will be glad to read a word about him, and a note on his career may be of value to the younger ones.

When, fifty-five years ago, I entered the publishing house of "F. Leypoldt," it consisted of a loft room about thirty feet square in a bank building on the northeast corner of Broadway and Bleecker street, and its occupants were Leypoldt — a fine scholar and a true gentleman; Joe, a boy of about twenty, who, though he was mainly occupied in making bundles, was in soul as good a gentleman as Leypoldt or anybody else, and Charlie Seyer, a boy of a dozen years or so, and the image of Edward Rowland Sill, the poet, which was the most poetical image I ever saw — three remarkable people. Leypoldt and Joe worked out their natural destinies: Leypoldt killed himself by overwork in building up the PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY, which you have developed so finely; Charlie Seyer did not develop into a second Sill, but reverted to the pursuits of his family; and Joe, in his old age, retired from the business with an ample competency. He had done his full share in expanding the personnel of four into a personnel of about a hundred, and the quarters, thirty feet square, into an uptown office a hundred feet square and a big wareroom down town (of which, as I never saw it, I cannot give the dimensions), and branches in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco.

I risk what seems so much like bragging, because I'm writing for the younger men, of what Joe did. Honestly, I never could quite see what I had to do with the expanding, unless I had a trifle of the great gift that my dear old friend Carnegie used to say accounted for his success — the capacity to associate with him men abler than he was.

Well, my dear young friends, I easily see how Joe did it. In fifty-five years' constant association with him, I never saw the slightest sign of a mean feeling or of sharp practice; everybody wanted to do business with him, because everybody knew that he considered no bargain good that was not good for both sides; *he* was never mean to himself or anybody else, but he saved his money. Then, beside the greatest of all gifts — a clean and generous soul that everybody trusted and loved, he was gifted with untiring energy, a wonderful memory, a judgment that saw all around a question, and a quick perception of things that needed doing. When he was a boy, and I would say: "Joe, hadn't you better do so and so?" his answer was, probably more often than not, "It's done, sir."

In the early part of his life he had many domestic sorrows, but no sorrows could make such a man chronically unhappy, and the last half of his life was exceptionally happy, and in his old age death came to him gently and painlessly to remove him, I trust, to a life happier still.

When one lingers on his memory, the realization creeps up that the mad and destructive schemes for hurrying the world to perfection faster than it can go, would not be so pestering us now — would be plainly superfluous, if the world were already made up, as there is hope that it yet may be — of such men as Joe.

All this has brought up vividly the days so long ago when you and he and I were young together, and when I became, dear Bowker,

Always yours,

HENRY HOLT.

Fairholt, Burlington, Vermont, June 28, 1920.

After November, 1865, when I came, we remained, I think, in that little loft only until May, 1866, when we went onto the first floor on the Mercer Street corner of a building owned by my wife's grandfather, which ran from the southwest corner of Broadway and Broome Street back to Mercer Street.

I recall Stedman, Stoddard and Youmans finding their way to the little loft, and with the Broome Street corner I associate them and Dennett and John Fiske. John was the only one, as far as I remember, who came on business. I published his first book, which was called *Tobacco and Alcohol*, an argument for their moderate use. It was expanded from a review he wrote for *The World* of James Parton's "Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?" The nearness to Boston of Fiske's home in Cambridge finally determined Boston as his publishing place, though our personal relations lasted as long as he did here.

Dennett, who was literary editor of *The Nation* and author of the irreverent article, famous at the time, on the Knickerbocker School, brought Fiske to my office. Those who knew him only in later years will be surprised to learn that in the sixties he was a slight, ethereal, almost poetic looking fellow, with wavy hair and a thin beard —

all of which, in his famous years, he distinctly was not. I have already given my recollections of him quite fully in No. 26 of this Review.

My earliest recollection of Stedman is his saying to me, "You ought to join our club. You're just the fellow who would care for it." And to my asking, "What club?" he answered, "The Century." I visualize this as occurring in that little Broadway loft. If so, it must have been in 1866. But I was not admitted to the club until 1868. Stedman was right; I was just the fellow to enjoy it: it has for many years meant more to me than anything else outside of home. In 1892 the Author's Club took a kindred place.

Stoddard I distinctly visualize in that same little loft. He came in one dark wet afternoon, and began pulling books from the hollow chest behind his shirt. He was a tallish fellow and the number he produced was astonishing. Why he came in, and why he pulled out the books I have no recollection. But I do remember wondering when in the world he would stop, and whether he were a liber-prestidigateur.

Another time he came into the Broome Street office when two or three men he knew as my college mates were there, and exclaimed "Ah! Yale fellows well met!"

Stoddard and Stedman produced some real poems, and a poem is the most enduring thing on earth. The pyramids are crumbling, but the Iliad is as clear-cut, physically clearer-cut, than when it was written. And yet I find myself wondering how many of those who read this will care to know anything more of Stedman and Stoddard.

Stedman was a lovable fellow, largely because he was a loving fellow, but he was also personally attractive — a smallish, clean-cut chap, blond, Roman nose; full of nerves, energy and suggestion — enough of it to supply half a dozen ordinary business men. Was generally called a banker, but called himself a stock gambler. Made two fortunes in Wall Street, and lost both — the first because

his partner gambled away the securities of the firm behind Stedman's back. When he finally retired from the Stock Exchange the members gave him a magnificent loving cup, which now, on state occasions, decorates the table at the Authors Club. He left it to us. He and Stoddard were among the founders. Others among the men I have mentioned or shall mention were Godkin, Youmans, Gilder and Pumpelly. In one of his cottages at Dublin I am writing this the evening after his venerable person and that of his beautiful daughter who was the model for Thayer's *Charity*, were driven at the head of the procession in this year's local horse-show. Pumpelly and Charlie De Kay, who also has been the husband and progenitor of much beauty, are the only survivors of the founders of the Authors Club. To return to Stedman, which was always a pleasant thing to do, though I have a sad word to say about him after a few more pleasant ones (I hope I am not wandering around *Sterne* fashion so that you find it hard to follow me); he was in London when I was in 1879, and I was glad and a bit surprised to find how much the English lionized the American poet. I shall never forget the walk he and I and a few other fellows had on London Bridge one night after the most Gargantuan feast I ever participated in — a fish dinner given by Harry Harper at Greenwich. Stedman was the soul of the company. I was under heavy affliction, and he knew it, and in the kindness of his heart occupied himself chiefly in getting rises out of me, until he made me the noisiest man at the table. One day some twenty years later, when the responsibilities of the Authors Club were on my shoulders, I telephoned him that I wanted him to do some stunt. His answer was substantially: "I haven't the heart. I'm old and sick and poor." Three hours later his age and sickness and poverty were all gone, and his loving cup was ours; and I trust he knew that our loving memory was his.

And now I want to tell you a queer thing. I hadn't written many of the short jerky sentences that started that

paragraph before I said to myself: "Why, I'm writing in the way that Stedman sometimes used to talk!" That was natural enough, as I was thinking of Stedman. But as I went on, I noticed that although I was sleepy and stupid when I picked up my pad and pencil, the writing was going unusually easily, and I had a feeling as if the dear old fellow was with me. The facile writing was natural enough, too, as the subject was interesting. But soon I began to think of the involuntary writers, and of Mrs. Piper's first words when I saw her in trance, which were in a man's voice, ostensibly from Phinuit: "I've come all the way from the spirit world to see you. This gentleman is a medium and doesn't know it," and I said to myself: "By Jove, I wonder if Stedman is writing this paragraph!" I don't say that he was or that he even had a hand in it. But if anybody comes across it a generation hence, I'm not at all sure what he will say. Certainly signs are accumulating at a great rate that there's something more than memory and imagination in such writing. The difference between Stedman and me, or between anybody else and anybody else, doesn't seem what it did before telepathy was established. Possibly the future man may think he has reason to believe that no soul in this universe is alone by itself or doomed to final death.

THE EDITOR.

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND ULSTER

DISCUSSING the situation in Ireland with the editor of THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW some weeks ago, I expressed the not very original opinion that the crux of the whole question was the loyalty of Ulster to the British Empire. A good deal has happened in and out of Ireland since that conversation took place. Reason is more than ever submerged by the swirl of passions on both sides; the main issues are more hopelessly obscured by a cloud of non-essentials; it is even not an exaggerated fear that by the time these words appear in THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW the bloody work at present going on in Ireland may have developed into civil war, recognized by the world as such. Nevertheless the fundamentals of the problem remain unaffected. From whatever angle one views the situation Ulster sticks out, a fact as stubborn and as hard to override as are the dour folk of Presbyterian stock who make up the bulk of the population of the five counties that have always grimly opposed Ireland's claim to self-government.

It is no use to talk to an Ulsterman of self-determination. He replies that his self-determination is and always has been to be ruled by the government at Westminster. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Nobody has decided where self-determination should properly stop. Hence, says the Ulsterman, if Catholic Ireland is entitled to self-determination, then Protestant Ireland is also entitled to it. To the argument about the rule of the majority, the Ulsterman will retort that in the first place he *is* the majority, under the present constitution of the Union, which was duly accepted by an Irish parliament elected on as broad a franchise as was customary with parliaments of the time; and in the second place, that even if he is not the majority, the rights of minorities are also sacred. It is useless to assure him that any scheme for the

self-government of Ireland will make ample provision for safe-guarding the rights of Protestant Ulster and of the rest of the scattered Protestant population which looks to Ulster for leadership: for the Ulster Protestant simply does not believe in the possibility of devising any adequate means of protection against a Catholic majority in an Irish parliament. To entreaties that at least he give the thing a fair trial, he replies that a man does not willingly take a dose of poison simply for the satisfaction of discovering whether it will kill him or not. All this may be unreasonable, but the point is that in saying it, the Ulsterman is desperately in earnest. That is why in dealing with Ulster you are dealing, not with a theory, but with a fact. Finally, when driven to the wall by argument, the Ulsterman, still admitting nothing, proclaims his loyalty to the British Empire, and points to the record in proof of it.

And that, after all, is Ulster's strongest argument, an *argumentum ad hominem* — to the man in the English street. Every imperial government in the world has at one time or another brought pressure, if necessary armed pressure, to bear on some part or faction of the empire, to compel its allegiance. But no government in all history has made war on a section of its empire, to compel that section to renounce its allegiance. That is the obvious answer to those sympathizers with Irish independence who complain that the British Government shows itself willing enough to coerce the South of Ireland, but is unwilling to coerce the North. It may be bad morality or bad policy to try to coerce people into agreeing with you, but at least it is understandable and reasonable. But to try to coerce people into disagreeing with you, is the negation of all reason. There was a time, just previous to the war, when it looked at one moment as if the British Government might do this very thing — might bring armed pressure to bear on Ulster because Ulster agreed better with England than she did with Ireland. The Home Rule bill had been passed, and Ulster was preparing to resist its operation.

From the outside the whole business had rather a theatrical air, with the Ulster volunteers swearing a solemn covenant to resist to the death; but there was nothing theatrical about their intentions. The men who took the covenant solemnly believed that death was preferable to government by the Catholic majority, and they were absolutely in earnest in declaring that they would fight rather than submit to it. The British Government discovered that for once it had carried its traditional genius for compromise too far. It had compromised nothing except itself. It had passed a law releasing from its immediate jurisdiction a number of people whose most passionate desire was to remain under that jurisdiction. If the Government wanted to enforce the law, it would have to make war on people whose principal wish was to obey the British Government, and none other. The possibilities of the situation were too absurd for real life. Their place was in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Carried to its logical conclusion, the situation would have resulted in a British army advancing under the Union Jack against an enemy whose *casus belli* was a passionate loyalty to that same emblem. If Lincoln had insisted that because the North disapproved of slavery, therefore the South must set up an independent state of its own, and stew in its own juice; and if the South, passionately declining to listen to the word secession, had insisted, even up to the point of civil war, on continuing to form part of the United States, one and indivisible — then there might have arisen a situation not unlike that which confronted the British Government early in 1914.

Immediately, the situation was saved by a section of the British army politely but firmly declining to fire on the Union Jack — for that was what it amounted to. Ultimately, it was saved by the English sense of humor, which differs from the Irish sense of humor in having a perception of the grotesque. As every one knows, the war intervened as a *deus ex machina* to unravel the tangle into

which the Government had got itself; John Redmond, as heroic and pathetic a figure as any in Ireland's history, pledged the whole force of Ireland to the cause of the Allies, and there was a brief moment when the future of the relations of Ireland and the British Empire looked brighter than ever before. The story of the disappointment of those high hopes is the history of Ireland for the past five years. It is a story of singular ineptitude on the part of a preoccupied British government, and of sullen intransigeance on that of the Irish Nationalists.

There is no need to trace step by step the tragedy that has ensued. If the British Government had displayed a little more imagination, or had been less preoccupied; if the Nationalists had been more ready to make allowances, and less on the look-out for real or fancied slights; if Ulster had been willing to lay aside for the time being some of her suspicions of her Catholic countrymen — the golden opportunity might have been turned to good advantage, and John Redmond might have died a happy instead of a heart-broken man. But none of these "ifs" happened. The Government made almost incredible blunders — if one may believe current reports — in recruiting in Ireland (such blunders, it is said, as the sending of a regimental band through the South of Ireland playing Orange tunes!); Ulster went her own grim, suspicious way, and the Nationalists, declining to make any allowances for a sorely harassed government, began intriguing with Germany.

I have harked back to the situation as it existed immediately before the war, because that situation envisages most clearly the part played by Ulster in the chronic quarrel of Ireland with England. A government ultimately can go no further than public opinion will take it, or than it can take public opinion. And it is absolutely certain that public opinion in England, even before the war, would not have tolerated the armed coercion of Ulster into compliance with the terms of the Home Rule Act. England at that time, as now, was perfectly willing

to give Ireland Home Rule if Ireland could be induced to accept it peaceably; but England has never been willing to force Home Rule down the throat of Ulster. If Ulster would accept it, the English Barkis would be more than willing, just as he would be willing to submerge Ireland in the sea for ten minutes or to turn the government of the troublesome island over to the United States, if any feasible method of so doing could be devised. He is simply anxious to be rid of the problem somehow; to get it settled in some way that will not imperil his own safety, and at the same time will not work injustice to Ulster. For Barkis feels himself under obligations to Ulster, as indeed he is. He is bound to Ulster by ties of race, of religion, of sentiment and of loyalty to a common flag. He would much prefer, if he could honorably and safely do so, to take no sides whatever in the Irish controversy, but since he is compelled to take one side or the other, he is going to take the side which sings "God Save the King" and salutes the Union Jack.

If that was the way the average Englishman felt before the war, the feeling has been intensified tenfold as a result of the war. In place of an attitude (doubtless infuriating to Irishmen!) of good-humored, rather condescending indulgence, as for a chartered libertine, which for years has been the Englishman's traditional attitude toward the Irish, one finds now in England an attitude of definite hostility and suspicion. Before the war the Englishman never believed the Irish to be as bad as they were painted; to-day he believes them to be worse. Before the war he was inclined to think Ulster slightly hysterical in her fears; to-day he thinks, reluctantly, that Ulster was not very far wrong. The average man of any country is not prone to spin fine distinctions, and perhaps the average Englishman is less inclined to spin them than some others. He distinguishes only between broad issues, and bases his opinion on what he sees before his eyes. The Englishman saw Ireland during the war. He thinks that he saw it very

clearly, and in the judgment that he pronounces, the provocation offered to Nationalist Ireland by hope again and again deferred is not allowed to weigh heavily in the balance — not nearly so heavily as it ought in strict fairness to weigh.

The net result of the war, and of England's interpretation of Ireland's part in it, is that the average Englishman feels himself more than ever under a moral obligation to see that in whatever settlement may ultimately be made, no wrong is done to Ulster. At the same time he is more than ever determined by the experience of the war to run no risk of allowing Ireland to become a strategic base for operations against England in any future war. There is good reason in both convictions. An independent Irish republic, with the consent of England, is rendered impossible by Ireland's geographic position. It is all the more impossible in view of her record in the two struggles for existence which England has fought within the last century and a quarter. In the Napoleonic wars a section of Ireland intrigued with the French; in the Great War a larger section intrigued with the Germans.

The memory of Sinn Fein's attitude during the late war has intensified the English sense of obligation to Ulster. Ulster, unforced by conscription, contributed of its manhood to the armies of the Empire in almost equal proportion with England herself, while Nationalist Ireland not only failed conspicuously to contribute the due quota of its manhood, but denied the cause of the Allies, and took the opportunity to stab England in the back. It is one of the many tragedies of Ireland that the heroism of the Irishmen who fought loyally for the common cause, and the sacrifice of thousands of gallant Irish lives, are insufficient atonement for the treachery of Sinn Fein. The chivalry of a Willie Redmond does not obliterate the treason of a Roger Casement. The fact that 50,000 men of Irish blood laid down their lives in the Great War does not change the fact that others of the same blood sought to annul that

sacrifice by intriguing with the enemy. The point is that if Ireland has much to forgive England, England has also much to forgive Ireland; and whereas the wrongs that England did to Ireland happened a long time ago, the wrongs that Ireland did to England happened only yesterday. For it must be remembered that the Irish claim for independence differs from the claims put forth by Poland, by Hungary, by other small and oppressed nations in the past. These countries had tangible grievances. They were definitely oppressed. But Ireland's grievances — and they were many — have been redressed. For a quarter of a century Ireland has been not a step-child, but a favored child of England. Law after law in her favor has been passed by the Parliament at Westminster, in which Ireland has far heavier representation per head of population than either England or Scotland, until John Redmond was able to say in 1915 that the Irish people not only "own the soil," but have "absolute freedom in local government and local taxation in the country." "To-day," he added, "we have the widest parliamentary and municipal franchise: the congested districts have been transformed." The Irish grievance, in fact, is to-day largely a sentimental one. On that account it may be the more difficult to cure, but equally certainly it is the more difficult for Englishmen to understand. They see Ulster, governed by the same laws as the rest of Ireland, happy and contented under the rule of Westminster, and they find it hard to believe that in Catholic Ireland the sense of the past is so strong as to obscure the advantages of the present. They see Ireland rich and prosperous as never before. They remember the condition of Ireland during the war, and contrast it rather grimly with the condition of England. While England was brought perilously near to the point of starvation, Ireland was a land of plenty. England gave her young men to the army; Ireland, except Ulster, kept them on the farm, and reaped profit by selling of her abundance to England. England was very glad to get Ireland's surplus at any

price, and the part that Ireland played in producing foodstuffs must go to her credit as a war contribution, but the Englishman can hardly be blamed for remembering that the people who attempted to stab him in the back during the war were themselves, in a sense, war profiteers.

Thus every consideration of sentiment and expediency inclines the Englishman to attach more and more importance to the ties that bind him to Ulster. Ulster was loyal; Ulster gave unstintingly of her manhood and her treasure to the common cause; the suspicions that Ulster has always entertained of southern Ireland were to a large extent confirmed by the conduct of Sinn Fein. If England turned her back on Ulster, she would be guilty of the betrayal of a proven friend into the hands of a proven enemy. There is, of course, a large body of opinion in England which looks far more favorably than this on Irish nationalist aspirations. There is even a considerable body which would brush aside as the ravings of fanaticism Ulster's objections to being included as part and parcel of a general scheme of Home Rule for Ireland; but in the main English public opinion will only go so far as Ulster will allow it to go. If it were a question of England alone, Ireland might have almost anything she wanted, short of absolute separation and the opportunity of affording a point of attack for a possible enemy of England. But England cannot in honor desert Ulster. What Ulster will accept England will accept. She will even bring moral pressure to bear on Ulster to induce her to accept more than she is inclined to accept at present; but leave Ulster in the lurch England simply will not and cannot. Nationalist Ireland will not hear of partition; Ulster will not hear of inclusion under a government of the Catholic majority; England will not hear of separation from the Empire. The question is whether a positive answer can be found to those three negatives by any means short of civil war.

STANLEY WENT.

RISING

DO you see man as I do? Do you see a god
Mired to the arm-pits?
Do you see red hands grasping a rock?
Do you see the tortured muscles of neck and shoulder
Straining, as he heaves — as he heaves?
Do you long to set him free?

"Poor fallen god!" do you cry?

You are wrong! He has never fallen!
He was spawned in the muck.
The muck is his mother, the muck is his father,
The muck is his nest.
He could live there, die there,
Submerged,
Serpentine,
Hidden from light!

Why, then, does he heave stained shoulders
Upward, out of it?
Why is that slime-streaked, godlike face
Uplifted?
It streams with tears.
Surely tears have cleansed the mud from his eyes. . . .

LEE WILSON DODD.

BOOK REVIEWS

Henry James Justified

The Letters of Henry James. Selected and Edited by Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Almost irresistibly one begins the reading of Henry James's Letters backwards. That is to say, one turns first of all to the letter to Howard Sturgis under date of August 4, 1914, when "the great public blackness" began to loom, and reads on entranced to the final letter of November 13, 1915, addressed to Hugh Walpole a couple of weeks before the stroke of paralysis which was the beginning of the end. It is a sane instinct which points to this method of reading, for in the hundred odd pages of letters written during these fifteen months one sees, as it were, the crown and fulfillment of Henry James's life. One sees at once the justification of what he did and of the way in which he did it. That curious, pent-in existence of the voluntary exile, who yet never seemed thoroughly acclimatized to the land of his adoption, receives at the end its triumphant vindication in the clarion note of these letters of his latest months. The step which he finally took in becoming a British citizen, and which it is safe to say he had never even contemplated before during all the forty years of his residence in England, seems in the light of these last letters as inevitable as it was justifiable. "You see," he says, in a letter of August 6, 1914, to his nephew, Henry James, Jr., "how I talk of 'we' and 'our' — which is so absolutely instinctive and irresistible with me that I should feel quite abject if I didn't." And to the same correspondent nearly a year later (June 24, 1915), when the decision had been made, he writes:

Hadn't it been for the War I should certainly have gone on as I was, taking it as the simplest and easiest and even friendliest thing: but the circumstances are utterly altered now, and to feel with the country and the cause as absolutely and ardently as I feel, and not to offer them my moral support with a perfect consistency (my material is too small a matter), affects me as standing off or wandering loose in a detachment of no great dignity.

A month later, when the final step had been taken, replying to a sympathetic letter on the subject from Henry James, Jr., he quotes Martin Luther at Wittenberg, "I could no other," and he concludes the letter with characteristic whimsicality, "ever your affectionate old British Uncle."

The British citizenship was but the sign manual of Henry James's conviction as to the rightness, the essential nobility of the Allies' cause that burnt like a steady flame within him from the moment when Belgium was invaded. From that moment his letters seem to take on a note of inspiration which is maintained till the end. He writes not only with an almost prophetic fervor but with a beauty and clarity of diction that is in striking contrast with the awkward involutions and convolutions of much of his later style. No nobler elegy was written on the infamy of Rheims than a passage in a letter to Mrs. Wharton of September 21st, 1914, which was afterwards translated by M. Alfred de Saint André and read at a meeting of the Académie Française:

But no words fill the abyss of it — nor touch it, nor relieve one's heart nor light by a spark the blackness; the ache of one's howl and the anguish of one's execration aren't mitigated by a shade, even as one brands it as the most hideous crime ever perpetrated against the mind of man. There it *was* — and now all the tears of rage of all the bereft millions and all the crowding curses of all the wondering ages will never bring a stone of it back! Yet one tries — even now — tries to get something from saying that the measure is so full as to overflow at last in a sort of vindictive deluge (though for all the stones that *that* will replace!) and that the arm of final retributive justice becomes by

it an engine really in some degree proportionate to the act. I positively do think it helps me a little, to think of how they can be made to wear the shame, in the pitiless glare of history, forever and ever — and not even get rid of it when they are maddened, literally, by the weight.

It is a far cry to turn back from "the affectionate old British Uncle" to the "desolate exile" of thirty, who inquires wonderingly the meaning of "this dreary necessity of having month after month to do without our friends for the sake of this arrogant old Europe who so little befriends us!" Yet a perusal of these letters, dating from his twenty-sixth year to the end, shows pretty conclusively that in "arrogant old Europe" he found the milieu that suited him. If he remained to the end — and was often resentfully conscious of it — caviare to the general, he nevertheless made himself a niche which was all the more cosy and suitable to this temperament for the exceptional position he occupied as something of an exotic both to England and to America. It was a niche that he could hardly have discovered in his own country, but he found it to perfection at Lamb House, Rye, and in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. More and more, as hopes, once fondly nourished, of achieving a "popular" success, faded into the background, he fell back upon himself and the pursuit of his art for its own sake. "I believe," he says, in 1912, "only in absolutely independent, individual and lonely virtue, and in the serenely unsociable (or if need be at a pinch sulky and sullen) practice of the same; the observation of a lifetime having convinced me that no fruit ripens but under that temporarily graceless rigor, and that the associational process for bringing it on is but a bright and hollow artifice, all vain and delusive." This was James's method of declining the chairmanship of the English Association, but it serves to express his view of the obligations imposed by his art.

It was after his failure as a dramatist that James definitely began to turn inwards upon himself, to look for

his highest satisfaction in the perfecting of his art. How bitter that failure was to his sensitive spirit one learns from a score of letters of the time. It was all the more bitter for the confident hope with which he had embarked on the enterprise of writing for the stage. He had prepared himself with meticulous care. He boasted his mastery of the technique of play-writing: "I have made it absolutely my own, put it in my pocket." Perhaps the gods of the gallery were revengeful of such *hybris*, or perhaps Thalia resented being termed by this neophyte the "vulgarest of the Muses," or perhaps James himself, devoid of a real *flair* for the theatre, pinned his faith too slavishly on the technique of which he was so inordinately proud — whatever the cause, his "Guy Domville" was virtually hissed off the stage of the St. James's Theatre by the gallery on the first night, and lingering insecurely for a month thereafter, achieved finally only a modest *succès d'estime*. The incident marked the definite close of James's ambitions as a playwright and his definite return to the medium which was so evidently the right expression of his genius.

The two volumes of letters now published, with Mr. Lubbock's admirable introduction and prefaces to the various epochs covered, serve as the continuation and completion of Henry James's own reminiscences. As Mr. Lubbock well says, in opening his introduction, "When Henry James wrote the reminiscences of his youth he showed conclusively, what indeed could be doubtful to none who knew him, that it would be impossible for anyone else to write his life." These full and complete letters, redolent of the artist and of the man (and the two were never separate), make the task of a "Life" superfluous. Henry James has revealed himself in his own letters as no other hand could possibly hope to reveal him. He pleads his own case before the world, a case for the urbane, unhampered pursuit of art for its own sake, and he calls in testimony a cloud of witnesses in the scores of friends

of many conditions and many minds to whom these letters are poured out in so generous a flood. His readers will judge his case in the light of their individual preferences and prejudices. There are perhaps occasions in reading these volumes when one is tempted to set down the James here self-revealed as little better than a querulous dilettante with a touch of genius; there are times when one rages at the almost inextricable locution of his later style, the infinitives split to infinity and the Pelion on Ossa of adjectival qualifications and amplifications — and then one turns to those wonderful letters of the last phase, full of steadfastness and high courage, to find in the moral fibre of the man so revealed the justification for his life's devotion to an ideal of art that may have been narrow in scope but was crystalline in purity.

STANLEY WENT.

SOME BRILLIANT INCONSISTENCIES

Outspoken Essays. By William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's. New York: Longmans, Green and Co.

Americans ought to know more of Inge. We suspect that outside our branch of the Anglican Church he is known here very little if at all.

This book is queer, paradoxical, interesting and instructive. Apparently until the war the author lived in a theological and even metaphysical atmosphere, in which he produced the essays on *Bishop Gore and the Church of England*, *Roman Catholic Modernism*, *Cardinal Newman*, *St. Paul*, *Mysticism and Modernism*, *The Indictment Against Christianity*, and *Survival and Immortality*, which constitute the last part of the book; and when the war revolutionized his interests, he produced the first part consisting of essays on *Our Present Discontent*, *Patriotism*, *The Birth Rate*, and *The Future of the English Race*.

The word evolution hardly occurs a dozen times in the

book, and then generally incidentally. But like so man other books whose authors' training has been mainl "humanistic," it is saturated to a degree that few if an such authors recognize, with the evolution philosophy and even the terminology of it.

He begins by saying:

> The war has caused events to move faster, but in the sam direction as before. The social revolution has been hurried or the inevitable counter-revolution has equally been brough nearer. For if there is one safe generalisation in human affair it is that revolutions always destroy themselves. How ofte have fanatics proclaimed "the year one!" But no revolution ary era has yet reached "year twenty-five." . . . Organize religion remains as impotent as it was before the war. But on fact has emerged with startling clearness. Human nature ha not been changed by civilisation. . . Apart from the accumu lation of knowledge and experience, which are external and pre carious acquisitions, there is no proof that we have change much since the first stone age.

And yet in this book he has essays on St. Paul an Cardinal Newman, he has read St. Francis, he lives i the country of Sidney, Shakespeare, Howard and Florenc Nightingale, and in the epoch of Lincoln and Carnegie He goes on:

> For the time being, the world has no example of a stron monarchy. . . The victors have sprung to the welcome con clusion that democracy is everywhere triumphant. . .
>
> The three Empires collapsed in hideous chaos as soon a they deposed their monarchs. In the case of Russia it is diffi cult to imagine any recovery until the monarchy is restored and Germany would probably be well-advised to choose som member of the imperial family as a constitutional sovereign.

France in the 18th century and again in the 19th col lapsed in the same way, and called back members of he royal families. But they did not stay, and she seems, i the 20th century, despite colossal obstacles, to be getting along pretty well. Isn't it fair to expect a similar ex perience for the nations now in chaos?

Then Dean Inge goes on to state the case against democracy in six points, nearly every one of which can be made more effective against autocracy. As specimens: "It does not bring the best men to the top." Do the accidents of royal birth? "It is a victim of shibboleths and catch-words." Is the "divine rights of kings" a shibboleth? Is the word "royal" a shibboleth when prefixed to every institution from the learned societies which few kings can understand, down to His Majesty's breeches-maker? "*Vox populi vox dei* is pure superstition." What is the aforesaid "divine right"?

One point, however, is of profoundest importance.

> One class imposes taxes and another class pays them. . . Every month new doles at the public expense are distributed under the camouflage of "social reform." At every election the worldly goods of the minority are put up to auction. . . Democracy is likely to perish, like the monarchy of Louis XVI, through national bankruptcy.

We hope not, because despite this fundamental inconsistency in our system, we have so long struggled ahead somehow. Yet it must be admitted that the spending by the many, of the wealth that has been created and saved by the few, has lately been rapidly increasing, and it seems now a race between, on the one hand, its dissipation by the many, and on the other hand, enough advance among the many to help the voting majority on to the side of the present few.

Dean Inge continues:

> The democracy has ethical standards of its own, which differ widely from those of the educated classes. Among the "poor," generosity ranks far before justice, sympathy before truth, love before chastity, a pliant and obliging disposition before a rigidly honest one. . . Some may prefer the softer type of character, and may hope that it will make civilisation more humane and compassionate. . . Unfortunately, experience has shown that none is so cruel as the disillusioned sentimentalist. . . The popular balderdash about [democracy] corresponds to no real conviction. The upper class has never believed in it; the middle

class has the strongest reasons to hate and fear it. . . The working man has no respect for either democracy or liberty. . . There was a time when he thought that universal suffrage would get for him what he desires; but he has lost all faith in constitutional methods. To levy blackmail on the community under threats of civil war, seems to him a more expeditious way of gaining his object. . . The trade unions are largely capitalists; they are well able to start factories for themselves and work them for their own exclusive profit. But they find it more profitable to hold the nation to ransom by blockading the supply of the necessaries of life. . .

Our author leaves out the important points of the need of managerial ability as well as capital, and despite that need, the progress of coöperation.

Elsewhere he says.

Liberalism rested . . . on a belief in the law of progress. . . There is no law of progress.

He may thank his stars if half the doctrines he preaches are as thoroughly demonstrated as the law of progress.

The whole structure of our social order encouraged the measurement of everything by quantitative standards. Everyone could understand that a generation which travels sixty miles an hour must be five times as civilized as one which only traveled twelve. . .

Belief in this alleged law has vitiated our natural science, our political science, our history, our philosophy, and even our religion. Science declared that the survival of the fittest was a law of nature, though nature has condemned to extinction the majestic animals of the saurian era, and has carefully preserved the bug, the louse and the spirochæta pallida.

> We dined as a rule on each other;
> What matter? The toughest survived,

is a fair parody of this doctrine.

While Nature was thus destroying the monsters and preserving the bugs, she managed incidentally to evolve man, not to speak of the birds, the gazelles, the flowers and the immeasurable beauties of the tropic seas.

He goes on in the same strain with his political prognosis:

The present ideal of the masses seems to be the greatest idleness of the greatest number, or a Fabian farmyard of tame fowls, or (in America) an ice-water drinking gynæcocracy. But the superstition cannot flourish much longer. The period of expansion is over, and we must adjust our view of earthly providence to a state of decline. For no nation can flourish when it is the ambition of the large majority to put in four-pence and take out nine-pence. The middle-class will be the first victims; then the privileged aristocracy of labour will exploit the poor. But trade will take wings and migrate to some other country where labor is good and comparatively cheap.

We wish we knew where that country is.

And yet after all this, we hate to have to say, uninformed pessimism, an unescapable consciousness of the overlooked truths that make against it forces the dean back to say:

It is tempting to dream of a new Renaissance, under which the life of reason will at last be the life of mankind. Though there is little sign of improvement in human nature, a favorable conjunction of circumstances may bring about a civilisation very much better than ours today. For a time, at any rate, war may be practically abolished, and the military qualities may find another and less pernicious outlet. . . The art of living may be taken in hand seriously. Some of the ingenuity which has lately been lavished on engines of destruction may be devoted to improvements in our houses . . . on labor-saving devices which would make servants unnecessary; and on international campaigns against diseases. . . A scientific civilisation is not impossible, . . . And, if science and humanism can work together, it will be a great age for mankind.

The remaining fifth of the essay, even if it does take Mr. H. G. Wells seriously, goes on in a better vein. With all its defects it is a great essay. We have involuntarily paid it the willing compliment of so much attention that we have little space left for the rest of the book.

Dean Inge is heterodox to a degree that makes it hard for a layman to see how he can remain in the Church of England and repeat its creeds, and count himself an honest

man. In the volume before us, he distinctly expresses disbelief in the virgin birth and Resurrection and even in the vicarious sacrifice. The phenomenon of such unorthodoxy in an Anglican priest is not rare, however, and the layman can concede much to the familiar arguments for supporting religion by an institution (though Dean Inge is skeptical about them), for the influence of the churches through the ancient treasures of art and literature inherited by them, for reforming them from within, and for using the ritual in a Pickwickian sense until it sloughs off the outgrown items a little at a time, as one church dignitary assures us it has long been doing; those items one by one finding their way to the end of the Prayer Book, and then dropping off.

It is interesting to watch, in the essay on Roman Catholic Modernism, how sympathetically our author can recount the vagaries of a number of men with whom he has much sympathy, without himself absorbing the faintest tinge of their vagaries. But at the close of the first paragraph on page 161 he himself politely calls them crazy. We do not believe that it is merely their voluntary ignorance that makes scientifically-minded men unwilling to spend time over that whole class of vagaries; and Dean Inge is sufficiently so minded to make his doing it at first seem strange. Yet we have quoted opinions that make it seem less so.

Dean Inge's treatment of Psychical Research, in the last essay, lacks what his treatment of progress lacked in the first.

H. H.

The Race Peril

The Rising Tide of Color Against White World-Supremacy. By Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The general thesis of this volume is not novel, but it is here urged with an insistency, an elaboration of detail, a

vigor of phrase, which are calculated to startle the most indifferent reader. In a word, the supremacy of the white race, and with it the existence of civilization, is imperiled. First, the Russo-Japanese War shattered the age-long tradition of white invincibility; then the World War advertised to the colored races the end of white solidarity. "Through the bazaars of Asia ran the sibilant whisper, 'The East will see the West to bed!'" And this is only a part of the story. Within the white race itself that branch of it which is of highest genetic worth, whose constructive genius has always been the germinal source of civilization wherever it has appeared, is today threatened with submergence by less worthy stocks. For when two racial stocks come into competition, it is the better which is finally supplanted; or if they amalgamate, it is again the less valuable stock which prevails in the offspring.

What, then, is the remedy? First, and foremost, the solidarity of the white race must be reconstituted, and to that end "the wretched Versailles business will have to be thoroughly revised." Secondly, the white race must abandon its tacit assumption of permanent domination over Asia, whose profound awakening within recent years must eventually result in "the substantial elimination of white political control from Anatolia to the Philippines." Thirdly, and by way of compensation, Asia must be made to understand that it will have to forego its "dreams of migration to white lands and penetration of Africa and Latin America." Fourthly, "even within the white world, migrations of lower human types like those which have worked such havoc in the United States must be rigorously curtailed." Finally, our political education must be put upon a new basis. We must recognize that not politics but race is "the basic factor in human affairs," that not environment but "heredity is paramount in human evolution," that "men are not and never will be equal"; and we must develop our policies in the light of these facts.

High appreciation is due Mr. Stoddard's dramatic presentation of the most important problem of today or tomorrow, which is not to imply, however, that he has avoided all the pitfalls of the enthusiast and special pleader. His statements as to the population of China, the relative rate of increase of colored and white races today, and the losses resulting to the latter from the recent war are none of them supported by as good authority (see the *Scientific Monthly* for June, 1920, p. 602 following). His unvarying scorn of the hybrid, like his belief in the purity of certain race stocks, would certainly meet with challenge from most students of biology. His emphasis upon "the explosive force" of pressure of population, unattended by any ferment of ideas, is contradicted by his own showing, in implication at least, that the colonizing efforts of the British race in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were not due to its growth of numbers, but *vice versa*. He scoffs at the notion that the virtues of a people can be transplanted by transplanting its institutions; yet he urges that "all white men, whether professing Christians or not, should welcome the success of missionary efforts in Africa." He carries his adherence to the Nordic hypothesis to absurd lengths, an instance of his extravagance in this respect being furnished by the following passage: "Of course the war bore heavily on all the white race stocks, but it was the Nordics — the best of all human breeds — which suffered far and away the greatest losses. . . Everywhere it was the same story: the Nordic went forth eagerly to battle, while the more stolid Alpine and above all the little brunet Mediterranean either stayed at home, or even when at the front, showed less fighting spirit, took fewer chances, and oftener saved their skins" — all of which is offered with an apparently straight face, and without one iota of supporting evidence.

It may be that these criticisms do not substantially weaken Mr. Stoddard's central thesis, but there is another

criticism of which this can hardly be asserted. His contention is that white supremacy — indeed, Nordic supremacy — and civilization are mutually dependent phenomena, and that the loss of one spells for the world the loss of the other. Yet he also maintains that such facts as the World War, Pan-Slavism, Internationalism, Bolshevism — "the war of the hand against the brain" — all indicate a widespread *malaise*, a weakening of fiber in the white race. Indeed, he holds that the Nordics do not fit into "the altered environment" which was brought about by the industrial revolution, albeit this in turn was the direct result of the triumphs of Nordic genius and inventiveness. The implication would seem to be that if modern civilization is to be retained, the work of carrying it on must be laid upon sturdier shoulders. To make his point, Mr. Stoddard argues that "the specialized capacities which particularly mark the superior races, being relatively recent developments, are highly unstable," with the result, that "when a highly specialized stock interbreeds with a different stock, the newer, less stable, specialized characters are bred out," and "the variation, no matter how great its potential value to human evolution," is "*irretrievably lost.*" The conclusion does not follow, for the simple reason that the capacity for variation of a vigorous racial stock is, or may be, indefinite. Mr. Stoddard himself laments that "*there are no more white barbarians.*" Does he suppose that if there were, they would at the outset possess the "specialized capacities which particularly mark the superior races"? Besides, he himself would not urge that such specialized capacities — the capacity for Bolshevism, for instance — are inevitably beneficial. Perhaps he would have done better to eschew biological and ethnological speculations, and to address himself, as he does in the following passage, simply to the instinct of self-preservation:

> To love one's cultural, idealistic, and racial heritage; to swear to pass that heritage unimpaired to one's children; to

fight, and if need be to die in its defense; all this is eternally right and proper and no amount of casuistry or sentimentality can alter that unalterable truth.

In the course of illustrating his argument Mr. Stoddard has compiled material which is frequently interesting from other points of view. For instance, one brand of Japanese jingoism is exemplified in the following pronouncement:

"As for America — that fatuous booby with much money and much sentiment, but no cohesion, no brains of government — stood she alone, we should not need our China steed. Well did my friend speak the other day when he called her people a race of thieves with the hearts of rabbits. America, to any warrior race, is not a foe, but an immense melon ripe for the cutting. . . North America alone will support a billion people; that billion shall be Japanese with their slaves."

This was written in 1916.

EDWARD S. CORWIN.

MUDDLING IT THROUGH

The Island of Sheep. By Cadmus and Harmonia. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A well-known British writer and man of action — so the publishers interpret for us the mystery behind "Cadmus and Harmonia" — has arranged a house-party at a country home in the Hebrides, to which come a group of English people representing a fairly complete assortment of opinions upon the questions of the day. An American lady with her friend an American politician, and a French general of idealistic temperament who proves to be the completest skeptic in the company, add an international flavor to the gathering. During the intervals of fishing and tramping this varied throng discourse of the matter nearest their hearts — how shall England, emerging bruised but victorious from the valley of decision, make of this new Peace a real step in progress without too great a

disturbance to the continuity of her life. True Liberty and Democracy, Bolshevism, the League of Nations and Imperialism, the apology of the practical politician, and above all the genuine claims of British Labor, receive attention, and many divergent views upon these subjects are expressed.

It is a pleasant combination of fiction and essay in sprightly form. But beyond that, to what end is all this brilliant talk? "I can't help feeling," says the hostess, "that if such very different people can come to an understanding, the country must be able to settle its worst troubles." And so, if all men in this confusing world could compose their differences over muffins and tea, there need be no more real issues to trouble us. Conservative may assent to the programme of Socialist, the landowner may complacently listen to the demand for a new deal, may even consent to hear it said that the vested interests are due to an overturn, if only the matter could be talked out among good fellows. Macmillan, the minister of the kirk, and the steadiest thinker of all the company, expresses the central idea of the book. "You've pulled all the contradictions into the light of day. That's what we want. Politics are a collection of views, most of them contradictory and nearly all of them true. Statesmanship means admitting the contradictions and paying due respect to the half-truths and trying to harmonize them. The fool seizes on a half-truth and exaggerates it and pretends it is the whole truth and the only truth. It is the part of wisdom to keep your balance and not take sides."

Such is the dubious philosophy of the book — a cautious opportunism that would muddle through to the end, with due respect, so far as may be, for the British State. No reasoned convictions concerning the purpose of the state ought to prevent the realization of the dreams of the British worker, for he, it seems, has made the greatest sacrifice in winning the war. When this same Macmillan,

in uttering wise words concerning the delicacy and the complexity of the democratic state, demands to know how spiritual forces will preserve themselves in the material future, he is informed that the working man is the truest conservative, that the only hope of democracy is to make it an aristocracy, and that the English laborer is but reaching out for the light and life that are his rightful inheritance.

Now there may exist a mystic relation between the English worker and the country of England, but the argument of our house party is certainly not convincing. Aristocracy means, or should mean, a superiority of excellence based on self-discipline, and it is not easy to see how the great mass of men, curbing their will to power, are, as the world now is, going to rise to another plane of living, even though some of them "spend their evenings over Plato."

This little book suggests an inevitable comparison with Mr. Lowes Dickinson's *A Modern Symposium*, written before the war and somewhat different in character. Both authors in their conclusions fall away from the true logic of their positions. Mr. Dickinson through impatience with our stupid economic system vaults over into the ranks of the Social Revolutionists when every reason cried out that he should remain a humanist. Cadmus and Harmonia fail by permitting sentiment for the cause of the workingman to interfere with the working out or the application of definite principles. At least so it seems to one whose sympathies have not been caught by the same objects.

PERCY H. HOUSTON.

PHILOSOPHIZING OVER THE OUIJA BOARD

Our Unseen Guest. Anonymous. New York: Harpers.

The author says (pp. 20–22):

Something on the night of December 7, 1916, caused a ouija board to spell for Joan and me, "I am Stephen L—."

The same something caused the ouija board to spell what purported to be the facts of Stephen L—'s death. On January 15, 1917, something prompted the ouija board to look for a certain book, and therein was the story of a real Stephen L—, how he had died, and when and where; and the statements of this story were the same as those of the narrative that had been spelled out on the ouija board over a month before.

Obviously the chain of circumstances is extraordinary only in the event that Joan and I, prior to December 7, 1916, were ignorant of Stephen L—. We have testified to that ignorance. To the best of our knowledge and belief we were ignorant, not only of the death of Stephen L—, but of his ever having lived.

Of what are these extraordinary circumstances evidence? On what basis can they be explained?

Four possible explanations suggest themselves. They are: 1. Guess. 2. Telepathy. 3. The subconscious-mind theory. 4. The spiritistic theory.

And at least one other explanation might be offered — the cosmic-mind theory. But this, it would seem, is pure theory, having neither traditional nor experimental backing. Perhaps it can best be discussed later, in the light of Stephen's philosophy.

The author is greatly mistaken regarding the "traditional" guesses regarding the "cosmic soul." They have played a very large part in philosophy, the cosmic soul having been at least the second choice of nearly all the great writers who have tried to explain these phenomena.

This book contains two or three other indications of personal survival about as good as those of Stephen's. The main communicator throughout, however, is Stephen.

The first half of the book consists of the usual run of the communicator's experiences here, in passing over, and in the alleged life beyond, with more than the usual account of the author's skeptical reasoning regarding the source of the communications. These reasonings are far above the average in quantity, quality and open-mindedness.

The second half of the book is given to the exposition of the chief communicator's philosophy, which almost all of these books of involuntary communications con-

tain somewhere, even when the philosophy is only that, or less than that, of the average sermon. The philosophy of this volume is considerably more. But it, like virtually all the others, bears strong symptoms of being at bottom that of the author, perhaps telepathically, though unconsciously, impressed upon the medium. The medium here was the author's wife, and their sympathies were obviously very close.

But regarding the usual philosophizings and moralizings in the volumes of involuntary records pouring upon us, there should be considered one point that may yet be found of great importance in unraveling the whole mystery. There are accumulating many indications, of which this book gives not a few, that what may possibly come through a medium from discarnate intelligence — from the cosmic soul if you please (and though our author does not please, he really builds up the cosmic-soul theory throughout the latter part of his book) — is really limited, as well as generally "colored," by the mind of the medium. Therefore supposing a mass of more or less discarnate philosophic conceptions ready to flow through the medium, those that would succeed in "getting through" would be those conforming with the mass in which the medium habitually lives — which the medium's brain fits — or, in this case more especially perhaps, the brain of the medium's husband, between which and her own there seems to have been a most happy conformity.

The first half of the book, with the dialogues of the husband and wife over the products of the ouija board, is very good reading. Whether the second and systematic philosophic part is equally good, is a mere question of taste. Probably some readers will consider it the better part.

The author, obviously a man of reading and intelligence, starting with a broad and ingenious skepticism, found himself ultimately forced to the conclusion, more by Stephen's philosophy than even by his evidences of

individuality, that he is the discarnate intelligence he purports to be.

H. H.

The Bogey-man Again

History of the I. W. W. — A Story of American Syndicalism. By Paul Frederick Brissenden, Ph. D. Second Edition. New York: Columbia University.

The I. W. W. has long been a species of national "bogey-man" which has puzzled, alarmed and enraged a great many people in the United States. Dr. Brissenden's study, now in its second edition, may be recommended as a cure for all three states of mind. There is nothing like cold facts and figures in the forenoon to dissipate the nightmares of the preceding small hours. There are facts and figures galore in this book collected and arranged in good Ph. D. style, and while they make a pretty heavy meal taken all at once they digest well enough and leave the reader with a clear picture of the subject as a whole.

The premise upon which the I. W. W. is founded is Marxism pure and undefiled. It is the doctrine of the class-conflict — employers growing ever richer and fewer and employed growing poorer and more numerous. Between these classes there can be no compromise. Expropriation of the capitalist and control of industry by the workers is the only remedy. Whatever means will help to bring about this result is good. It is not a case of hours and wages; it is a case of abolition of the wage system. It is not a case even of constitutional "industrial democracy"; it is a case of pure "proletarian" rule. It is Socialism in its simplest form. If we assume that the community is sharply divided into two classes, the employer and the employed, there are four forms of organization open to the latter for advancement of their interests. There are the "shop-union" (organization *by factories*),

the "craft-union" (organization by *trades*), the "industrial union" (organization by *industries*), and "One Big Union" to include all workers. The I. W. W. plan is for "One Big Union" departmentally organized by industries. It opposes "shop-unions" and "craft-unions" as being un-revolutionary and ineffective forms of organization. In this it is quite logical. If its premise is right then Gompers is wrong, the American Federation of Labor is a betrayal of the worker, and the revolution is upon us.

But Nature says, *nego majorem!* She has not organized the human community in the I. W. W. way, and that is why the Federation of Labor grows from year to year in membership while the I. W. W.'s "turnover" looks like that of a war-industry in the early days of 1918. Perhaps the most significant page in Dr. Brissenden's book is that on which he concludes his study, p. 350. He points out that "only 7.5 per cent of the locals chartered and of the individuals enrolled in the I. W. W. have remained in the organization. This means an average annual turnover (of individual members and locals) for the past ten years of 133 per cent. As the table shows, the commercial strength of the I. W. W. in comparison with the whole number in labor organizations and the whole number gainfully employed is very insignificant." The author scouts the estimate (made by the Government in the trial of Haywood, 1918) of 200,000 members as being much too high and suggests that it includes all those who have at any time held an I. W. W. card!

There is not much in this to frighten anyone, yet many have been and are badly scared by the mystic letters. Time was when "Socialism" threw us into fits, but we have got over that, thanks to our better acquaintance with the Socialists. It is time that we came to our senses as regards the I. W. W. and gave it the fresh-air and free-speech cure.

Thomas F. Woodlock.

A Philosopher-Poet

Sonnets from a Prison Camp. By Archibald Allan Bowman. New York: John Lane; The Bodley Head.

The volume of Captain (now fortunately again Professor) Bowman stands out as a most welcome addition to that library of poetry which was called forth by the war. He has written not in that freely running measure in which "Shakespeare unlocked his heart," but in the more highly orchestrated form used by Milton and Wordsworth, two poets with whom he has close spiritual affinities. But the distinction of his work is not in its form: though he does occasionally carry through the sestet of a sonnet with a large and full tidal sweep, yet few of the sonnets are flawless, and by judicious omissions Captain Bowman would have raised the general level of his collection. Neither are his poems remarkable as a picture of war. Its pomp and pageantry do not move him, nor is there any amassing of horrors. He does not describe, or satirize, or sentimentalize. He writes rather in a vein of reflective self-expression, and his volume is remarkable as a record of the lonely adventures of an earnest and profoundly educated spirit in what appeared to be a time of disaster. These sonnets stood "between him and madness," the author tells us, and were evidently written in days when he had plumbed the depths of his emotional and intellectual life. His sonnets give us therefore the result of a re-inventory of life made by a sturdy, sincere intelligence in time of war's relentless tribulation.

In spite of the circumstances under which this volume was written, it would be a mistake to believe that it is in any sense an addition to that school of "realistic" war poetry represented by such younger soldiers as Robert Graves, Robert Nichols, and especially Siegfried Sassoon. We have been told that it remained for them to tell us what modern war actually is. Much that has been written by them I would be the last to disparage. They have

given us a new picture of the details of war, its outward aspect. For the most part however they have written in a mood of bitter disillusion from an exclusively individualistic and ego-centric point of view. Literary tradition had emphasized war's dignity and glory, its opportunities for personal magnanimity and heroism. In these they no doubt intended to participate. Instead, they found war an ugly conspiracy against the individual, and in place of the expected pageantry they saw trench mud and mangled men. In what Flaubert called "colics of revolt" they tried to strip war of all its disguises and flummery. Much of what they did was well done.

Of modern war's ordinary horrors Captain Bowman had probably supped as full as these rebels, yet his thought moves habitually in far wider spheres. Though thrown back upon the individual's last defences, he is in no narrow sense ego-centric and writes with no personal resentment. He ever realizes clearly the relation of the one to the many, and his attitude is therefore far more "cosmic" than theirs. If Captain Bowman's volume lacks the dramatic appeal of much of Sassoon's work, it is on the side of content fully as necessary for him who would understand war's deeper significance as well as its more immediate disgusts and disappointments.

The volume opens with a series of sonnets dealing with the suspense and terror while

> thought drew rein, surmising wildly, when
> The guns spoke murder over doomed Estaires.

This is followed by a moving account of the last great battle, the author's capture, and the march back through Lille on the way to the German camp at Rastaat. Then the days apparently became outwardly eventless. As the later sonnets show, however, this outward loss was compensated by an inward gain in spiritual activity, and in the sections called "Influences," "Watchwords and Maxims," and "England and Oxford," we find sonnets giving us clear and striking appraisals of the spiritual cur-

rents which had found their confluence in the writer's life.

The character of these more general reflections is well illustrated by the sonnet on the State, which has in it more meat than a large volume of Jellineck:

Protector of the spirit, who by night
With hands bent round it lanthorn-like dost frame
Against the wind a shelter for its flame,
Thyself a thing of spirit and a light,
The Commonwealth! Yet in thy sovereign right
Thou may'st not unrebuked, unchallenged claim
To be the First and Last, a holier Name
Than thine intoning from a higher height.

For blood is on thy hand and on thy head,
And war's black cloud upon thy deep dark brow;
And in thy shadow Socrates lies dead.
And though awhile it needs must be that thou
For man's unrighteousness shalt legislate,
Man's righteousness will yet become thy Fate.

So too a sonnet on Tragedy contains in essence as much as a chapter of Bradley or Bosanquet:

Of Tragedy the essence and the goal
Is Vindication. Fear and pity close
The Tale with mourning, but the issue shows
The moral order master of man's soul.
And as its slow and solemn waters roll
Thunderingly through the scenes, a sense there grows
Of some high Presence working in these throes,
Whose being is the topic and the whole.

Thus not these personal griefs alone comprise
The theme of Tragedy, that theme more vast
Than its own content, deeper than the sighs
Of the doomed Titan hounded home at last —
The Universe in action, and the cries
Of Cosmic Vengeance closing with the Past.

It would be a mistake to believe that all of the sonnets deal merely with "haggard abstractions." They touch also upon thoughts of home, visions of spring in Scotland, and one especially treats in a high Wordsworthian mood the sudden joyous sense of the unity of all nature as one

day the poet sees from his camp the mist rise from the hills and remembers keenly the same phenomenon seen in other days at home.

To those who seek in poetry high seriousness, sincerity, and intellectual ardor, this volume may be safely recommended as containing not a few sonnets which can be enjoyed, pondered, and reread with profit.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

HUMANISM IN THE HUMANITIES

Martial, the Epigrammatist, and Other Essays. By Kirby Flower Smith. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

It is one of the riddles of scholarship that classical literature, which by definition is the source and centre of the humanities, should have produced so little humanistic criticism among its votaries. Exegesis of a kind it has called forth in abundance, from the *apparatus criticus* to the mammoth Handbook, and all this is valuable; we are of those who daily thank God that he has put it into the hearts of some men to write dictionaries. But this is still only the scaffolding; why is the edifice so slow in rising? Even where the attempt is to be humanistic, the seductions of pedantry are often too strong. So stately and justly lauded a work, for instance, as the Croiset brothers History of Greek Literature will devote the best part of a large volume to exposing the inconsistencies of the Homeric narrative, while leaving the reader to guess why the Iliad is still the greatest of narrative poems. There are exceptions, of course. The English have produced a few books of genuine value — notably Sellar's volumes on the Latin poets and parts of Mure's History of Greek Literature; the French have more work of the kind to their credit, as should be expected; the Germans have none. America has contributed three or four scattered essays of true literary quality, but what else? When you stop to think of it, the poverty of our output in this field is surprising and disgraceful.

All this is a rather long exordium to a short notice of a volume by the late Kirby Flower Smith, of Johns Hopkins University, which is a welcome addition to our scanty store of works at once human and scholarly. Perhaps the sad fact that the best three of the essays included — those on Martial, Ovid, and Propertius — could find no place in any of our regular commercial magazines, will help to explain, though it will scarcely excuse, the faint-hearted attacks of our scholars on popularity.

We shall make no attempt to criticise these essays in detail. It is sufficient to say that the Roman epigrammatist and elegiasts are here treated as a French critic would treat a group of his native poets. They are living men, having the bowels of humanity, and their works are seen to throb with passion and humor and wit. No small part of Professor Smith's success may be attributed to a happy knack in translation. For the elegiacs he has adopted the swinging measure beloved by William Morris, and he has contrived to vary its cadences, which tend naturally to monotony, with a good deal of skill. As an illustration we take these lines from Ovid's epistle of Hero to Leander:

So when the day is over and kindlier night draws nigh,
And stars in twinkling radiance are glittering in the sky,
We haste to light the beacon, the flare of which is wont
To guide your long, long journey across the Hellespont.
Then come those hours of waiting, and womanlike the while
We turn our hands to spinning, and so the time beguile.
"Meanwhile what do I talk of," you ask; well, if you heard,
You'd say that one "Leander" came every second word.
"Dear Nurse, think you he's left yet? or that he is afraid
Lest all are not yet sleeping, and thus has been delayed?"
Poor Nurse! she goes on nodding, but when I take a peep,
I fear she's not assenting — but merely dead with sleep!
Some moments pass in silence: "He must be swimming now,
His arms in rhythmic cadence straight through the waters plow."
Some lengths of yarn are finished, and then again I say,
"Think you perhaps by this time he may have come half way?",

And then I mount my watch-tower and frightened breathe a prayer,
If any breezes find you, that they may blow you fair.
At every wind that whispers my heart is stirred anew,
And every sound that greets me, I hope, is made by you.
And so the night drags onward with hours that scarcely creep,
Until, worn out with watching, at last I fall asleep.

Nothing extraordinary, you may say; but it has, you will admit, the quality of being right. That is much.

We commend this little volume to the lover of letters for its promise of two or three pleasant hours, and to the professional classicist for the emendation of his soul.

P. E. M.

The Social Problem

The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Leacock says:

If the reader is to be ensnared into absorbing something useful, it must be hidden among the flowers Such is the recognized method by which the great unthinking public is taught to think. Slavery was not fully known till Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the slow tyranny of the law's delay was taught to the world forever in "Bleak House."

Social and economic theory is heavy to the verge of being indigestible. There is no such thing as a gay book on political economy for reading in a hammock.

Mr. Leacock has himself come very near to writing such a book. In fact, during the early part of his work, which is mainly descriptive and historical, before he gets into the puzzles and profundities, he has done it. His well-balanced antithetical style, his apt metaphors, and his flashes of humor make delightful reading. And even when he does get into the puzzles and profundities, he clears them up as successfully as any writer we can recall.

It is one of the very best of the recent books on the subject, and not the least of its merits is that it is short — short enough to attract the lay reader, yet long enough to satisfy his needs. If everybody addicted to best sell-

ers would forego just a little one to make room for this book, the sacrifice would go far to save the country.

The author justly attributes most of the world's economic miseries to the fact that vastly more of its labor is given to luxuries than to necessities — that "half-fed men dig for diamonds, and men sheltered by a crazy roof erect the marble walls of palaces," and why they do so, he attributes to values being fixed by "economic strength." Those who possess it "command the luxuries and divert labor to them." Our author might have added that follies which add to no man's enjoyment except that of those who profit on them at the expense of others — mere crazes, probably — waste as much as luxuries; for instance, the present craze for advertisements that simply duplicate and offset each other, leaving the parties just where they would have been without them, and have made reading the papers a nuisance, and have multiplied the price of paper three or four fold.

Professor Leacock gives a remarkably clear demonstration of the fallacy of the classic doctrine that value is determined by labor cost — the fallacy on which the *laissez-faire* policy rests — and shows, perhaps not quite so clearly, as already intimated, that value is determined by economic strength. This we understand to be not only strength to bid up what is desired, but strength to hold on to it until a satisfactory price can be realized.

Another element of economic strength — one that within a couple of generations has revolutionized the world — is collective bargaining. But there the laborer has overestimated his strength, and already begins to abuse it in attempts to force the majority to meet his demands, by restricting their coal, food, clothing, shelter and transportation. He has overlooked the fact that in needing these things himself, he is part of the majority, and he has arrayed against him the majority including himself, as shown by increasing dissensions in his own ranks.

X.

Some Practical Economics

Free Trade, the Tariff and Reciprocity. By F. W. Taussig, New York: Macmillan.

We strongly commend this volume to that important class of readers who are intelligently grounded in economics, and need an occasional compendium to post them on the progress of the science. Whatever Prof. Taussig writes has behind it the fullness of knowledge, breadth of view and freedom from dogmatism peculiarly needed by those who have not the time to check statements.

This volume is made of a series of articles and addresses beginning in 1892 and extending into last year, with such modifications as the passage of time has suggested.

They deal rather more with the science as applied than as constructed by theorizing and correlating data.

In addition to the topics covered by the title, there is a refutation of the mythical story of Lincoln's incursion into economics when he is alleged to have said that if we bought an article abroad, we had the article and the foreigner had the money, while if we bought it at home, we had both the article and the money; and the chapter contains not only a refutation of the story, but of the doctrine that the story implies.

The final article on *Tariff Problems after the War* is of course specially interesting. It begins by taking for granted that the fundamental need is such a kind and degree of provision for war as will make ample preparation quick and easy. The only industry he considers in this connection is that in dyestuffs, because it can be turned into munitions overnight. Germany had a virtual monopoly of it before the war. Prof. Taussig thinks that the war developed the industry in other nations so far that there is now no occasion for any one to guard against a serious danger of its supply being cut off.

Among essentials Prof. Taussig thinks potash the only one with which we cannot directly supply ourselves, and

that in emergency we could make shift for it as a by-product, and provide effective substitutes.

As to non-essentials — fine textiles, glassware, ceramics, gloves, brushes, notions, etc., etc., he thinks the war will tend to a fostering protective policy, and that one to a reasonable extent, will be justifiable, but that it would be madness to cut ourselves off to a large extent from cheap goods, and especially from goods which would invite our exports in exchange.

Prof. Taussig's knowledge of geographical economics is exceptional, and his use of it is in most happy contrast with the high priori web-spinning and dressing up of commonplaces in high sounding technical language, with which more than one inflated reputation in economics has lately been made.

Prof. Taussig sets a splendid example and one still needed, in his realization of the tremendous complexities of his subject. His method is not of the sort still too frequent of laying down his own opinions and arguing for them, but generally he states both sides with adequate sympathy and candor, and, perhaps too often, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. In fact, he realizes to a degree which we hardly know where to find elsewhere, that in many controversies both sides are right, and perhaps the more bitter the controversy, the nearer right each side; he also realizes that which side ought to prevail is very generally a question of circumstances, and therefore really more open to wise settlement by investigation than by *ad captandum* application of any principle, still less of any dogma. He sums up the situation in the following golden words:

> No one can now lay down the lines for a policy of tariff reconstruction. . . It is possible, and certainly much to be desired that some matters . . . may be settled on non-partizan lines. . . In the field of political and social inquiry we have not reached that stage of scientific certainty which has been reached in many branches of natural science. But the term

"scientific" may be used in a different sense from that in which it implies established principles and indubitable truths. In that other sense, it means simply that we shall proceed with care and method; that we shall be accurate, painstaking, discriminating, shall refrain from guess, rumor, exaggeration, from vague and untested general statements. We proceed in a scientific way if we gather all the information we can, sift it with care, present it clearly, apply it intelligently.

H. H.

EN CASSEROLE

Nonpartisanship

QUITE possibly the American paper that just now weighs most in proportion to its bulk is the little *Villager*, published at Katonah, New York. One reason for its proportional heft is, of course, its small size, but there are other reasons too. And in the face of them, we are doubly sorry to see it, in its issue of July 3, falling into such language as this:

> Nonpartizanship and pacifism are the same stripe; they are the philosophy of motives as opposed to the philosophy of results, the philosophy of progress by coöperation as opposed to the philosophy of progress by the testing out of differences. Did anyone read the violent invective of the "keynote" speech at San Francisco without a sense of its incongruity? Inexplicable jealousy, feverish animosity, secret intrigue, and political malice were some of the charges hurled by the Democratic chairman at those who did not vote for the particular compact which was forever to hold the world in helpful, profitable peace and harmoniousness. . . Parties are the machinery for utilizing the political resistance without which there would be no real progression in a democracy. As Professor Ward once said, the parties that think they are opposing each other are simply working together for the accomplishment of an end of which they are unconscious. Every student of political affairs comes to deplore those periods in a nation's life when both parties stand on about the same platform, and when there are no "issues" and so no opposition. That the Germans got hold of this truth, and let it run away with them into the barbarous notion that slaughtering is civilization's best business, does not diminish the truth any. The German's fault was in tearing it away from its natural field of operation: the pacifists who bewail partizanship are from their side doing the same thing.

We have met talk like this before, though never from so intelligent a source. As we sail under the banner of Non-partizan (only the accident of starting with the name

Unpopular led us to adopt the negative particle *Un* instead of *Non*) we feel called to the defense.

We begin with a general denial. "Nonpartizanship and pacifism are" *not* "of the same stripe," and they can be demonstrated to be, only by an unjustifiable definition of nonpartizanship — such a definition as one of the "liberal" weeklies gave in a good-natured notice of our change of name. It said in effect that to be unpartizan was to refrain from taking a side. Partizan, we submit, means adherence to a party — support of a cause, whether you approve it or not, because it is supported by a party. To be unpartizan is to refrain from taking a side only because a party chooses it or does not choose it. It is partizan and a vice to choose a side because a party chooses it; and it is unpartizan and a virtue to choose a party because of the side it chooses.

To assert that in supporting a cause one becomes a partizan of that cause, is of course justifiable, but that use of the term applies only to the particular case, and has no reference whatever to the general idea of "party," while using the term in describing the course of a periodical refers to nothing but "party."

If not to choose a party, is to stay out of the fight, it is probably reprehensible: but to take a side in a fight solely because a party takes that side, is certainly more reprehensible.

The *Villager's* definition of Nonpartizan or Unpartizan seems of a piece with his intimation that the advocates of the scheme for a League of Nations claimed that it "was forever to hold the world in helpful profitable peace and harmoniousness." We have known no advocate of any consequence to claim more than that it is a scheme in that direction well worth trying, that the opportunity for it has cost more than anything else in human experience, that unless the opportunity still lingering is embraced, much suffering must come before there is another one, and that the next one will cost even more than this one did.

The *Villager* sometimes says profound things, and sometimes they are true. Sometimes, for instance, it is true that "parties are the machinery for utilizing the political resistance without which there would be no progression in a democracy." But if it is true that "every student of political affairs comes eventually to deplore those periods in a nation's life when both parties come to stand on about the same platform," it is not true that "happiest are the nations that have least history."

The attitude of the *Villager* regarding the League of Nations has been a puzzle to us from the beginning, and the puzzle has been made no easier by the article from which we have quoted. What "truth the Germans got hold of" was the truth that "makes a desert and calls it peace," but it does not follow that peace exists only in deserts. Neither is it true that all who "bewail partizanship" are pacifists; but it is true that many who bewail partizanship have loved peace well enough to die for it.

The Storm

The alligators were roaring, huge prehistoric creatures turning from their hideous wrangling over gobbets of bone and flesh to raise themselves up from the ground and bellow with puffed out throats. I had never realized how high they could stand on those legs of theirs, like dinosaurs, with swinging heads and trailing, mailed tails. There was something uncanny about them that took away one's breath; they had the look and bearing of unclean dragons, exiled tyrants without a kingdom, remnants of a conquered people still refusing to admit the suzerainty of the mammals. "They smell a change in the air," said the keeper at the alligator farm.

There was not a ravelling of cloud in the sky as we went out on the long beach. The white sand, so fine and hard that even on the dunes it scarcely sunk beneath our feet, vibrated blindingly with sunlight. We found a group of spiky palms throwing a small patch of shadow in which we

could find shelter. All about the roots was a network of tiny tracks, the print of midget mice we guessed. Far down the beach the long breakers were coming in. There was not a sail or smudge of smoke on the horizon. Around us rolled the fine outlines of the dunes.

We unpacked our bundles, pulled down our hats over our eyes, set our palettes, balanced the turpentine in the sand, stuck clumps of brushes into our laps, and gripping the edges of our boards and our palettes in one hand, prayed the saint of painters for fair fortune. The light was almost full noon. In the direction we faced, sky, sea and sand seemed to me alike white. Had I had more training in impressionism I should have remembered that here was an opening for using the prism, faint roses and yellows, cooling and deepening into greens, blues and lavenders. I should have outlined my dunes with a line of blue to turn them flat with the hint of reflected sky, kept my sea in its plane, and melted it into the sky with a line of lavender. But I did none of these things. What ground to be covered! Phalanx after phalanx of paint faltered and failed before it. My dunes swelled like tawny sails against the sky. I scooped hollows of shadows into them, and changed the color of the sea for the fourth time. I made a purple sky.

Perhaps the sky *was* purple there in the distance. Unnoticed mists were gathering, unthought-of catastrophes stirring in that still air. Suddenly a wind came up, driving the sand before it. The fine white grains blew over our painted pictures of the dunes, real sand at last. Our hats struggled like kites. Clutching boxes, wet palettes, wet canvasses, wet brushes, we staggered down the beach to shelter, porcupines bristling with paint and sand, in full flight before the coming rain.

As we passed the walls of the alligator farm, there was a deep silence within. The roaring had stopped: for the alligators, those great sons of the water, last descendants of the flying dragons of the clouds and the swimming

dragons of the sea, who had saluted from afar off the coming of their master the storm, in his presence held their peace. And for ten days it rained.

The Advertising Bubble

Some people who have advertised have made a great deal of money, and a good many people have believed that they made it *because* they advertised. In some cases they did, but in many cases they did not, and the money making was merely *post hoc*. Glittering cases attract the most attention and people generalize from them. Gold mining attracts the most people in proportion to the money made. Iron mining is, in the long run, much more profitable.

Everybody knows that of late there has been much more advertising done than ever before. Despite the scarcity of paper, the journals, even the provincial ones, are bigger than before the war. In many of them much more space is occupied by advertisements than by text; and the advertisements make reading the text a nuisance: Each topic instead of being given consecutively, is scattered in fragments among the advertising, and has to be hunted out in widely separated columns and pages. And yet one is constantly meeting expressions of regret that much advertising has been crowded out of the issue. All this has probably been the chief influence in trebling or quadrupling the cost of paper, and limiting the supply for books of education and general culture, and the amount of labor in printing advertisements has been similarly increased.

The mere cost of placing these ads is enormous. If a man wants to place one in a thousand newspapers, instead of sending them out himself and settling a thousand accounts, he takes a single copy to an advertising agency, and the agency not only saves him that trouble but secures him wholesale rates. Some of these agencies are

huge affairs, occupying whole floors magnificently ap pointed in the largest buildings.

For the electric signs, from the small cities up to th great white way, similar expenses are involved. Thes must have an appreciable responsibility for the high pric of coal, and to all these expenses are added those of th painted signs along the railroads and highways, and th advertising signs in the cars, all of which have increase enormously.

"Commercial art" is now a recognized institutior Even fifty years ago Du Maurier is credited with the pic ture on the Apollinaris bottles; the drop curtains in som of the Italian theatres and probably elsewhere are painte over with advertisements; and not improbably mor money is paid to writers of advertisements than to writer of editorials, news and books.

Apparently a vast proportion of this labor does not tur out a thing used or enjoyed, or a direct service received, b a human being, except as some of the "industrial art" an snappy ads may give a passing satisfaction or amusement But when they do, the effect upon taste is more apt to b bad than good. There is no question, however, that th advertisements do determine to a considerable exten which of the things produced shall find a market, an therefore which things shall continue to be produced, an in quantities determining their price. How much a thin can be profitably advertised and where, is a difficult ques tion. For instance, there are many papers of wide cir culation in which a book advertisement is never seen, whil there are a few papers of comparatively small circulatior in which book advertisements are constantly seen. Th general principle is that things that everybody uses can be advertised anywhere. Yet nobody ever saw commor nails or crude sugar or fundamental building material advertised to the general public, though they may be ir "trade organs." Obviously, a mistake in placing an ad vertisement is very easy.

Then there is the constant danger of advertising more than an article will stand, and the opposite danger of not advertising enough to make it go, when a little more would turn the trick. It is the last ounce that tips the scales: unless it is put on, every ounce that precedes it is wasted, — unless it can be diverted to another purpose, which advertising money once spent cannot. Years ago, a dealer told me that the maker of a valuable product in his line failed because he spent only a quarter of a million in advertising it, and couldn't spend any more; whereas if he had spent a little more he probably would have succeeded.

There is great danger that emulation will lead to excessive advertising. Just now the papers are full of advertisements of clothes and shoes. If only one man could advertise them, he would take away much trade from the others: so others go in to prevent that, and soon everybody may be advertising shoes, for instance, without enough more being sold than would pay for the advertising. When a generation or so ago, the *Times* started its book supplement, it was a new toy, and the publishers took to it amazingly until they began to notice great masses of it thrown away around the news-stands. Meanwhile, however, they had carried their ads to an extreme at which some of the *Times* people, not to speak of other people, laughed. About that time two of the greatest publishing houses fell into the hands of ambitious young men, and they began advertising against each other until a full page in the *Times* Supplement from one or both of them was a frequent thing, and it was not until it got to two pages that the tide began to recede.

Part of this advertising craze has arisen from a notion that as money spent in that way is not subject to income tax, and reduces the rate of super-tax, it may be spent profitably. This argument, insinuatingly put by the advertising agents, has widely influenced people of very little experience in advertising, and probably, in the majority of cases, influenced them to their disadvantage.

Unless we are mistaken, advertising among us has nov reached the character of the Mississippi Bubble or th Holland tulip mania, and we cannot be mistaken in th belief that through the consumption of paper it is doin serious harm to education and literature.

A Garden Misgiving

Why should I doom these stalwart weeds
With so much life to give,
For flowers delicate and pale,
That scarcely care to live?

KATE FORT CODINGTON.

An Answer

Because, dear lady, those strong posies
Don't even gratify our noses,
While fragrant flowers of tender grace
Touch in our hearts the woman's place.

Petty Insurance

My tobacconist lately mailed me a supply, and charge me ten cents for insuring it. This sort of thing ofter happens, — from petty packages, then trunks, up to auto mobiles and buildings; and is about as nonsensical as any thing I know. It has all been calculated down to demon stration from experience, that in the long run the insure loses. Why then insure? Simply to guard against losse that the insurer can't stand. If he "insures himself" on all others, he saves money. The Astor estate is said to insure itself on everything. We know a very well-to-dc man who, when he was young and poor, carried heavy life insurance. As he accumulated property he reduced that insurance until, when the safety of his family was assured by his accumulations, he carried none. Against fire and everything else, before the war he was taking his own risks up to five thousand dollars. He made an exception against claims for automobile accidents alleged to be caused by him, because he wanted any claimant to feel that he was

attacking a great corporation, and wanted to shift the bother of a suit onto the corporation. In the financial pressure caused by the war, when nobody feels as safe as he would like to, our friend has insured several things that he would not insure in ordinary times.

Manifestly there is much room for discrimination in insurance, and, as in everything else, much foolishness practiced.

Legislating Against the Sun

THE pope who issued the bull against the comet seems poorly to justify the sarcasm of a generation that legislates against the Sun. But such legislation is the fashion of the day. Talk about this being a skeptical age! There has not been an age of more faith since the French Revolution. True, they had not much faith in the church, but they had unbounded faith in the state — almost as much as we have — at least some of us. They thought, for instance, as we did during the Civil War, that all that was necessary to turn paper into good money was to print it, and that all that was necessary to set men to work was to give them a government workshop to work in, though it is doubtful if they thought the state stronger than the Sun, as so many of us do.

In this bailiwick we're divided on the question. The farmers and the railroads and steamboats stick by the Sun, but the rest of the folks are an hour ahead of him. When an hour is mentioned to the farmers, they ask: "God's time or fool time?" When time-tables are under discussion, such phrases fly about as: "It goes at 9.45, that's 10.45 you know;" and in New York itself the centre of American knowingness, some folks still go to the station and find they have an hour to wait.

In other words, the thing doesn't work; and anybody with any more conception of natural law than Brother Bryan and the Bolsheviks, would know that it wouldn't work. Whatever tricks are played with clocks, or clypse-

dras or hourglasses, the Sun has been forming men's habits since there were a Sun and men, and it will continue to form them as long as there are a Sun and men; and when men try to go against the Sun, trouble will come somewhere sooner or later, and it has already begun.

For the Sun, read Natural Law generally, especially that part of it embracing human nature, and there is room for much salutary reflection.

The Tipping Conscience

But first, since this is an anonymous contribution, let me introduce myself. I am a professor on a spree — a mild, professorial spree — trying to make his vacation contribute its full share to his teaching equipment. It means a stern economy, of course, even to the extent of cheap eating.

The other day I went into one of those dairy restaurants where one may still get coffee for five cents. Opposite me, or nearly so, sat two young girls who looked as if they belonged to the big department store across the street. They were already tired at midday, and hungry — not with a genuine appetite but with a certain unsatisfied yearning: for they wanted pie. Without listening to their conversation I became conscious of a brief debate regarding the probable virtues of pie. Well, they didn't take it. They made their meal from one of those inevitable "entrées" — those things which are "special for today" (and every day). Then each one dutifully produced her nickel (her pie nickel) and laid it on the table, took up the stub punched at 30, and proceeded to "pay the cashier." The mighty waitress swept down upon their empty plates; scooped the two nickels into her pocket, and in a surly tone demanded of me what my order was. I had been quite willing to give it for the last ten minutes. I requested the same thirty-cent entrée — it doesn't matter much which of the dozen or so one hits

upon. It was dumped and clattered down in front of me, my stub was punched at 30, and the world rattled on.

The stuff was sickening and unsatisfying, but I did not yearn for pie. I would have been content to pay my thirty cents and escape; but the food and service combined was not (even in this day of advanced costs) worth thirty-five. Must I, before I go, lay a nickel or a dime on the altar of that unpleasant female? It is hard enough on one's self-respect to rise from a meal, however awful, and leave only a plebeian nickel on the table. But even a nickel a meal is four dollars and fifty cents a month, — it is fifty-four dollars a year. Those girls could do a good deal with an extra hundred dollars between them. They could get their two weeks' vacation out of it; they could satiate themselves with magazines and movies; they could even keep themselves in shoes, and thus solve one of the real problems of the day. Then why this unquestioned planking down of their nickels for the benefit of an ungracious Amazon who received a better wage than theirs?

Of course you say they must, in order to receive any sort of service in the future. But that is not true. There are plenty of such restaurants near by. Even in this big and noisy place there are many tables, divided among a considerable group of flying aprons. Before they had made the rounds and returned, the great mediator between them and the kitchen would have forgotten their unimportant existence. But such a course of behavior as that would be abhorrent to them. They would feel cheap and guilty. It would undermine their self-respect.

For when it came my turn to leave my peace offering on the table I was mortally certain that I would never be inside of that restaurant again; and yet to rise with studied forgetfulness, and walk unashamed and fearless to the cash register — I could not. Why should I give this surly woman money for doing without grace or courtesy what she was paid to do? If she was underpaid, with the idea that she should make up a possible income

through tips, then that was a system to wage war against. Let the waiters strike again and strike harder, demanding that they shall not be made the objects of promiscuous charity. It is undemocratic, unAmerican, economically unsound — this pseudo-philanthropic practice. We should welcome any necessary readjustment in the scale of prices — competition would take care of that for us — and most of us want to pay our just dues. Pending legislation on the subject, the ridiculous and vicious custom can only be attacked through the collector of our tribute money. I decided to act for myself, bravely, heroically. I would at least help to make this termagant conscious that those girls were not compelled to placate her, — that it was entirely gratuitous on their part. I almost palpitated with the daring of my resolve. But I was set; I marched boldly up to the cash register, feeling as many accusing eyes upon me as if I had shot the albatross; I went with outward composure forth, and in my inner agitation forgot my umbrella!

All this is to say that tipping is not usually a matter of prudence but of conscience, — of a rudimentary, instinctive conscience which must follow a custom whether it is inherently right or not. It is a conscience which hurts one when sins of omission are committed against it, even if a clear and discriminating conscience is working in opposition. Is conscience so much the creature of custom? — But let me spend the tip I didn't give, on a carfare, and get quickly away from the scene of my humiliating victory.

I have a visitor's card to a club where gratuities are not permitted. Here I felt I could go joyously, and check my conscience at the door. But should one not give a small fee for checking his conscience or his coat? The colored boy at the door knows the ways of the members, but a visitor is fair prey. One likes to dine in the easy comfort of the club, for eating should be an æsthetic ceremony, and not a mere utilitarian matter. But I was

served that night with such special consideration (I was dining there unattended by a member) that the waiter's conduct was at least suspicious. No one would know, he seemed to be saying, if I slipped him a quarter for his pains. I did. My tipping conscience slew my true conscience. But the waiter rewarded me with his unqualified approval. Though he spoke no word but "Thank you, sir," his whole bearing was eloquent of the fact that I would *always* be permitted to hand him out a quarter.

And what can I do now? Where can I eat? It's against my one conscience to give a tip, and against my other conscience not to. I have only one recourse until I can return to home and comfort: I must *endow* my tipping conscience! I must serve up my troubles *en casserole*, in the hope that I may, perhaps, become the recipient of a tip. This, if I get it, I shall parcel out with such care that not even the porter of the last night back will brush me off in vain.

Glimpses

NOTHING but a free will and a cup of strong coffee could have brought me where I am, so at last I believe in the free will . . . and yet, the coffee . . . I left H. about an hour ago. She goes her way, and I mine, because she wants a lot of exercise. And speaking of exercise, not being able to take any, I have been using your birthday present on chair-rides. I took two hours yesterday, one and a half down to the Inlet, the other half just buried comfortably in the blankets, looking at the ocean. The sunset was wintery, pale saffron with a few dark clouds, long and sharp-edged like steel knives, and then one very bright star. I had felt ill all day, but for that half hour of rest, I shall remember the day when I've forgotten every other feeling connected with it. I didn't think at all, and my feeling only hit the high spots, so that had I been a Japanese poet I should have expressed myself by "cloud, star, rest."

You should see H. She looks and acts like Douglas Fairbanks. She swims every day, roller-skates, walks the

length of the Boardwalk, and gazes abroad for new worlds to conquer. We meet at meal-time and relate our adventures very much on the order of Robinson Crusoe and a jail-bird swapping stories, as H. begins: "Well, I walked five miles and did so-and-so," and I: "I sat for an hour and froze my feet." We had our pictures taken, and H's is good except for a prize-fighter's expression around the jaw, while mine looks frightfully cadaverous, and has a large stomach, like Dr. O's on it, so that the two of us look like Rochester and Jane Eyre, though I'm sure J. E. had no stomach.

I've never seen the ocean as it is today. The waves are much taller than you, with cradles for a giant baby between them and the wind blowing foam (babies' mosquito-netting, I suppose) off the edges. I'm on the very end of the Steel Pier (it is at least ten miles long) and the wind is howling all up and down the scale, the Mama of all the little giants in the wave-cradles singing them to sleep, or possibly Father with delirium tremens, which do you think? — or maybe it is the little giants themselves crying for their bottles or the maternal bosom. I am very frozen, though I think safely salted from catching cold, as my lips are briny, and it is fairly warm except for the wind that makes walking on the pier an adventure. But I shall now return to my humble hostelry. Humble! . . . that word has haunted me of late, after a slow and halting acquaintance with it, as with a friend for whom one's love is not an altogether painless adventure. What an aristocrat of a word it is! synonymous, perhaps with unconsciousness, but of a flavor not to be expressed by synonyms. Do you know who so understood the thick green grass that lies nearest to the bare heart of Nature, that in calling it humble, he makes my hand spend itself for an instant, groping toward the pulsating life at the roots of that unconscious grass?

Yesterday Miss D. came over and said maybe she would go down town with me, but I got her off the track,

as I'd simply have died if she had, and the escape into that very aloneness which had doubtless been the cause of my misanthropic mood before, made me quite happy: on such a slender thread do moods depend. It was raining hard, but I started out happily. First I saw two girls fall down, and that was an interesting and pleasing spectacle, and I felt as if it had been managed by fate for my especial benefit. Later, I saw a man with a little monkey, and though I have never looked at them much, I staid by for a long time, as it was very nice to compare the monkey with the people around. It took hold of my skirt like a child, only it had such a worried look, as though it had the living of a whole family in its skinny hands, which of course it really does, doesn't it? One man gave it a dime, which it looked at with the funniest expression of amazement, before it put it in the pocket with the pennies, very much as you or I might look if a strange man gave us a dime. It smoked a pipe wretchedly, and it rang a little dinner-bell with the sad resignation of a woman running a boarding-house. The monkey's man didn't have any expression or soul or intellect or any little thing like that imprinted upon his immobile features. He ground out the same tune on his one-legged organ about nine thousand times, and as the monkey always saw pennies before he did, he merely gazed at one far off point, like old Doctor R. in philosophy class, and slept standing, like a horse. Doctor R. was among the throng, by the way. I saw him look at the monkey without sympathy or amusement or tenderness or disgust: so why look at all? But respectable people don't enjoy monkeys, of course, and as that fact suddenly dawned on me, I wandered on, having seen everything anyway.

That Old Assignment

"A DESCRIPTION of myself as an old lady"; that was the assignment! It had hardly occurred to me that there would ever be such a person. And I was called upon to describe her! The English teacher elucidated, misinter-

preting my knit brows: "Draw the picture of yourself as you would like to be; yet carefully preserve your own traits and characteristics." In other words, idealize yourself, then damn it with the truth. I rose resentfully in defense of the old lady who was to be so handicapped; then collapsed bewildered. "Who is she anyway, that I should be so concerned. Why, she might be. . ." I stopped thinking, as pictures formed. Indignation seethed.

The rest of the class dispersed lamb-like, as if this assignment were no more difficult than that of last week on "The View from My Window"; as if they were on rather intimate terms with themselves as old ladies. I had two days to become acquainted with myself, so, knowing that it would take me some sixty years quite to find out that old lady, I turned her down nervously and became facetious. Did one dare hand in a sheet of paper blank but for the one-line epitaph: "Alas, she died at 37"; or write a caricatured representation, and explain that fortunately this could not be, since "I died at 37." Finally, with bravado, I handed in no paper, but I long and seriously considered myself as an old lady.

Of some things I was sure. I would not be snow-crowned and I would not be resigned; I would never knit, and I would never preach to the young. The thing goes round in a vicious circle. In other words, I would not be old! With eager expectancy I went to class to find out how my classmates had handled themselves, and what they hoped to be sixty years from now.

They gave me no help. I understood; it takes longer than two days to get acquainted with a ghost like this—a new idea as startling as myself is to I. These girls had drawn their neighbors at home, or their grandmothers, and with loving tenderness. There was one: she sat in a June-brightened garden, content to "read, knit or just think." The little children loved to gather around her, and a "faint smile lingered on her lips," as she thought of that "romping, red-cheeked girl" now grown into a frail little

lady. "Time," the girl prophesied, "had not marred the heart" nor had the hopes and aspirations of those younger days departed with the bloom. I examined for the "frail little lady." This tom-boy near me, with "tears of sensibility coursing down her thought-worn cheeks; the light of another world" in her eyes? Of course, if she wished it. Not for me "the twilight peace that sweetens life and strengthens love"; for me spinsterhood and indignation. That much I knew. By this time I was plainly trying to suppress convulsions of mirth; the chair shook; I pride myself on my ability to laugh silently, but I had here a feeling of irreverence, as if all the others were then the little old ladies they were to be, and as if they were looking at me with sensitiveness and reproach in their eyes. Was everyone except myself giving sympathetic and dewy-eyed attention? No: for I realized that there was another little old lady in the room, but she was laughing with me. I liked her; I thought she liked me; we listened together.

Another girl was more human with herself. She would like to be as she portrayed herself, but she knew that she just wouldn't be; her white frilled cap would look like the frill around a baked dish; I lost the figure here through the relief of having company in laughter.

The teacher gave me a concerned look, as if to say: "I missed your paper on this very serious subject. I think it no matter for flippancy." Nor do I. I have that old lady on my heart with real consternation, and that paper I did not write has upset my serenity for days.

At home I settle myself for meditation on old ladies. Suppose people could begin old and grow young; wouldn't that be an ideal way. And yet, if it could be, I think it would be as unsatisfactory. Imagine four of us octogenarians sitting idly with hands in laps, thinking of ourselves as young-girls-to-be. "Dear me, Fanny, when I think of all the study ahead for me, and of those mountain peaks we're going to have to climb, it makes me shudder." "Why look at Alice Palmer; I can remember when she was happy

just to pour tea at the older generation's parties, and yesterday she told me that she was thinking of joining a woman's club and marching in a parade; I daresay she'll be commencing college next." "Don't tell the doctor, dear," confides another, "but that ache I've had in my back for four years is going away, and I know it's not going to need attention any more; you don't know how I shall miss it." "They say that Mary Sherman has almost come to the time when she has to separate from her husband, and they're both unconsolable over it."

The ideal way! With relief we turn the picture around. Good! Things are normal again. Yet still, for myself, normality is a little depressing.

> Though Age is fifty years from me,
> And Youth is close to me as breath,
> My Soul too clearly can descry
> Whither my Body journeyeth.

It is to the poets and preachers that we turn for hope and optimism, and do they give us no more comfort than "a level land, a sober land" for those who are "afraid of that which is high"; must Old Age be a state where "desire shall fail" and "Body grow a weary thing"? That may be old age, sadly enough, but it is not *me*. It need not be me. I work it out in my mind thus: Old Age is like that black spot, in Surties the clerk and every man, waiting to spread and destroy him in the fullness of time; it is the cave of the fairy legend toward which all footsteps pointed, and out of which none came. But that black spot, Surties admitted, had it been caught in time, need not have worked such damage; and the fairy story were unsatisfactory indeed, did no one succeed in pointing his steps out. So with Old Age; it lies in wait, and the preparation of a life-time, and all the spirit of an old lady can hardly overcome it. And yet, when it is overcome, it has no terrors more; it becomes the hall in which that young-souled myself dances, and can "laugh up to Heaven."

But we must look out; the phantom behind my chair is laughing *at* me now. I can make out nothing of her appearance. "Women grow to be like their mothers; that is their tragedy." Mine is still black-haired, and in any case it were no tragedy. Or women go by contraries: the plain little girls develop into beautiful heroines; the wicked young women into sainted old ladies. Becky Sharpe, even, an authority on wickedness, "busies herself in works of piety" at the last. Perhaps I shouldn't know myself if I met her in the street to-morrow. Perhaps I am that person, mildly benign, a pillaress of the church, devoted to good works, and organization and committees, renowned for her piety. . . Horrors, my grandmother was that! But my new friend is getting impatient with me, and hurt. She was teasing me a while ago for my seriousness. When you have a person like that to deal with, even poetry is safe between you once in a while.

> Yet let (this paper) with my lost thoughts in it
> Tell what the way was when thou didst begin it,
> And win with thee the goal when thou shalt win it.
>
> Oh, in some hour of thine my thoughts shall guide thee.
> Suddenly, though time, darkness, silence, hide thee
> This wind from thy lost country flits beside thee—
>
> Telling thee. . . .

All that I have written and demanding one thing alone. Whether myself be a "pillar" or a heretic, tidy or the same old girl, stylish or prim, alert or resigned, one thing I demand, and could not bear to have it otherwise: that I have that temper of mind that can read this paper at seventy-eight with a twinkle, then sit down and write to myself as a young girl, as disrespectful a paper.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THE previous instalment of this commentary ended just as the conventions of the two major parties were about to meet and nominate presidential candidates. At that time, Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox were merely among those mentioned. Harding had been widely advertised as the choice — though not necessarily the first choice — of a select circle of professional politicians, conspicuous in the inner councils of the Republican party, and commonly called the Senate Ring. But the public knew next to nothing about him, and took the mildest sort of interest in what was hopefully said about him by his advocates.

Democratic opportunists had picked Mr. Cox as one of several possible candidates who were to be preferred to Mr. MacAdoo. He was understood to be in especial favor with those Democratic leaders from the larger cities who were entrenched in the resolution that the party candidate should not personally bear the Wilson stamp, even though it might be necessary to let Mr. Wilson write the party platform.

Mr. Harding was nominated at Chicago June 12, by a weary and over-heated convention. If the Republican elder statesmen did not get their first choice — which might have been Lowden but for those unfortunate campaign fund disclosures —, at least, the nominee was their own man. Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts was added as a running mate to temper the disgust of lukewarm partizans who could not be too surely depended on if they had something wholly negative to vote for.

But what counted was Harding of Ohio. When the time came for the selection of a Democratic standard bearer, there had been added to Cox's other availabilities, the consideration that the man most likely to get Ohio's

vote away from the Senator from Ohio was another Ohio man with demonstrated capacity for winning the favor of Ohio's voters. Logically, on July 6, in San Francisco Ohio's governor was chosen from a list of aspirants any one of whom was to be preferred to a President's son-in-law.

Both nominations were the result of the deliberate selections of practical politicians, not less keen, to put it mildly, in their party's interest than in their country's service. With equally conscious cunning, Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a New Yorker, the bearer of a name which carries with it a deal of prestige among the non-partizan, was tagged on as Vice-Presidential timber. Whether it was the cunning of Charles Francis Murphy, boss of Tammany, or the joint cunning of several Democratic bosses does not much matter.

What does matter is that when the public which had not known much about either principal, began to take stock of the deal, it appeared that Harding had a record of success in public life without public accomplishment; Cox a record of success in public life with public accomplishment. The Republican Senator from Ohio, highly esteemed by his fellow Senators in Washington, had been content, it seemed, to let others enjoy the credit of initiating and pressing important legislation. The Democratic Governor of Ohio, twice re-elected to the chief executive office of his state, had been active and persistent in putting new laws on the statute books. And these laws related to serious and controversial subjects, such, for instance, as schools, prisons and the budget system. His line was constructive reform legislation.

The comparison is effective rhetorically, but it is not conclusive electorally. There are people who honestly and even passionately prefer things as they are. There are people who would rather endure the laws they have than suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous new enactments. For them, King Log is a lesser evil than King

Stork, and, presumably, Harding as President less to be dreaded than Cox. After all the new laws latterly imposed upon us for our presumed good, there are probably more persons than ever before who heartily distrust candidates with a known weakness for applying raw legislative remedies. If there are enough such persons, Cox's record is almost as cogent an argument in favor of Harding as the happy circumstance that it is Harding, and not Cox, who belongs to the party which was so cruelly deprived of the privilege of helping Mr. Wilson win the war.

As to platforms and policies, among many declarations, only one joined issue appeared. That not because the politicians on either side wanted to make it an issue, or believed that it had any virtue as an issue. The simple and insurmountable fact was that the Republican party had to be against Mr. Wilson. The League of Nations, as written and advertised, is Mr. Wilson's work; therefore the Republican party had to be against *the* League of nations, however hospitably disposed toward *a* league of nations — any league of nations but Mr. Wilson's own.

On the other hand, obviously, the Democratic party had to be for the League of Nations — Mr. Wilson's league — officially. This, in spite of the prevailing and very slightly disguised opinion of politicians of both parties to the effect that the country doesn't really know or care anything about the League — or anything else an ocean's width away. Except, perhaps, the Irish Republic of Eammon De Valera. What hostility to Wilson required of the Republicans, a mere sense of decency toward the party's war president compelled from bored and reluctant Democrats. Governor Cox, of course, has spoken right out in meeting. His voice for the League is clear. Senator Harding, amid flowers of speech exuding the honey of harmony, has allowed to appear at least a certain reluctance to the Wilson League of Nations. Peace at home is in this inland stateman's mind to be preferred to getting

mixed up in efforts to preserve peace elsewhere. He distrusts all meddling with that continent of Europe which a blessed high wall of Protective tariff used to cut off so comfortably from our markets. Tucked away in McKinley's mantle, Mr. Harding cannot perhaps forgive the World War for depriving Protection of its last prop as a live, election-winning issue.

Of the two estimable middle-aged gentlemen from Ohio, both of whom own and operate newspapers, one was by artful practical psychologists in the very beginning strategically disposed upon his small-town front porch. His job there was to receive pilgrimages of the faithful, and sit in the middle of a fine-spun spider-web of suggestion. Every strand in that web was to spell: "Safety and Sanity."

But the other middle-aged gentleman from Ohio was also in the hands of practical psychologists. He was scheduled to plaster the country with personal appearances and public speeches. His job was to advertise himself everywhere as Cox the Candidate — to advertise himself so efficiently as himself, that the election in November could not go by default against him as a mere vote of lack of confidence in, or change of heart toward, the sometime President of Princeton University.

It was the anti-Wilson sentiment upon which the Republicans counted for victory. The game is not to be earned, it is to be credited to opponents' errors. The Democratic hope of snatching victory from fore-ordained defeat was calculated upon the theory that somewhere in the course of the campaign the image of Cox would replace that of Wilson in the public mind. The inevitable difficulty was that Cox must, throughout his appearances and public outgivings, loudly proclaim himself a loyal Wilson man. It was Cox's personality, therefore, which had got to be put over so powerfully that it was substituted for Wilson's personality. That being so, the Republican game was simple — to sit tight and say: "Put

it over if you can; we are standing pat and betting it can't be done."

As the campaign has developed, the game has been played with reasonable consistency on the lines originally laid down, though Mr. Harding has not stuck absolutely to the snug harbor of his home in Marion, nor Mr. Cox quite covered every state with his busy itinerary, as was promised in the first glowing prospectus of his backers.

For instance, it stands in the record that on September 7 the Republican candidate spoke from the tail of a train to a crowd gathered in the railway yards at Huntington, Indiana, and the next day he was actually as far away from his front porch as St. Paul, where he addressed himself especially to the agriculturalists at the Minnesota State Fair. Any number of old-fashioned political precedents may be cited to prove that there is at least no taint of radicalism in this departure from the strict McKinley campaign model. This adventure of Mr. Harding's came after the democratic candidate had shocked the financiers by saying that if elected, he was going to put a farmer on the board of the Federal Reserve Bank. Incidentally while Harding was talking in Indiana and Minnesota, Cox, working his way through a selected list of twenty-two states, was busy denouncing "reaction" in the North Dakota cattle country, stronghold of the Non-Partizan League. His campaign fund charges so far had been more effective as consumers of newspaper space, than as arguments in his own favor.

Presidential politics have so cluttered up the stage that it has been difficult to see what else was going on at home. Yet there have been very important happenings. For instance, the railways, returned to private ownership, have managed to get along without a visible cataclysm. But the public had to endure at midnight August 25 another and heavy increase in freight and passenger rates. This increase was granted by the Interstate Commerce

commission to enable the roads to make a living. The roads are fortunate in a national solicitude for their solvency, which the private wage earner does not always enjoy. Everybody agrees that the trains must be kept running. Yet the burden to the public is brought just so much nearer the point orthodoxically illustrated by the straw and the camel's back. If the thing keeps up the ultimate wage-payer, like the ultimate rent-payer, and taxpayer, cannot quite see how he is to do the ultimate paying.

By the end of August, however, signs too numerous to be ignored presaged the beginning of the end of the after-the-war spending bee. Prices of most necessities — except clothing — had not sensibly declined, but business enterprises of all sorts were deliberately curtailing ambitions or at least slowing down on expansion. Movies as well as banks were affected by this tendency, though perhaps not equally. Exploiters of city housing facilities for rental purposes were not yet ready, apparently, to take account of the ebb-tide. But their excuse is that conditions of supply and demand are exceptional in their case, where the demand is necessarily a rising quantity and the supply for the next twelvemonth or more practically limited to the existing figure. Since early and incomplete statistics of the new census seem to make it certain that the urban population has actually overtaken and passed the rural, the place-to-live-in-town problem assumes extraordinarily disturbing proportions.

The strike on the Brooklyn Rapid Transit lines which ushered in the month of September with maximum discomfort to the workers across the river, was evidence of the fact that sections of organized labor — which has gained more out of the era of high prices than any other class except that of the super-profiteers — were no more ready than the city real estate exploiters to allow for the change in conditions. On the other hand, the President's action in the case of the anthracite miners, when on Au-

gust 30 he approved the award of his Wage Commission in face of the United Mine Workers' impudent ultimatum demanding that he accept, instead, the report of a minority of the commission in favor of a higher increase, may be taken as proof of an impression in official quarters that the public is no longer unreservedly in favor of still more pay for the union working man. The Anthracite Wage Commission had recommended an increase of 17 to 20 per cent. The minority report called for a 31 per cent advance in contract wages. The President's reply concluded with these words:

> If your communication, declaring your intention to refrain from working unless I set aside the award of the Anthracite Coal Commission on or before Sept. 1, 1920, is intended as a threat you can rest assured that your challenge will be accepted and that the people of the United States will find some substitute fuel to tide them over until the real sentiment of the anthracite mine workers can find expression and they are ready to abide by the obligations they have entered into.
>
> You are therefore advised that I cannot and will not set aside the judgment of the Commission, and I shall expect the anthracite mine workers to accept the award and carry it into effect in good faith.

The miners disregarded the President's warning and refused to work. Thus the case was, as it were, appealed to that very public opinion upon the expected support of which the official action was based. At the time of writing the matter remained unsettled, and with it the question of the source of an important part of the country's winter fuel supply. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit strike also continued, but the company appeared to be steadily increasing its impaired service, in spite of riotous proceedings with incidental homicide.

As determining the beginning of a new era in the country's history, it is possible that the most important single event in the past three months has been the realization of woman suffrage as a national institution. The Nineteenth Amendment became to all intents an accomplished

fact August 18, when the Tennessee lower house approved it by almost the narrowest possible margin. Before midnight, August 24, the 36th state was registered in favor of full citizenship for women of all the states.

Tennessee's decision left only four states which had not acted pro or con — North Carolina, Vermont, Connecticut and Florida, representing New England and the old South. The rest of New England had already committed itself to the national enfranchisement of women; the rest of the Southern states of the Atlantic seaboard had rejected the amendment. These states are notoriously strongholds of conservatism. In this instance the presence in more or less solid masses of the Negro problem, which colors (no pun intended) all political questions in that region, operated as a strong ally to the conservative instinct. It did not counteract it, as happened with prohibition in general and the Eighteenth Amendment in particular.

It seemed good to many citizens in those states to take alcohol away from the negro, even at the risk of making it difficult and even impossible for the respectable white man to get his accustomed toddy. But it did not seem good to these same old-fashioned citizens to complicate the handling of the negro vote by doubling it — or more than doubling it, since the negro woman's average of literacy is perhaps higher than that of the negro man. Nor was the complication of domestic arrangements absent from their considerate minds.

Here was the selfish counsel of expediency, rather than the inspiration of a lofty idealism. But it is not unfair to remind enthusiasts that suffrage was created for the people, not the people for suffrage — even woman suffrage.

After half a century of agitation and missionary work dating back to Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, and culminating in Carrie Chapman Catt and Alice Paul, the suffragists have what they

wanted. When they started they were laughed at. When they finished they were something to be very much afraid to laugh at. Men like the Governor of Vermont who refused to be intimidated by their aggressive tactics were tremulously admired by other governors and statesmen but not extensively imitated. Veteran politicians admitted that the women leaders of the women had the leaders of the men beaten at their own chosen game — adding new tricks to the past-mastery of the old, and using all available weapons with a magnificent disregard for anything but the will to win. They did win. First fruit of success is the right of women in every state to vote for president in November — to vote for kind Mr. Harding or lively Mr. Cox or poor Mr. Debs or for Parley P. Christensen, who comes like Lochinvar out of the west.

Across the seas, Poland has been the storm centre of international Politics. The attempt of Soviet Russia to overwhelm the revived nation which was expressly designated as a barrier between Russia and Western Europe, put a fearful strain upon the joint arrangements of the allied but conflicting powers, and the Reds' complete success at one stage seemed assured. Out of the affair as it stood at the end of August, after months of fighting and futile diplomatic exchanges, the onlooking world had got one strong impression — the impression of contrast between French aggression and English caution. The Reds were able to bluff Lloyd George into the virtual abandonment of the Polish cause. They were not able to bluff Millerand and Foch.

The reasons for this contrast of policy lie deeper than mere divergence in the foreign interests of the two Chief European allies.

The British Empire has not yet been relieved of its traditional international task by that League of Nations from which so much was vainly hoped, and the British Empire has been finding its lot as world-policeman not a

happy one. The persistently mutinous state of Ireland and the necessity of catering to a powerful labor element entirely out of sympathy with the world-policeman's job (in Russia, for instance) has dimmed the prestige and seriously weakened the policy of the Government.

Mr. Lloyd George, like our own Mr. Harding, apparently preferred peace at home to vigorous action abroad. He continued the coquetting with the Soviet leaders, which from the beginning dismayed French statesmen. So it was left for France late in August to go to the rescue of Poland, as it was earlier left for France to bring Germany to a realizing sense of her treaty obligations in the matter of delivering coal to the allies, the reduction of the military establishment, and the surrender of arms.

In both cases France's threat of the application of force was backed by France's ability to use that force, and Frenchmen's willingness to see it used. The German peril remains too real to every Frenchman and to every French woman to admit of hesitation where Germany's policy of evasion is concerned. The pocket of every Frenchman is too nearly concerned in the creation of a responsible and solvent government in Russia, for him to look with favor on Soviet success at home or abroad.

England, at first, temporized with Germany as she did with the Leninites. France took a firm stand with both. At the Spa conference, between July 5 and July 16, Lloyd George's voice was indeed the voice of sternness. But the will to be stern was in Millerand, not in Lloyd George.

The truth is that with little England at home in no imaginable danger from a Germany deprived of her fleet, the use of force by England, would have been too violently opposed by British labor. Any British government which tried to use military force anywhere on the continent of Europe would run the risk of finding itself replaced by a new Government so radical that it might conceivably do anything — even to concluding an alliance with a supposed reformed Radical Germany. Mr. Lloyd George was

bound, therefore, to proceed with the utmost caution, not less (or more) for England's sake than for the safety of the world, in which England still acts powerfully as a stabilizer.

Again, when, in the middle of August, Poland seemed almost certain to be overrun by the Red Army, under ex-sergeant Budenny, headed for Warsaw, the British answer to Poland's loud cry for help was the cool advice to make peace on the best terms to be had from the conquerors. France's answer, not directed through diplomatic channels, was to send French officers — including Foch's well-tried Chief of Staff, General Weygand — to reorganize the demoralized Polish armies.

What there is to know about the art and practice of modern warfare is known to nobody better than to the surviving officers of that French nation in arms, which after nearly two years of peace, is still a nation of soldiers. The unexpected but not illogical result — the thrusting back of the Red forces with serious loss — chiefly in captured men and arms — was the deliverance of the Polish capital and an object lesson for high politicians.

For the world has been curiously disposed of late to credit the Reds with the same sort of invincibility which it used to ascribe to the Germans. If the Reds themselves have been industrious and clever in playing upon public credulity in this regard, it is only fair to add that their efforts have been prodigiously assisted by their own worst enemies — especially the conservative press. These enemies have habitually so underated the Reds' military power, so persistently magnified all Red defeats and setbacks, so ardently disseminated all reports of Red disaster, that Red victories when they came have seemed little short of miracles. Kolchack and Denikin were all but conquerors before they were suddenly conquered. The Poles were sweeping everything before them in the Ukraine until, all at once, it appeared that the Bolsheviki were masters of Kief, and the drive was under

way which only just missed reducing Poland to something like vassalage to Soviet Moscow.

It was at the very crisis of the Polish situation, it may be remembered, when the position of the Poles seemed desperate, and when the question of England's aid seemed to hang in the balance, that representatives of English trade unions met and empowered their Council of Action to take measures to prevent war at all costs — and specifically war against the Soviets. Leaders like Thomas, head of the transport workers, said openly at this meeting that the unions would not stick at revolution itself to gain their point. Lloyd George, the morning after, observed that labor's threat was "swinging a sledge hammer at an open door." The Premier, fully aware of the existence of the sledge hammer before it began to swing, and fearful of its effect, had taken good care not to close the door. The Poles must fend for themselves.

Promptly afterwards, representatives of these masterful British labor unions crossed over to France to confer with leaders of the French C. G. T. or *Confedération Générale de Travail.* According to published outgivings, the French labor people were one with their British brethren. They were resolute in having nothing to do with war with the Russian Reds on anybody's behalf. But the French Government, which had already more than once proved its ability to defy the C. G. T. at home, was not, it seemed, afraid of visiting British labor either. The English delegates were sent back to England to mind their own business.

Recognition by France of General Wrangel's *de facto* government of South Russia — a recognition which caused so much amazement and surprise in the British Prime Minister — was another bold step in the same bold French game. The strategy in this case, again, was amply explained by the French statemen's knowledge that the French public recognized its own interest in the restoration of Russia to responsibility. Lloyd George's caution,

his amazement and surprise, must be explained in turn by his knowledge that the laborite recognizes no other interest in the matter than the likelihood of more foreign military service and more taxes to pay. This type of Briton has made it clear that he wants no more of either of these things, and is resolved not to have them. It is doubtful if even the menace of a Bolshevik-Turkish combination to drive the British out of Mesopotamia and cut out the hard-won land-link between India and Egypt, would constitute a fighting matter in the view of this practical patriot.

Indeed, the nightmare of the contemporary British statesman may be assumed to be the fear that a change of ministry and the entry into power of a thorough-going radical labor Government might mean nothing less than the destruction of Great Britain's whole elaborate imperial policy, and the beginning of the swift end of the British Empire.

With that nightmare in mind, directors of British policy have hardly dared to attempt coercion anywhere, except in Ireland — where they have not dared to omit coercion. The case of Egypt, which has been restive and inconveniently insistent on self-determination ever since the President injected that unfortunate phrase into world affairs, is the complement to the case of Poland. Recent British action there looking to substituting a so-called British alliance for a British protectorate might be regarded as the beginning of the breakdown of the system out of which was distilled Mr. Kipling's phrase about carrying the white man's burden. Looking at it that way, Mr. Wilson's word-magic may be said to have overcome the word-magic of the British wizard.

But it is more to the point to observe that Mr. Wilson's magic, expressed in Secretary Colby's note of August 10 in answer to Italy's inquiry about our official attitude toward Soviet Russia, also failed signally to give aid to British policy as represented by Lloyd George. The boldness of France in Poland was not a little assisted by the declara-

on from Washington of a firm purpose never to recognize Russia a government doubly tainted by its refusal to submit itself to the free suffrages of the Russian people; and by its repudiation of Russia's international obligations —indeed of all obligations to governments of other nations. Mr. Colby's note declared also against alienation of any Russian territory while the irresponsibility of Red rule persisted. But that dictum, it was generally understood, was not to be interpreted as a sop to Lenin and his gang, but a gentle reminder to Japan. Once more it was to be made clear that the Saghalen seizure could not be regarded by the White House as creating for the Tokio government any new rights in the Russian Far East.

A second note transmitted to Warsaw by the Secretary of State, August 21, when the Bolshevist drive seemed to have suffered total collapse, emphasized the special American doctrine (for over-seas application) that victory in the field does not establish for the victor a right to any of the territory of the conquered. Warsaw was warned that the United States considered it "highly inadvisable for Poland to engage in territorial aggression against Russia," and the intimation was added that the Washington government would be "gratified" if Poland would issue a declaration of its purpose to remain within the ethnographic frontier indicated by the Peace Conference pending agreement with Russia upon the subject.

This second Colby note arrived just as the Poles rejected the Bolshevist peace terms handed out at Minsk — terms formulated when the Leninites were victorious and, therefore, as sure of rejection in the changed conditions as would be the highwayman's demand for your money or your life when the pistol had passed from his hand to yours. The hint to the Poles not to repeat the mistake which initiated the affair was none the less salutary though up to time of going to press they had not made any formal promises to be good.

Henry Irving Brock.

A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Some Roads to Peace, by HARRIET STANTON BLATCH

"Peace will come when the influence of women is fully effectiv writes Mrs. Blatch in her book which she claims is a reflection the minds of the women of Europe. Mrs. Blatch went to Euro to gather material for a book on the constructive outcomes of t Great War. Instead she has written a book which is a contrib tion to the library against all war. "The Woman's Point of Viev is a record of facts with a keen constructive conclusion—a progra for progress in which the author suggests "four great roads whi may lead to peace and the saving of our civilization." *Price $1.*

THE YOUNG WOMAN CITIZEN

A Restatement of Citizenship in World Terms, by MARY AUSTIN

A brilliantly written discussion of the responsibilities assum with the right to vote. Mrs. Austin has long been recognized one of the most foreseeing of American feminists. She has liv in the West and in the East and has traveled extensively abro always studying economic and social questions. Mrs. Aust writes with authority, presenting, without prejudice, woman responsibility for citizenship as compared with man's. "The fir thing that the woman citizen must do," writes Mrs. Austin, "is t ask herself whether she is coming to her new obligation as anoth less experienced man, or whether she has anything to contribut as a woman." The Young Woman Citizen is a book for all worl citizens. *Price, cloth $1.75: paper $1.0*

PROCEEDINGS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF WOMEN PHYSICIANS

The International Conference of Women Physicians held in Ne York City September 15 to October 25th, 1919, under the auspice of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associa tion was of worldwide interest. The proceedings of this epoch making conference have been published, in full, in six attractiv volumes under the following titles —

Volume I. "General Problems of Health."
Volume II. "Industrial Health."
Volume III. "The Health of the Child."
Volume IV. "Moral Codes and Personality."
Volume V. "Adaptation of the Individual to Life."
Volume VI. "Conservation of Health of Women in Marriage."

Price, $3.00, the set of six volume

Bookshops Everywhere or **THE WOMANS PRESS** 600 Lexington Avenue New York City

INDEX

THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW

VOL. XIV

Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of articles are printed in small capitals]

Adventurers in Verse: review, *The Two Worlds, The Witches' Sabbath, Dunch, Footsteps and Fantasies*, 174.

Advertising, 415–18.

Advertising Bubble, The, 415.

Advertisements I Have Known, 188.

Agassiz, Louis, 353.

Aims in College Education, 271; address delivered before Phi Beta Kappa; collegiate situation, 272–279; a finer ideal of education, 280–87.

Alden, Henry Mills, 104

America and the League, 226–233.

AUSTIN MARY, 'Automatism in Writing, 336.

Automatism in Writing, 336; beliefs in regard to the origin of automatic writing, 336–7; writer's sense of Presences, 338; visualization, 339; Patience Worth and other examples of automatic writing, 339–47; automatism and genius, 340; scientific study of literary 'inspiration,' 343–4; Jack London, 345; William James, 346.

Babbitt, Irving, review of his *Rousseau and Romanticism*, 178.

Bank of North Dakota, 66–68.

Beveridge, Albert J., review of his *The Life of John Marshall*, 150.

Bogey-Man Again, The, review, 399.

Book Reviews, 150–183; 381–410.

Bowker, R. R., letter to, 366.

Bowman, Archibald Allan, review of his *Sonnets from a Prison Camp*, 401.

BRIDGE, JAMES HOWARD, 'Work and Play with Herbert Spencer,' 1.

Brissenden, P. F., review of his *History of the I. W. W.*, 399.

BROCK, HENRY IRVING, 'Chronicle and Comment,' 203–221; 430–443.

Brooks, B. G., review of his *Camelot*, 176.

Browning, Robert, 329.

Bryce, Lord, letter from, 184; reply to, 185–186.

Café politics, 321–324.

CARTER, JOHN F., JR., 'Hellenism and the Fringes of New Greece,' 309.

Certainties, a poem, 141.

China and the peace settlement, 142.

Chinese boycott of Japan, 148.

Chronicle and Comment, 203; Mexico, 203–205; results of peace treaty, 205; national campaign, 218–221; national, conventions, 430–1; comparison of presidential candidates, 432–4; labor situation, 435–6; suffrage, 437–8; international politics, 439–442; Colby note, 443.

Civil War, 356–7.

Cloud of Witnesses, A, review, 169.

CODINGTON, KATE FORD, 'A Garden Misgiving,' 418.

College education, aims and ideals, 271.

Communism, discussion of, 258–262.

Concerning Picnics, 196.

Confessions of a Septuagenarian Contributor, 97; magazines, old and new, 98–102; editors' manners and methods, 103–105; hazards of free-lancing; Howell's advice, 107–108.

Correspondence, 184.

CORWIN, E. S., review of Stoddard's *Rising Tide of Color*, 390.

Counter-Revolutionists, The, a story, 255.

Cox, Governor, 430–34.

Cracow, 244–45.

Cult of Eccentricity Examined, review, 178.

Curran, Mrs. W. H., 337–347.

Defense of the Realm Act, 294–5.
De Koven, Mrs. Anna, review of her *A Cloud of Witnesses*, 169.
DODD, LEE WILSON, 'Rising,' a poem, 380.
"Dora," 288; an article on prohibition in England; American "pussy-footer," 289; England forewarned, 289–91; defense of the realm act, 294–5; social side of D. O. R. A., 296.
Draper, Henry, 352–53.
Drinkwater's *Lincoln*, 124.
Dwight, President, 123.
E. T., review of de Koven's *A Cloud of Witnesses*, 169.
Economic Consequences of the Peace, The, review, 159.
Editors, 98–105.
En Casserole, 187, 411.
England, Ireland and Ulster, 372; the Ulsterman, 372–375; the chronic quarrel, 375–377; Sinn Fein, 377; Irish claims, 378; future outlook, 379.
England's attitude toward prohibition, 288–291.
English Montaigne, An, review, 157.
FAIRCHILD, HENRY PRATT, 'Will the Wage System Last?', 14.
Faith in the Unseen, The, review, 169.
FAYANT, FRANK H., 'To Increase Railroad Efficiency,' 297.
Figs and Fiction, 193.
Forgotten Man and Other Essays, The, review, 167.
France and the Mind's Eye, 35; Paris, 36–39; Normandy, 40; Nice and the Riviera, 41.
Frazier, Lynn J., 60.
Free Trade, the Tariff and Reciprocity, review, 408.
Frost, Robert, poem to, 270.
Galicia, 236–46.
Garden Misgiving, A, 418.
Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor: III, 109; musical memories, 110–112; Yale, 113–116; Whitney, 117–120; Presidents Woolsey, Porter and Dwight, 121–123; town and gown, 125; improvement in human nature, 126–128; college societies, 129.
Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor: IV, 348; more about Yale, 348–353; Columbia Law School, 358–59; University Club, 359; Mr. Putnam and the *Rebellion Record*, 360; American publishing, 361–363; Mark Twain, 364–5; copyright law, 366; recollections of Stedman, Stoddard, Godkin, Youmans, Pumpelly and Gilder, 368–371.
GAUSS, CHRISTIAN, review, 401.
GIDDINGS, FRANKLIN H., review of Beveridge's *The Life of John Marshall*, 150.
Gilders, the, 102.
Glimpses, 423.
Gompers-Allen debate, 220.
Good Old Belief, The, review, 167.
Goose and the Golden Eggs, The, review, 172.
Greek imperialism, 309.
HAINES, DONAL HAMILTON, 'O'Dowd,' a story, 76.
Harding, Governor, 430–34.
Harvard, 129.
Hellenism and the Fringes of New Greece, 309; an Imperialist Interlude, 307–314; Fringes of New Greece, 315–318; Fountain of the Philhellenes, 318–321; Government by Cafés, 321–324; Imperialist Epilogue, 324–328.
Henry James Justified, review, 381.
High Cost of Living, The, 43; causes of rising prices, 44–48; paper money, 49–50; present situation and outlook, 51–54.
History of the I. W. W., review, 399.
Hobson, J. A., *Taxation in the New State*, review, 172.
Holland, Bernard, *Memoir of Kenelm Digby*, review, 157.
HOLT, HENRY, 'Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor,' III, 109; IV, 348; 'The Mark of the Beast,' 223; review of *Outspoken Essays*, 385; review of *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, 159; review of *Our Unseen Guest*, 396; review of *Free Trade, the Tariff and Reciprocity*, 408.
Hoover, Herbert, 218–219, 246, 254.
HOUSTON, PERCY H., review of *The Island of Sheep*, 394.
Howells, William Dean, 100–102, 187–188.
Humanism in the Humanities, 404.
Hungarian revolution, story of, 255.
Inge's *Outspoken Essays*, review, 385.
Insurance, 418.
International copyright law, 366.
Irish problem, 372–379.
Island of Sheep, The, review, 394.
James, Henry, Letters of, review, 381.

Japan's economic grip on China, 145.
Jerrold, Douglas, 107.
John Marshall and Popular Government, review, 150.
Johnson, Hiram, 220.
Joy of Disorder, The 199.
KELLOGG, CHARLOTTE, 'Poland Today,' 236.
Keynes, John Maynard, review of his *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, 159.
Leacock, Stephen, review of his *The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice*, 406.
League of Nations, 216–217, 226–35.
Legionistes, 241.
Legislating Against the Sun, 419.
Lemberg University, 242–3.
Letters of Henry James, review of, 381.
Leypoldt, F., 361.
Life of John Marshall, The, review of, 150.
Literary Digest, 246.
LOWELL, AMY, 'Old Examination Hall—China,' a poem, 34.
McAdoo, William G., 220.
Magnificent Mare's Nest, A, review, 159.
Mark of the Beast, The, 223; Bolsheviks, 223; war and revolution in relation to morality, 224–6; opponents, to League of Nations, 227–233; platforms and partizanship, 234–5.
Mark Twain, 364–5.
Marsh, 349–53.
Martial, the Epigrammatist and Other Essays, review, 404.
MATHER, FRANK JEWETT, JR., 'Aims in College Education,' 271; review of Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism*, 178.
MATTHEWS, BRANDER, 'Confessions of a Septuagenarian Contributor,' 97.
MAURICE, ARTHUR BARTLETT, "'Dora,'" 288.
M., P. E., review of *Memoir of Kenelm Digby*, 157; review of *Martial the Epigrammatist and Other Essays*, 404.
Memoir of Kenelm Digby, review, 157.
MORE, PAUL ELMER, ed. Book Reviews, 150; 381.
Muddling it Through, review, 394.
Music, 110–113.
Mustapha Kemal, 312, 324, 325, 328.
National campaign, 218–221; 430–34.
NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND, 'Certainties,' a poem, 141.
Nonpartizan League, The, 55; farmers' grievances, 56–57; organization and operation of League, 58–72; present status, 73–75.
Nonpartizanship, 411.
North Dakota, experiment in agricultural democracy, 55–75.
NOYES, ALEXANDER D., 'The High Cost of Living,' 43.
O'Dowd, a story, 76.
OGDEN, ROLLO, 'Viewpoint of a Sexagenarian Contributor,' 90.
Old Examination Hall—China, A Poem, 34.
Our Unseen Guest, review, 396.
Paderewski, 250.
Patience Worth, 336–347.
PEFFER, NATHANIEL, 'Shantung Once More,' 142.
Petty Insurance, 418.
Philosopher-Poet, A, review, 401.
Philosophizing over the Ouija Board, review, 396.
Phi Beta Kappa, of Cincinnati, address delivered before, 271.
Poland, 438.
Poland Today, 236; travels through Galician towns, 236–246; Polish land question, 239–40; Ukrainian problem, 240; Lemberg, 241–44; Cracow, 244; Warsaw, 246–7; White Russia, 248; Teschen area, 248; Polish parliament, 249; natural resources 250–252; present outlook, 254.
Polish land question, 239–40.
Porter, President, 122.
Pot Gold, a poem, 270.
Private Rights and Civic Beauty, 130; private rights versus architectural eyesores, 130–131; civic pride in European cities, 131, 134, 136; statutory limitations to city planning, 133–135, 139
Prohibition in England, 288.
Prohibition Up to Date, 192.
Psychical Research, 122, 169, 397.
Publishing in America, 361–363.
Putnam, G. P., 360.
QUIGLEY, HAROLD S., 'The Nonpartizan League,' 55.
Race Peril, The, review, 390.
Railroads, American, 297–308.
Rebellion Record, 360.
Red Cross, 254.
Rising, a poem, 380.
Rising Tide of Color Against White World-Wide Supremacy, The, by Lothrop Stoddard, review, 390.

Rousseau and Romanticism, review of, 178.
Rumania, 268–9.
Russian-Poland, 277–251.
SANDBURG, CARL, 'Pot Gold,' a poem, 270.
Shantung Once More, 142; background of situation, 143–144; the Peace Treaty and the Far East, 145; China's loss and gain, 146–149; student groups, 149.
Shop and Art, 329; the artistic impulse, 329; stray shops and their keepers, 330–35.
Sill, E. R., 121.
Sinn Fein, 377.
Smith, Kirby Flower, review of his *Martial the Epigrammatist and Other Essays*, 404.
Smyrna, occupation of, 315.
Social Problem, The review, 406.
Some Brilliant Inconsistencies, review, 385.
Some Practical Economics, review, 408.
Sonnets from a Prison Camp, 401.
Soviet Russia, 242, 438.
Spencer, Herbert, 1–13; 184–186.
STANTON, STEPHEN BERRIEN, 'Private Rights and Civic Beauty,' 130.
Storm, The, 412.
Sumner's *The Forgotten Man and Other Essays*, review, 167.
Taft, William H., 129.
Taussig, F. W., review of his *Free Trade, the Tariff and Reciprocity*, 408.
Taxation in the New State, review, 172.
To Increase Railroad Efficiency, 297; effect of war on railroads, 297–299; efforts of managers to increase efficiency, 299–303; work of Interstate Commerce Committee, 306–7; Transportation Act, 307–8.
That Old Assignment, 425.
Tipping Conscience, The, 420; on the ethics of tipping, 421–22.
Townley, A. C., 59–61.
Transportation problem, 397–308.
Treaty of Versailles, 234.
Turkish-Greek treaty, 327.
Ukraine, the, 240, 247.
Ulster, 372.
University Club, 349, 359.
The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice, review 406.
Venizelos, 310, 319–23, 326–7.
Viewpoint of a Sexagenarian Contributor, 90; outlook of youth, 91; compensations of age, 94–96.
VORSE, MARY HEATON, 'The Counter-Revolutionists,' 255.
Wage theories, 14–32.
WALLACE, EDNA KINGSLEY, 'Shop and Art,' 329; on the art impulse among tradesmen, essay.
WENT, STANLEY, 'England, Ireland and Ulster,' 372; review of *Letters of Henry James*, 381.
White Russia, 248.
Whitney, Prof., 117.
WIDDEMER, MARGARET, 'France and the Mind's Eye,' 35.
Will the Wage System Last?, facts and social theories, 14–17; economic laws tentative, 17–19; present wage system not ultimate, 20–21; past wage systems, 22–25; causes of present industrial unrest, 26–32.
WOODLOCK, THOMAS F., review of *Sumner's Forgotten Man and Other Essays*, 399.
Woolsey, President, 122.
Work and Play with Herbert Spencer, 1; playing quoits, 2; notebooks, 4–6; contribution to philosophy, 7–8; physical aspect, 9–10; visit to America, 12–13.
Yale in the old days, 348–353.
Young Turks, 313.
X., review of Hobson's *Taxation in the New State*, 172.
X., review of five volumes of new verse, 174.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Unpartizan Review v. 15 No t.p. Last number published.

CONTENTS

JANUARY–MARCH, 1921

Social Control of Industrial Strife. *Walter Gordon Merritt* 1
Samuel Butler of Erewhon. *Paul Elmer More* . 20
Threnody. A Poem. *Amy Lowell* . . . 42
Early Anticipations of Prison Reform. *O. F. Lewis* 43
Reading, Courtship, and Jane Austen. *Winifred Kirkland* 62
The First Feminist. *Edward Bliss Reed* . . 70
The Sage of Shady Hill. *William Roscoe Thayer* 76
Is It Not Enough? A Poem. *Lee Wilson Dodd* . 91
The Basis of Americanization. *The Editor* . 92
The Clock Peddler. *Alleyne Ireland* . . . 100
The Democratic Road to Geometry. *Allan Ball* . 112
The Parson's Prescription *Grant Showerman* . 121
Architecture. A Poem. *Carolyn Hall* . . 131
Taste and the Mind's Eye. *Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer* 132
Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor. *The Editor* 143
Book Reviews 162
A Great Life — Disraeli Uncloaked — Two Philosophers of the Flux — The Renaissance by Sample — Lubricious Art — Mrs. Piper Out-Pipered — Shakespeare on the Stage — A Doctor's Book — With Admiral Sims
En Casserole 196
Are We Free from Foreign Complications? — Prohibition — Our Neighbor's Sins, and Ours — Literature at the Dentist's — Advice to Young Interviewers — Hypnagogic Dreams
Chronicle and Comment 205

The Unpartizan Review

No. 29 JANUARY—MARCH, 1921 Vol. XV

SOCIAL CONTROL OF INDUSTRIAL STRIFE

NEARLY everybody agrees on the reason for recognizing the right to strike. The development of big business, which involves the centralization of great economic power in the management of some of our large corporations, has placed the individual workman in a position where he is not able to bargain fairly with the employer. To remedy this disparity of bargaining power, the right of the workmen to organize and bargain collectively and to quit in a body if the terms are unsatisfactory, has so long been recognized, that reactionary indeed would be he who should now attempt to challenge it.

The objective of society should be to eliminate premature, unnecessary and unjust strikes and lockouts without closing the door to the usefulness of the strike in appropriate cases as a last resort. The strike has been an instrument of great social service, and has directed much needed attention and consideration toward the problems and wants of workers in all industries and communities. Even employers who have never known the threat of a strike are, consciously or unconsciously, influenced by the fear of it. That is good. But the *habit* of industrial warfare is demoralizing, and the appetite is whetted with what it feeds upon. The time has arrived when society, not the employers, should point out where its proper function ends, and where its use becomes antisocial and intolerable. To allow men to foment, organize and maintain strikes and lockouts for any and all purposes, however corrupt and oppressive, is indefensible.

The law has a wise adage that where the reason for the rule ceases, the rule ceases, and this adage leads to the proper approach for government action in this field. If the right to conduct industrial warfare aims to relieve the individual employee from his comparative helplessness in dealing with a powerful employer, then that right, which involves so much mischief and embarrassment, should be limited to that function. Strikes may be legitimate or illegitimate, and when once that classification is made, the law can effectively differentiate in its methods of dealing with them.

Heretofore the law has laid too much emphasis on the methods of industrial warfare, and not enough on the circumstances and objects of each strike. As a general rule it is held that strikes are lawful and boycotts are unlawful, although in an overwhelming majority of cases the strike entails far greater suffering and loss for the employer and society, and some states allow peaceful picketing, while others disallow it. All these activities are methods of industrial warfare involving anti-social consequences, and therefore should be encouraged only as a last resort. Whoever observes the standards of industrial peace and justice should receive the fullest practical protection from the government, as against industrial warfare waged by those who seek to impose the rule of force and unreason.

Where the employer is willing to arbitrate, it is outrageous to permit the picketing of his establishment. Unions should not be permitted the same freedom to overthrow the principle of the open shop as they are permitted in an effort to overthrow the anti-union shop. The open shop is in furtherance of liberty, while the closed shop, whether union or non-union, is against it. No attempt to force men into a union or out of a union is to be encouraged. These are but illustrations, dimly recognized in a few states, of the need of distinguishing between legitimate and illegitimate strikes. The courts of Massa-

chusetts have to some extent and for a long time, made such distinctions, and some recent decisions construing labor provisions, like those of the Clayton Act, indicate that the privileges and liberties therein enumerated do not apply in the case of sympathetic strikes or strikes for the closed shop, because in such cases there is no genuine trade dispute within the meaning of the act. Industrial warfare must not become an instrument of industrial injustice. It is in line with sound public policy to permit industrial warfare for the correction of industrial wrongs, but it must be suppressed when it aims to accomplish results contrary to sound social policy. We must make the conduct of illegitimate strikes so discouraging and futile, and other methods of adjustment so promising and attractive, that there will be a gradual abandonment of the illegitimate strike.

If we should not send men to jail for strikes, we can at least deprive organizations of the privileges of organized action in furtherance of the illegitimate strike.

In defining illegitimate strikes we may safely apply tests which have their familiar counterpart in other fields of conflict. Out of the struggle of man for law and order, in all his relations, there emerges a moral code which is just as applicable to industry as it is to national and international affairs. If we hew to these standards of right and wrong, we will leave the strike substantially unimpaired as a protection to workers in private industry, and will condemn only strikes which violate principles which are approved by even the best labor leaders. Let us enumerate:—

I. Strikes which violate the fundamental principles of democracy by trying to substitute government by strike for government by ballot.

II. Strikes which unduly injure the general public, which in military war we call civilians.

III. Strikes against liberty.

IV. Strikes against neutrals.

V. Strikes without first exhausting the resources of diplomacy.

VI. Strikes in violation of agreements.
VII. Strikes in violation of an arbitration award.
VIII. Strikes where arbitration is available.

I. *Strikes against Democracy*

Strikes to control or influence political action, such as are so common in Europe and are just beginning here, cannot be tolerated. They are acts of revolution, contrary to the principles of democracy, and lay the axe at the very root of self-government. By their very nature they constitute an attempt at dictation by the proletariat, and an overthrow of the orderly processes of government by ballot. Coercing government action by threats of organized strikes differs not in principle from the methods of distinguished usurpers in history, who surrounded the legislative hall with troops and invited the body to proceed. In a free country where self-government prevails, there is no room for resort to force, either economic or military. The world is not safe for democracy until the tendency toward political strikes and government by strike shall perish. Here, as in other walks of life, the rule of reason must not yield to the rule of force; government by ballot must not yield to government by strike.

The employment conditions of governmental employees constitute a political question, to be determined by political processes, and not by economic power. A man's relation to the government should not be determined by warfare. Even admitting, as is true, that the government is often slow in giving proper consideration to the needs of its employees, the remedy is not in an abandonment of the fundamental principles of democracy but in the establishment of adequate machinery of adjustment, to which the interested parties will always find prompt and easy access. The sanction of the strike being based upon the necessity of establishing something like a balance of power between employer and employee, it is quite obvious that such sanction cannot extend to strikes of governmental employees, since no person or group of per-

sons is supposed to equal or rival the government. President Wilson has well stated that "The business of government is to see that no other organization is as strong as itself; that no body or group of men, no matter what their private business, may come into competition with the authority of society."

The government, in eliminating strikes of its employees, assumes a responsibility for greater initiative in seeing that they are always justly treated. To facilitate this, special tribunals should be established to hear grievances and to deal with conditions of employment, similar to the boards established by the Transportation Act of 1920.

Strikes Which Unduly Injure the Public

In all warfare the conscience of civilization declares for a decent regard for the rights and comfort of civilians. In military war it finds expression in rules for the protection of unfortified towns and non-combatant citizens. In economic warfare the extreme dependence of our people on the uninterrupted operation of certain parts of our economic machine is such that no squabble between small sections of society can be permitted to interfere.

The one field of private employment where strikes are most intolerable to public welfare is railroad service. There society is fully entitled in self-defense to eliminate national strikes. A police strike, such as Boston experienced, is not comparable, in its social menace, with a railroad strike. A community can and will arise to the emergency of self-defense when policemen strike, but voluntary service cannot man our railroads with the same degree of success. A general railroad strike can paralyze industry and commerce and many of the functions of government in times of peace or war. Millions of innocent people may be made to suffer poignantly through the action of about five hundred thousand in the Railroad Brotherhoods. No such power for anti-social action is

vested in any other group of people. Unemployment outmeasuring all precedent, and national disorder, privation, suffering, and death would follow a protracted railroad strike. A commercial nation which cannot safeguard itself against such a calamity, fails in one of the fundamental functions of government.

The mere possibility of such a disaster is reason enough to make provisions against it. The fact that the American Federation of Labor and the Railroad Brotherhoods defiantly opposed recent proposals to prevent such a wrong, suggests that organized labor contemplates the possibility of indulging in it.

> No man ere felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law.

But we are not left to speculation as to the danger. In 1916 Congress was stampeded into action by the threat of a railroad strike. After the Adamson Act was passed one of the chiefs of the Railroad Brotherhoods, chafing at the judicial delays in making the law effective, declared to a Congressional Committee: "I wish to God I had never called off the strike." In the spring of 1917 when the country was in peril from the World War, and while the Supreme Court was considering the validity of the Adamson Act, a strike was again threatened, and a complete surrender was made by the government before the court's decision was announced. The ordinary processes of democratic government were thus overthrown by a display of economic power on the part of those holding this strategic position.

To prohibit railroad strikes and regulate the conditions of railroad employment is but a natural and logical step. Where rates are regulated, there would seem to be every argument for regulating wages, which are an integral part of the rate. Regulated rates and unregulated wages is a contradiction in policy. A law which deals with one and not the other, lacks symmetry. If you regulate

wages without regulating profits or the price of the commodity, labor may well say that the government deals unfairly; but where the state deals impartially with both, there is little opening for the charge of invidious class distinction. Railroad employment, therefore, urgently calls for measures which substitute governmental regulation for industrial warfare.

Such a law need not and should not make criminal the mere quitting of work, for it would be impracticable to imprison large bodies of men, but it should make the unions and the strikers liable to the civil remedies of injunction and damages, and should make the leaders who foment such strikes, criminally liable. The Transportation Act of 1920, sometimes known as the Esch-Cummins Law, probably accomplishes much of this, although it provides for no criminal penalties in such matters, and does not in terms mention strikes. It does, however, impose a "*duty*" on the carriers and their employees "to exert every reasonable effort and adopt every available means to avoid any interruption" of service because of labor disputes, and provides that "all such disputes shall be considered and, if possible, decided in conference" between representatives of the parties. "If any dispute is not decided in such conference, it *shall be* referred by the parties" to the board designated by the Act. Such boards are to establish wages, salaries and working conditions which in its opinion "are just and reasonable." This probably makes strikes unlawful. The American Federation of Labor regards it as the equivalent of compulsory arbitration, and is out for the political scalps of those who voted for it.

The prohibition of strikes by governmental and railroad employees would retard little, if any, the progress of proper standards through the strike as a weapon of protest, and would not considerably alter the economic equilibrium upon which wages now depend. If the legitimate use of the strike in ordinary occupations is not taken

away, the general rise of social and industrial conditions will not be obstructed. If conditions of employment for three-fourths of the employees are improved to the extent that the right to strike can improve them, it is inconceivable that the conditions of employment on railroads and a few other occupations where the right to strike might be restricted, would continue on a lower level. The law of supply and demand would make it necessary to fix standards in transportation employment high enough to meet the competition of other occupations. These standards would tend toward a common level. What the workers would surrender through restrictions on industrial warfare among railroad and governmental employees would not be comparable in importance to the protection which society would secure.

A few other lines of activity, such as the production of light, heat, power and fuel and the operation of street railways, also present strong argument for intervention, but it is the part of wisdom to go cautiously, and not to embark in fields where public need and public opinion is not compelling.

In coal production there are certain conditions which differentiate the situation. A coal strike will not bring suffering as quickly as a railroad strike, because there is always some margin of supply on hand. One-third of the bituminous coal is produced in non-union mines, which in our last coal strike were not seriously affected. The government and organized labor should choose between a policy which will maintain a sufficient number of our mines free from union control, or a policy which prohibits coal strikes altogether.

Street railway strikes have caused much suffering, but their evil consequences are not comparable with those of strikes on railroads and in coal production. Strikes affecting lighting and power, if successful, can be serious, but we have suffered little from them, as yet, and will

probably find it comparatively easy to cope with them, because of the small number of employees involved. On the whole, is it not best to limit such a bold experiment as strike prohibition and governmental regulation of conditions of employment, to the more urgent fields of railroad transportation and, possibly, fuel production? One move in this direction of control would promote self-restraint and moderation on the part of organized labor wherever public interests are involved.

In pursuing our moral code for industrial warfare, we now pass from the limited field of special public interests, where strife must at all times give way to orderly adjudication, and enter the field of private industry, where state interference on such a broad scale is not expedient. But it is to the field of private industry that the remainder of our moral code is particularly applicable. This code is designed to protect society against unwarranted and premature strikes and to regulate and minimize industrial warfare without retarding the advancement of industrial justice. It recognizes that the original conception and sanction of the strike looked upon it as a weapon of last resort against an uncompromising employer in private industry, and it condemns its use under all other circumstances.

But he would be chimerical indeed who thought it possible to outlaw all strikes in private industry which violate the code. The ideal must be found in a middle ground between the extreme of strike prohibition, and the equally intolerable extreme of no regulation. In private industry illegitimate strikes should not themselves be made illegal, but their promotion and support should be made illegal. That is within the limit of expediency and practicability, if its enforcement is left to civil remedies and is not made the occasion of criminal prosecution. Such a law would not encounter the dangers and difficulties of the Kansas Industrial Court Act: for it would constitute no violation of the law for men to strike singly

or collectively even as against these fundamental principles. It would constitute a violation of the law, but not the criminal law, for the members or representatives of any organization to put the union machinery in motion for the purpose of fomenting or maintaining such a strike. Thus it would be made illegal to further such strikes by voting on them at union meetings, or exhorting men to quit work or to continue on strike, or stationing union pickets or paying strike benefits.

Affirmative acts of aggression like these are capable of legal restraint, while the mere passive act of refusing to work is beyond legal control. You cannot compel a man to work effectively when he is determined not to, but you can prevent him from performing those affirmative acts which are so essential if he is to organize and maintain a group of his fellows in a similar attitude. That is where the law can step in and exercise a large measure of control, and minimize illegitimate dislocations of industry; but all attempts of this nature must be based on a careful consideration of the extent to which each of the various activities involved is susceptible of legal restraint.

Experience has taught us much in this direction, if we only have the wisdom and courage to apply it. Certain classes of sympathetic strikes, which are clearly illegal, have been easily broken up by the injunction. The boycott has been largely controlled by it. Mr. Gompers rightly says you cannot compel him to buy a Danbury hat, just as everybody agrees you cannot by law compel a freeman to work, but the boycotts of the Federation are reduced to impotency by an injunction which stays all machinery for its advertisement and enforcement. The unorganized refusal to buy is as innocuous as the unorganized quitting of work usually is. If organized support and direction of illegitimate and anti-social strikes can be suppressed, much would be accomplished. With these important considerations before us — for this is a difficult and technical subject — let us consider the re-

naining points of our moral code as applied particularly o private industry.

III. *Strikes Against Liberty*

Strikes to enforce a closed shop policy are strikes against liberty. Men may argue about it, and philosophers may write treatises on the subject, but when the debate is closed, there is no gainsaying the proposition that a national closed-shop policy enforced by industrial warfare, is incompatible with the principles of liberty. Labor unions are private societies as unrestricted in the choice of their members as any college fraternity. To make membership in such societies a condition of employment, and to enforce that policy by the coercion of strikes, if it became a prevailing condition, would constitute a menace to our political and economic safety. The closed shop as it may grow naturally and voluntarily, is quite a different thing from the compulsory closed shop. A closed-shop policy made compulsory by strikes and boycotts is an obstruction to the operation of moral restraint. It seeks the establishment of a single national union for each industry, with which society and the employer is obliged to deal regardless of the misdeeds or stupidity of the union. The good and bad unions fare alike.

As soon as society tolerates the rule that a man shall not pursue his trade except he be a member of a particular union, and that an industry will not be allowed to function except through that union, it artificially protects that union from the ordinary laws of reward and punishment, and removes all incentive for good conduct. If unions are to progress by service rather than by force, and society is to furnish an incentive for such service, the cause of liberty must be protected so that any workman will not be seriously impeded in the exercise of his fundamental rights of citizenship, merely because he is not a union man. Any other policy is monopoly in its worst form and with its worst consequences. It is only when unionism is

subject in some degree to the wholesome forces of competition on the part of those employers and employees who may be abused by it, that the processes of moral restraint will be operative.

One of the fundamentals of social control of organized labor, therefore, is a discouragement of all strikes or boycotts which seek to curtail the rights of an employee to work regardless of union membership, and a fuller protection of individual liberty in industry. There must always be the alternative of dealing with other agencies than a particular union, if there is to be any moral responsibility behind that union.

IV. *Strikes against Neutrals*

Sympathetic strikes which directly injure those against whom the strikers have no grievance should not be tolerated. As was said by a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois: "Sympathetic strikes are only permissible when revolution is permissible." A nation which was aroused, as was this nation by the sinking of the "Lusitania" and the interference with neutral commerce, should not hesitate to protect neutral employers and employees from industrial warfare. The coercive power of strikes and lockouts being sanctioned by law as a means of securing a fair balance of power in economic bargaining, cannot be justified as a means of injuring an employer when the end sought is beyond his control. An industrial strike to influence a traction strike, such as happened in Philadelphia a number of years ago, cannot possibly be justified, because the industrial employers had no control over the conditions of employment of the traction employees. Such attacks are obviously aimed at society, and so far as receiving organized sanction or support from labor unions is concerned, should be treated as unlawful as they are revolutionary. The best of labor leaders do not endorse them, believing them to be as futile as they are unjustified.

V. *Strikes before Presenting Grievances*

A strike cannot be justified except as a last resort after ll methods of conciliation and adjustment have failed. Var should never be entered upon until the resources of iplomacy are exhausted. To call strikes in advance of egotiations may be the wanton and malicious infliction f injury, as negotiations may prove them to be avoidable nd unnecessary. If employee representation, or any ther kind of agency for the adjustment of grievances, xists in the factory, that machinery must be exhausted efore any resort to the wasteful and coercive action of a trike. Such a rule was adopted as a governmental standard by the War Labor Board, and now by the Railroad Board. No jurisdiction will be taken of a case while the nen are on strike.

Therefore strikes to enforce demands which have not first been presented to the employer, and a reasonable time given for their consideration, must be included in the class of illegitimate strikes which no respectable labor union should desire to support. That is the idea of the Canadian Industrial Disputes Act, the Colorado Law, and similar provisions which forbid strikes pending the investigation and the publication of findings by a governmental tribunal. It is believed that such agencies not only help public opinion to function, but furnish an opportunity for cooler judgments to prevail.

VI. *Strikes in Violation of Reasonable Agreements*

Where the employer has entered into a reasonable agreement with a labor union, or with his employees individually or collectively, organized industrial warfare should not be waged against him for conditions which violate that agreement. It is wrong not only to violate an agreement, but for a third party knowingly to induce a violation of agreement. It is doubly wrong for responsible labor unions to use the power of their organizations to make such wrongs profitable. In England a com-

mission considered the desirability of forbidding the payment of strike benefits where the strike was in violation of contract, and, in characteristic English fashion, decided not to press the point.

VII. *Strikes in Violation of an Arbitration Award*

Where, after voluntary submission by both sides, an arbitration award has been made, no labor union should seek to maintain industrial warfare to secure conditions conflicting with the award. The cause of voluntary arbitration can never be advanced until this be made the law of the land. President Wilson has well said: "There is one thing we should do if we are true champions of arbitration. We should make all arbitral awards judgments of record by a court of law, in order that their interpretation and enforcement may lie, not with one of the parties to the arbitration, but with an impartial and authoritative tribunal."

Failure to take this position is the outstanding defect of the recommendations of the Second President's Industrial Conference, which in most respects were so highly commendable. That Conference recommended a series of tribunals, national and regional, with powers of arbitration where the parties voluntarily submit. But it failed to make clear that the rights of those seeking such arbitration should receive protection, and that the power to carry on industrial warfare in violation of awards should be curtailed. Possibly the courts will read such an obligation into the situation, but the responsibility for making it clear, as a part of the industrial policy of the country, should have been assumed by the Conference in the first instance. How futile it is to ask employers to submit to arbitration, and leave their interests vulnerable to strikes maintained by picketing and the payment of strike benefits, because they insist upon observance of the award! In states where peaceful picketing is recognized as legal, it certainly should not be tolerated to compel an employer to abandon an award.

In 1920, New York enacted a law which, though general in its terms, and without reference to the labor situation, may inadvertently have considerable bearing on the problems we are considering. It will prove another case of general laws, because all-inclusive, accidentally hitting organized labor, and organized labor protesting because it wants special privileges. This New York law provides that a provision in a written contract for the arbitration of existing or future controversies "shall be valid, enforceable and irrevocable." The contract may provide a method for appointing the arbitrators, but if it does not do so, or if either party fails to avail himself of the prescribed method, the Supreme Court of New York or a judge thereof may name the arbitrators. The court is further empowered, on the application of an aggrieved party, to make "an order directing the parties to proceed to arbitration in accordance with the terms of the contract." This law clothes the court with authority to use its full power and all the tools in the judicial arsenal to secure the observance of labor agreements with arbitration provisions, and by this addition to their security, has advanced the possibility of business-like agreements with organized labor or factory employees.

VIII. *Strikes where Arbitration is Available*

There is much also to be said in favor of restrictions on industrial warfare where the party to whom grievances are presented is willing to leave the matter to a quasi-governmental tribunal. Where the tribunal of reason is available, there is little justification for resort to a tribunal of force. It is certainly a sound proposition that the liberty of organized labor to interfere with business, should not be as great against an employer who is willing to arbitrate as it is against an employer who is uncompromising.

If the employer were willing to arbitrate the demands, the union would have the opportunity of having them

passed upon by a disinterested tribunal, or engaging in the very doubtful alternative of conducting a strike with the government and the courts against it. If the employer accepted arbitration, public opinion would favor energetic action by the state to keep the strikers within bounds, and if the employer refused to arbitrate, public opinion would be with the strikers. Under such circumstances, would not most unions learn to choose the more peaceful method, and would not the legislation prove of great advantage to the workers, the employers and the public?

Public opinion would certainly be united on the proposition that strikes in violation of the eight fundamental principles we have discussed, are in violation of sound public policy, and should be generally discouraged. To restrain organized labor from supporting them would constitute the most effective discouragement, without making them illegal. It would strengthen the hands of the conservative union and union leader in fighting the recalcitrant forces within their organization, which today constitute such an embarrassment, and would clarify public opinion as to the distinction between legitimate and illegitimate union action.

The extent to which such a remedy would protect society from unwarranted strikes is to be measured by the extent to which organized union action is responsible for our excess of industrial warfare. The statistics of the United States Department of Labor show that most strikes are the result of organized union action. The figures of 1919 show that nearly one-third of the industrial employees went on strike, and that thirteen-fourteenths of these strikes were by union men rather than non-union men. Considering the fact that organized labor represents less than a third of our industrial, transportation and mining employees, it can be said for the year 1919 that the liability to strike from unionism as

gainst non-unionism was nearly 40 to 1. The average ratio for the last five years is somewhat lower, and would probably run 20 or 30 to 1. Even strikes of non-union men, as recorded by the Department of Labor, are often instigated by union officials, and this was particularly true during the year 1918.

On the whole we are forced to conclude that all but a few strikes are due to the activities of organized labor, and that the responsibility for the recent excess of industrial warfare lies at its door. It is therefore believed that most strikes are effective only through organized machinery, and that society can protect itself against anti-social strikes by regulating that machinery. This will not interfere with the legitimate use of the strike as a last resort.

Our proposed law, then, so far as concerns private industry, would merely forbid organized support of strikes violating our moral code as above set forth. The enforcement of such a law, at least in private industry, should depend on the civil remedies of injunction and damages rather than upon criminal penalties. The injunction remedy, however unpopular it may be, seems to be the fairest and most effective means of control over large organizations, and particularly in cases where it is difficult to fix definite standards of legality and illegality. Business men, acting coöperatively, should not ordinarily be prosecuted until the legality of their conduct has been definitely passed upon in a civil action, and the same is true of coöperative action among workers. The injunctive remedy is highly beneficent in that it is preventative, and issues a warning to the wrongdoer before punishing him or mulcting him in damages. It protects the aggrieved, and, by timely warning, often spares the aggressor. Its unpopularity is largely due to misunderstanding, and the reiteration of unfounded statements. Few, if any, remedies have been subject to less abuse and error. Its

effectiveness in labor controversies is measured by the strength of union opposition to it. However keen the bitterness it has aroused, it is not at all certain that the defeat of a strike through legal intervention creates any harsher feeling than its defeat through economic exhaustion after a drag out fight. Many misled and innocent strikers are, through the injunction, relieved from unfair coercion, and spared much suffering and privation.

Assuming that the union employees in the coal mine decided to tie up the production of coal when afforded an alternative of arbitration and that such action was illegal and unjustified, there was no better remedy for safeguarding the public interests than an injunction. If our assumptions are correct, the government's mistake was not in seeking an injunction when it did, but in failing to enjoin in advance of the issuance of the strike order. The injunction followed the true course of requiring a rescission of the strike order and an abstention from all conduct in furtherance of the strike, including the payment of strike benefits from an available defense fund amounting, according to report, to over ten million dollars.

The effectiveness of control of this character is beyond question. It is testified to by the convention of the United Mine Workers which declared: "This convention realizes that through industrial legislation such as the court's interpretation of the Lever Act, the abuse of the writ of injunction with the tie-up of union funds and other oppressive measures, makes it almost humanly impossible to wage a successful battle." The British unions are on record as stating that a law interfering with strike benefits would "paralyze the efficiency of the institution, and are tantamount to a proposal to suppress unionism by statute."

Mr. Debs is also a witness as to the efficacy of injunctions in breaking up such illegal combinations. At the time of the strike of the railroad men against the hauling of Pullman cars about a quarter of a century ago, the government secured an injunction. Subsequently when

Mr. Debs was tried and convicted for violating the injunction, he testified that "It was not the soldiers that ended the strike. . . It was simply the United States Courts. . . Our men were in a position that never would have been shaken under any circumstances if we had been permitted to remain upon the field among them. Once we were taken from the scene of action and restrained from sending telegrams or issuing orders or answering questions, then the minions of the corporations would be put to work. . . "

The resistance and elemental power of unorganized mobs will always have its embarrassments for the state, and no legal process will be adequate to deal with it. To such movements our suggestion has no application. It leaves them where they are, no better or no worse. But the great mass of anti-social strikes, in this country at least, and the participation of our representative unions in them, are of an entirely different character. They are not the voluntary uprisings of an unorganized mob, but are systematically incited and maintained through the elaborate and organized preparations of permanent organizations. Prevent the machinery of these organizations from fomenting, managing and maintaining such strikes, which is an entirely practicable thing to do by legal process, and most of them would fail for want of instigation, leadership and direction.

These suggestions for social control are thrown into the maelstrom of discussion because the major part of them differs from other suggestions which have come to the attention of the public. The details are not important, but the fundamental thought of distinguishing between the passive act of quitting work and the affirmative acts of organizations to make strikes effective, should receive attention. It goes to the very heart of the question of social control of organized action, and should be the basis of our public policy in dealing with industrial warfare.

WALTER GORDON MERRITT.

SAMUEL BUTLER OF EREWHON

IT cannot be said that Samuel Butler, the author of *Erewhon* (which is English for Utopia, spelt backwards), was particularly modest as a man or reticent as a writer. Indeed a good part of his published writings are in the form of note-books in which he relates how he acquired his peculiar views on the great questions of the day and how he came to be at loggerheads with the various leaders of contemporary thought. Yet with all that he said little about his personal life, or, rather, he said enough but veiled his confessions in baffling circumlocutions and allegories. From reading his works one got the impression of an impish boy crouching *perdu* behind a stone fence, from which he pelted the citizens on the highway with pebbles and bad words. The situation was made the more piquant by the fact that the good men who were going about their work seemed utterly to disregard the missiles. Now Mr. Festing Jones, the boy's silent partner in mischief, has jerked his comrade into the air, so to speak, and set him up on the wall, as on a pedestal, grimacing visably there to all the world. Mr. Jones's biography of his friend is no great work of art, but it is an interesting document.

Our Erewhonian's grandfather, another Samuel Butler, was the famous headmaster of Shrewsbury and Bishop of Lichfield, a scholar of some repute in the good old days when lawn sleeves were regarded as the natural prize for editing a Greek tragedy. As a grandfather the grandson instinctively detested him, until on going through his ancestor's correspondence for the sake of composing a biography, this feeling was changed to admiration and fondness. It is a significant fact that this same biography is the only dull book he ever wrote; he was a good hater, but a bad lover. The bishop's son, Thomas, was a solid,

perhaps rather stodgy, clergyman, Rector of Langar-with-Bramston and Canon of Lincoln, about whom his Erewhonian son felt no doubt at all and underwent no conversion. Samuel's portrait of his father in *The Way of All Flesh* is one of the most elaborately offensive caricatures ever drawn, and he was capable of writing in a letter: "My mother is ill — very ill. It is not likely that she will recover.

> I had rather
> It had been my father."

Which did not mean that he was particularly devoted to his mother. It must be admitted that Samuel was never dull when he spoke of his father.

Our Erewhonian, the third of the Butlers whom we have to mention, was born in 1835. He passed a wretchedly unhappy childhood at home: if we may believe him and his biographer, because his father was endued with the antiquated Victorian faith in parental authority and with the hateful vices of priestcraft; if we may read between the lines of the record, because Samuel desired from the beginning to be a law unto himself. From home he went to school, first under the Rev. E. Gibson at Allesbey, where he appears to have been equally wretched. At least all we know of him in these days is from a note written in old age on the tedium of divine service:

> When I was at school at Allesbey [he says] the boy who knelt opposite me at morning prayers, with his face not more than a yard away from mine, used to blow pretty little bubbles with his saliva which he would send sailing off the tip of his tongue like miniature soap bubbles; they very soon broke, but they had a career of a foot or two. I never saw any one else able to get saliva bubbles right away from him; and though I have endeavored for some five and fifty years to acquire the art, I never yet could start the bubble off my tongue without its bursting. Now things like this really do relieve the tedium of church.

The story, characteristic in its way of Butler, reminds me of a quip which I once received, written on a post-card, from that exquisite poet, the late Father Tabb:

> " Among your many playmates here,
> Why is it that you all prefer
> Your little friend, my dear? "
>
> " Because, mamma, tho' hard we try
> Not one of us can spit so high,
> And catch it in his ear."

Whatever may have been the state of Butler at Allesbey, we have ample evidence of his misery under Dr. Kennedy, his grandfather's successor at Shrewsbury, whither he was sent at the age of twelve. It is enough to say that the school and its master appear in *The Way of All Flesh* as Roughborough and Dr. Skinner.

From Shrewsbury Butler went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was happy in a fashion, until he got religion — and then again his troubles began. One may guess from certain passages in *The Way of All Flesh* that he became more deeply involved in the evangelical revival going on among the so-called Johnians than he or his biographer liked to admit in later years. At any rate his purpose at this time was to take orders, and after his graduation he lived for a while as lay assistant to a curate in St. James's parish, Piccadilly. His work passed among the poor, and was valuable to him no doubt; but Butler at the altar is not conceivable in *rerum natura*, and he soon decided to give up the idea of ordination. His father, of course, threatened to cut off his allowance, and after some correspondence of an unedifying sort it was decided that the son should go out to New Zealand and try his hand at sheep-farming. There his homestead, called Mesopotamia from its position between two rivers, "was built upon a little plateau on the edge of the downs, approached by a cutting from the flat, and was most comfortably situated and sheltered."

With books about him and his piano, he passed several years in which active duties were pleasantly combined with contemplation.

It is scarcely too much to say that all the product of his later life was the fruit of this period of quiet incubation. Here he saturated his imagination with that large majestic scenery which he was to describe with such splendid effect in *Erewhon*. Here he read Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and got the idea of the evolution of machines which was the germ of so much of his controversial writing. As for his religious beliefs, we find him reading Gibbon on the outward voyage, and sending this report to his uncle in England: "Much as there is in Gibbon which we should alike condemn — for, however we may admire his sarcasms, it is impossible not at times to feel that he would have acted more nobly in suppressing them — he is a grand historian and the impress of a mighty intellect is upon his work." This from the master of irresponsible sarcasm, whose talent might almost be said to have been employed in "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." A few months later Butler was writing to a friend: "I think I am a Unitarian now, but don't know and won't say. As for the Trinity I cannot make head or tail of it, and feel inclined to agree with a negro who was heard in church here the other day repeating the Athanasian creed: 'The Father impossible, the Son impossible, and the Holy Ghost impossible; and yet there are not three impossibles, but one impossible." Butler, we learn from an actual witness, was wrong, for the colored preacher's word for the Athanasian "incomprehensible" was "uncomfortable," not "impossible"; but accuracy in a jest, Aristotle would assure us, is not essential to its force as an argument. The next year Butler was writing, not in jest but in earnest, that he had renounced Christianity altogether, being led to that conclusion by difficulties over the Resurrection. Such at least was his profession at the time; what he

really believed then or at any other time, I should hesitate to guess, and I doubt if he quite knew himself.

In 1864 Butler returned to England, with a mysterious friend named Pauli, whom he supported out of a scanty income, and who swindled him outrageously. He settled in chambers in Clifford's Inn, where he lived in a strange isolated way until his death in 1902. For a number of years he studied diligently to be an artist, although his talent in that direction was mediocre if not less. He practiced and composed music also, being a passionate and jealous lover of Handel. His recreation was travelling in Italy, where he seems to have shown a genial sociability utterly unlike his manners in London.

It is one of the paradoxes of Butler's character that he who theoretically made amiability and charity the chief of virtues and regarded good breeding as the *summum bonum*, who identified the saint with the gentleman and thought the "swell" was the ideal towards which all nature had been groaning and travailing together, — it is a pretty paradox that with such a theory Butler should have been in practice, as he says of himself, "an Ishmaelite by instinct," incapable from the first of adjusting himself to family life, equally incapable of accommodating his habits and temperament to the ordinary demands of society. It may be a nice point in social casuistry whether an Ishmaelite can be a gentleman; apparently Butler proved the combination possible, for with all his cantankerousness — and cantankerous he was with most men and women — one gathers that he bore about him that peculiar stamp of self-respect and directness of manner which mark the gentleman. After all his grandfather was the great doctor of Shrewsbury. Perhaps we should say that the true Englishman alone can combine the qualities of an "original" — *Anglice* for eccentric curmudgeon — and a man of the world; and Butler in every drop of his blood and every fibre of his brain was English.

This is not to say that Butler lived in Clifford's Inn a bear in his den, entirely without friends. One woman at least broke through the outer barriers of his self-will, though the inner citadel she could not take. At Heatherly's art school Butler became acquainted with a Miss Savage who was painting there in an amateurish way, a plain, sickly, rather dowdy, lonely young woman of his own age. Some congenialty of mind quickly brought them together, and the notes of personal comment and literary criticism that passed between them form the most interesting pages of the biography. Miss Savage may have been physically unattractive, but she was endowed with a wit that approached the diabolical; her letters are a real contribution to English literature. Whether her influence on Butler was entirely beneficial is another question. She gave him the intellectual sympathy and stimulus he needed when all the world was conspiring to neglect him; her advice in matters of detail was shrewd and generally sound; but she flattered outrageously, and her flattery was directed almost exclusively to the side of his work which certainly did not require forcing. The truth is that she understood only the skeptical and sarcastic traits of his mind, while to the deeper vein of poetry in the man and to his spiritual insight — for there was this too in his soul, though much overlaid — she appears to have been quite blind. So long as, to use his own words, he was "heaving bricks into the middle of them," she helped him with ammunition and encouraged him with applause; and if Butler was accoutred to be, as again he says of himself, "the *enfant terrible* of literature and science" and nothing more, he certainly got from her what he needed. But I wonder.

However, if her influence was deleterious, she paid the price. She gave him all, and in return received only a cold friendship of the intelligence. After her death Butler felt something like remorse for this unequal ex-

change, and docketed and annotated their correspondence in a manner that reminds one of Carlyle's marital repentance. This Butler did, evidently expecting that the letters would one day be published. But he wrote also a couple of terrible sonnets about the poor woman which one hopes he never intended for any other eye than his own. As they are now public, I may quote them for whatever light they throw on the writer's character, and as a specimen of what he might have accomplished in verse.

She was too kind, wooed too persistently,
Wrote moving letters to me day by day;
The more she wrote, the more unmoved was I,
The more she gave, the less could I repay.
Therefore I grieve not that I was not loved,
But that, being loved, I could not love again.
I liked; but like and love are far removed;
Hard though I tried to love I tried in vain.
For she was plain and lame and fat and short,
Forty and over-kind. Hence it befell
That, though I loved her in a certain sort,
Yet did I love too wisely but not well.
Ah! had she been more beauteous or less kind
She might have found me of another mind.

And now, though twenty years are come and gone,
That little lame lady's face is with me still;
Never a day but what, on every one,
She dwells with me as dwell she ever will.
She said she wished I knew not wrong from right;
It was not that; I knew, and would have chosen
Wrong if I could, but, in my own despite,
Power to choose wrong in my chilled veins was frozen.
'Tis said that if a woman woo, no man
Should leave her till she have prevailed; and, true,
A man will yield for pity if he can,
But if the flesh rebels what can he do?
I could not; hence I grieve my whole life long
The wrong I did in that I did no wrong.

Among the few male companions of Butler the primacy must be given to the inimitable Alfred Cathie, his valet,

clerk, guide, philosopher, and friend. How Alfred happened in real life I do not know. The creator of Caleb Balderstone might have made him, or the creator of Sancho Panza — he is in brief a Caleb and a Sancho combined and translated into broad Cockney; but how the good Lord conceived him, I do not know. To describe him is impossible, I can only transcribe some of his sayings. Thus, writing to Mr. Jones he tells of a visit with his master to the Exhibition: "I enticed Mr. Butler to have a ride with me on it [the Switchback Railway], which he did, but he said when he came off '*it was damnable.*' I soothed him by saying the motion was ridiculous but the sensation was grand." But Alfred did not confine his epistolary talents to absent friends; here, for example, is one of his daily notes of warning and advice to his master:

This is the last notice from Alfred to the effect that Samuel Butler, Esqr. is to buy himself a new Hat on Wednesday morning the 8th of November 1893. Failing to do so there will be an awful scene on his return to Clifford's Inn.—ALFRED.

Of Alfred's autocratic wisdom Butler himself tells this story in a letter:

We have had Venus and Jupiter very bright and very close. One evening they shone clear and near the moon, no other stars being visible. Alfred did not like it, so he said:

"Do you think, Sir, that that is quite right?"

I said I thought it was; but next night the moon was a long way off, so he complained to me and said it was *not* right.

I said: "But you know, Alfred, the moon rises an hour later every night, so it will be an hour yet before it is in the same place."

"Very well, Sir," he answered, finding my explanation a little tedious, "I forgive you this once, but never allude to the subject again in my presence."

But I think the story that pleases me most — it would have brought tears of joy to the eyes of Charles Lamb — and that best displays Alfred as a human as well

as a celestial philospher, is this from Butler's *Note-Books:*

> The first time that Dr. Creighton asked me to come down to Peterborough, in 1894, before he became Bishop of London, I was a little doubtful whether to go or not. As usual, I consulted my good clerk, Alfred, who said:
>
> "Let me have a look at his letter, Sir."
>
> I gave him the letter, and he said:
>
> "I see, Sir, there is a crumb of tobacco in it; I think you may go."
>
> I went and enjoyed myself very much.

The proverb tells us that no man is a hero to his valet; what shall we say then of a man to whom his valet is a hero? There must have been a vein of geniality in Butler somewhere, and he was, of course, on good terms with one or two other gentlemen besides his valet and his Boswell and the Bishop of London; but to society in general he bore himself, I fear, as the well-crusted curmudgeon I have described him to be. His silences at a dinner could be awful, and his remarks to a new acquaintance might be atrocious. That is the paradox of his nature, that he who made Mrs. Humdrum the arbitress of manners and morals, as he did in *Erewhon Revisited*, should have been utterly incapable of the humdrum of social life.

And as Butler was in social intercourse, so he was in matters of taste. Theoretically his ideal is the gentleman who has achieved a "charitable inconsistency" and an "amiable indifferentism"; practically he may have been inconsistent, but for charity and amiability and indifferentism — you might as well look for such qualities in Jonathan Swift. To take his *obiter dicta* in literature alone, with the exception of Homer and Shakespeare, whom he admires so far as one can see for the sake of establishing his inconsistency, he rails against almost every settled reputation of past and present times. Dickens' novels are "literary garbage." In Rossetti

h can feel only "self-conceit" and "sultry reticence." I brought to book for his opinions he could be as whimsical as he was prejudiced. "No, I don't like Lamb," h used to protest; "you see, Canon Ainger writes about lm, and Canon Aigner goes to tea with my sisters." (r he could justify his distaste by means of a sorites hat would have made the reputation of ten Aristotelian ›gicians. Thus: "Blake was no good because he learnt talian at over 60 in order to read Dante, and we know)ante was no good because he was so fond of Virgil, and 'irgil was no good because Tennyson ran him, and as)r Tennyson — well, Tennyson goes without saying." He, like other bitter critics, disapproved of criticism and would have nought to do with reviewing, feeling towards hat "gay science" much as Dallas did. Yet he possessed ne trait which all honest critics will admit to be the oal of their endeavor, the acme of their art, the haven f peace where their weary labor ends — he could conlemn without reading. You have heard his pronouncenent on Dante; it is printed in the Life on the same page with this beautifully candid admission: "I see Gladstone ays he owes all the fine qualities of his mind to the study of Dante. I believe I owe whatever I have to the fact that no earthly power has induced, or ever can induce me to read him." And on another page he swears he never has read, and never will read, Keats or Shelley or Coleridge or Wordsworth; why should he read what he criticizes as bad? This, I take it, is that last refinement of intuition which gives a man a secure place among those unmakers of renown whom Butler's great namesake of *Hudibras* called "the fierce inquisitors of wit."

These are only a few of Butler's dislikes. Nor was his spirit of opposition confined to the winged words of light talk or narrowed to individual reputations. In a moment of candor he declares that he had "never written on any subject unless [he] believed that the authorities on it were hopelessly wrong;" and the authorities happen

to have included the philologians intrenched in the universities, the most eminent names in science, and in religion both the orthodox theologians of the Church and the skeptics of the higher criticism. It is not wonderful that he should have exclaimed with a sad pride: "In that I write at all I am among the damned."

His bout with the philologians took place in the lists of Homeric and Shakespearian criticism. To supplant the "nightmares of Homeric extravagance," as he calls them, rightly enough, "which German professors have evolved out of their inner consciousness," he evolved for his part a delicious fancy that the Odyssey was composed by a young woman, and that the palace of Odysseus was set by her in her own home in the Sicilian Trapani. I have never met a Greek scholar who would confess that he had even read Butler's work on *The Authoress of the Odyssey;* they prefer the Butlerian canon of condemning without reading. Well, I have perused the book, but I shall neither accept nor condemn. It is uncommonly clever, and the part at least which deals with the question of authorship is amusingly plausible; but the argument of course is all based on inference, and does not amount to much more than a *jeu d' esprit.* His other contention in philology, in which he rearranges the order of Shakespeare's Sonnets and builds up a new story of the events underlying them, should, I feel, be taken rather more seriously. I would not say that, in my judgment, he has quite made out his case; for here again the evidence is too inferential, too evasive, to be thoroughly conclusive. But I do think that he has demolished the flimsy theories of Sidney Lee and certain other so-called authorities, and that his own constructive criticism is worthy of attention.

But these tilts with the intrenched philology of the universities were mere skirmishes, so to speak; the real battle was with the authorities in science and theology. These were the gentlemen, "hopelessly wrong," whom

Butler undertook to set right by the genial art of "heavig bricks." In science the great enemy was none other han Darwin himself, with all those who swore by the ame of Darwin. The dispute did not touch the fact f evolution itself, for Butler to the end was a staunch volutionist; nor did it concern the Darwinian theory f the survival of the fit, for here again Butler was thoroughly orthodox. The question at issue was the cause f those variations out of which the more fit were selected or survival — and this, I take it, is still the *casus belli* hich renders the resounding warfare of the biologists o amusing a spectacle to one who has set his feet in the erene temples of skepticism, whence, as the old Roman oet says, who was yet himself so deeply engaged in the ray —

> Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
> Errare atque viam palantis quærere vitæ.

On the one side stood in array the host of Darwinians, — or ultra-Darwinians, for Darwin himself was provokingly muddled and inconsistent in his statements — who held that the *via vitæ* was a path of incalculable hazard, to whom life was pure mechanism and evolution meant a transference to biology of the mathematical law of probability. On the other side, in which for some time Butler was almost the sole champion in England, stood those who believed that the significant variations arose from the purposeful striving of individual creatures to adapt themselves to their surroundings, and that the selective power of fitness was a part of a grand design working itself out consciously in the evolution of life.

Now it is not my business to pronounce judgment in so learned a dispute; the non-scientific critic who should presume to come between such quarrelsome kinsfolk would probably fare like the proverbial peacemaker between man and wife. I can only say that to Butler

the dignity of science and the very issues of life seemed to be involved in the debate: "To state this doctrine [of the Darwinians]," he declares, "is to arouse instinctive loathing; it is my fortunate task to maintain that such a nightmare of waste and death is as baseless as it is repulsive." Butler's particular contribution to the Lamarckian side was what he called "unconscious memory," the theory, that is, that the acquired experience of the parent was passed on to the embryo and carried by the offspring into life as an instinctive propensity. Later he learned that the same theory had been propounded by an Austrian biologist named Hering, and thereafter he was careful to ascribe full credit to his predecessor.

The contest unfortunately was embittered at an early stage by a blunder on the part of Charles Darwin and a misunderstanding on the part of Butler. In February of 1879 Ernst Krause, a German scholar, published in *Kosmos* an article on Erasmus Darwin and his Lamarckian brand of evolution. In May of the same year appeared Butler's *Evolution Old and New.* Then, in November, Murray issued a translation of Krause's monograph, under the title of *Erasmus Darwin*, with a preliminary notice by Charles Darwin. Now between the printing of Krause's original essay in February and the publishing of the translation in November, Darwin had sent the author a copy of Butler's book, with the advice that he, Krause, in revising his work, need "not expend much powder and shot on Mr. Butler, for he really is not worthy of it." Accordingly, in reworking his essay for the English translation, Krause made a contemptuous allusion to Butler without naming him. Then for his preface to the translation Darwin first wrote a paragraph beginning with the words: "Dr. Krause has taken great pains and has largely added to his essay since it appeared in *Kosmos*." But, finding this paragraph otherwise irrelevant, Darwin struck it out, without inserting anywhere else a notice of Krause's revision of the work.

Hece to Butler, comparing the original German text wi the English, it appeared that the version of an artcle written before the publication of his book contaied an insulting reference to that book. Naturally hewas incensed, believing that the translator and Darwi had dishonestly insinuated this reference into the wck they were pretending to translate literally. To mke matters worse, Darwin, on the advice of Huxley ar against the advice of his sons, refused to issue any pblic rectification of the error. In this way a note of pesonal acrimony entered into Butler's part in the cotroversy; and this was not mollified by his belief that th Darwinians tried to discredit him by a conspiracy o silence, which extended to suppressing in the reviews ay notice even of works foreign to the actual controvrsy. It may be said for Butler that at least some of te later biologists adopted his views while contemptucsly refraining from naming him. Such petty jealousies, i is sad to admit, do perturb the quiet walks of profesonal scholarship.

But I hasten to descend from the aërial heights of pure ience to a region where the critic of letters may feel nat he is walking with his feet on the ground. The otable fact is that Butler's whole literary career took s start from his interest, at first merely amateurish, in ne Darwinian theory of evolution. Readers of *Erewhon* vill remember the three chapters of that Utopian romance ntitled *The Book of the Machines*. These chapters stand ut as the most brilliant section of the romance; they are urthermore the germ out of which the whole narrative rew, and in a way strike the key note of much of his later vriting. No one, I think, can read this *Book of the Machines* without feeling that it is the work of a powerful and riginal intellect, but one is likely also to lay it down with sense of bewilderment. There is insight here, the insight f a mind brooding on the course of human history and peaking with apparent sincerity of a terrible danger to be

avoided. Yet there is withal a note of biting irony; and what precisely the object of this irony may be, or how this irony is to be reconciled with the tone of sincerity, the book itself gives one no clue to determine.

Nor do the author's direct allusions to his purpose give us much ease. In a letter to Darwin accompanying a present of the first edition of *Erewhon*, in 1872, Butler disclaims any intention of being "disrespectful" to the *Origin of Species*, and avows that the chapters on Machines, written primarily as a bit of pure fun, were rewritten and inserted in *Erewhon* as a satire on the pseudo-scientific method of Bishop Butler's *Analogy*. Again, in the preface to the second edition of the book published a few months after the first, he expresses his "regret that reviewers have in some cases been inclined to treat the chapters on Machines as an attempt to reduce Mr. Darwin's theory to an absurdity." He is surprised that the specious misuse of analogy really aimed at should not have occurred to any reviewer. Evidently he is alluding again to Bishop Butler, yet if one turns to page 84 of the narrative itself, one sees that Paley's famous analogy of the watch and not Bishop Butler at all was in the author's mind when he wrote the book. This is already a little confusing, but confusion is worse confounded by the statement in a letter written shortly before our Erewhonian's death. Now, looking back at the matter through the bitterness engendered by what he regarded as a long persecution, he says: "With *Erewhon* Charles Darwin smelt danger from afar. I knew him personally; he was one of my grandfather's pupils. He knew very well that the machine chapters in *Erewhon* would not end there, and the Darwin circle was then the most important literary power in England."

Here is a beautiful case for genetic criticism — if the word "genetic" has any meaning outside of the dictionary and the laboratory — and by following the development of Butler's ideas one may learn perhaps

how the baffling mixture of irony and sincerity got into the famous chapters on Machines and became a kind of fixed habit with him. Darwin's *Origin of Species* reached Butler in New Zealand soon after its publication, and evidently quite carried him off his feet. Under the first spell of admiration he composed a little essay on *Darwin among the Machines*, which was printed in the *Press* of Canterbury, New Zealand, in 1863. Years later, commenting in one of his scientific books on this article, he admits that he had taken Darwin at his face value without much reflection; "there was one evolution" for him then, and "Darwin was its prophet." And the article itself fully bears out this statement. Caught by the plausible simplicity of evolution as an extension of purely inorganic law into the organic world, Butler carried the mechanical analogy a step further and undertook to show what would happen when machines had progressed to the stage of independent racial existence and had surpassed man, just as the animal kingdom had been evolved out of the vegetable, and the vegetable from the mineral. His conclusion is "that war to the death should be instantly proclaimed against them. Every machine of every sort should be destroyed by the well-wisher of his species. . . Let us at once go back to the primeval condition of the race."

It must be remembered that Butler wrote this essay while living in the free primitive uplands of New Zealand, during the happiest period of his life, and that the note of primitivism in his peroration is probably in large measure sincere. At the same time there is a word in his later comment which points to another trait in his intellectual make-up which was active from the beginning. He started, he says, with the hypothesis of man as a mechanism, because that was the easiest strand to pick up, and because "there was plenty of amusement" to be got out of it. Now one may amuse oneself with a theory which one holds in all sincerity; but fun of that

sort has a way of running into irony or sarcasm, and so one may detect in this first essay the germ of Butler's later manner. He was ever prone to make fun, and sometimes a very strange sort of fun, when he was most in earnest.

It is clear that Butler was both attracted and teased by Darwin's great work, and that he did not rest with his first impression. Two years later, having meanwhile returned to England, he sent another letter to the Canterbury *Press*, which he entitled *Lucubratio Ebria* and signed with a different name. "It is a mistake, then," he says in this second letter, "to take the view adopted by a previous correspondent of this paper." His thesis now is that machines are really an extension, so to speak, of a man's limbs, of the tools, that is to say, which the mind invents in its progress towards a higher organization; as such the development of machinery is the measure of an inner growth and need not be feared.

As yet, apparently, the fun of the thing was still uppermost in Butler's mind. He put the two essays together as *The Book of the Machines* and wrote his Utopian romance about them without feeling any serious discordance in the points of view, and could even send the volume to Darwin with an assurance of his loyalty. But the rift was already there. As he continued to reflect on the matter, the significance of the second point of view took on more importance and he began to see its scientific implications. Out of these reflections grew his book on *Life and Habit* (1877), in which he first, frankly and definitely, announced himself as a champion of the teleological theory of evolution against the mechanistic principles of the ultra-Darwinians.

But our concern now is with the fact that in the latest, revised edition of *Erewhon* the two essays on machines, though much enriched and enlarged in the process of revision, still lie side by side, with no word to tell the reader which of the two represents the author's real views.

The result is piquant to say the least. In one chapter the dread of machines, as they have been developed to a state of almost independent consciousness, is expressed with a depth of conviction that can leave no doubt of the author's sincerity. Here he speaks as a Darwinian *à outrance*, but as a Darwinian filled with loathing for the spectres conjured up by his own science. Yet turn a few pages, and you will find machines glorified "as a part of man's own physical nature," the instruments by which alone he advances in "all those habits of mind which most elevate [him] above the lower animals":

> Thus civilization and mechanical progress advanced hand in hand, each developing and being delevoped by the other, the earliest accidental use of the stick having set the ball rolling, and the prospect of advantage keeping it in motion. In fact, machines ought to be regarded as the mode of development by which human organism is now especially advancing, every fast invention being an addition to the resources of the human body.

What is one to make of this flagrant contradiction? I might answer by asking what one is to make of the contradictions of life. It is true that the progress of civilization seems to be coincident with mechanical invention. We believe that; and yet can any one look at the state of the world to-day, at the monotony of lives that have been enslaved to machinery, at the distaste for work and the unrest of the worker that have arisen partly as a consequence of this subservience, can any one seriously contemplate the growing materialism of modern life, its dependence for pleasure on the whirl of wheels and the dance of images, with its physical distraction and its lessening care for the quiet and ideal delights of the intellect, — can any one see these things and not feel a stirring of something like terror in the soul at the tyranny of the creatures we have evoked from the soulless forces of nature? Life is a dilemma, and only the fool thinks it is simple. In the *Book of the Machines*

one of its enigmas is presented with a keenness of observation and a cogency of style that must give the author a high place among the philosophical writers of the age.

However Butler may have been disposed towards the evolution of machines, the Erewhonians themselves chose to see in them a menace to humanity, and decreed that they should be ruthlessly destroyed. *Erewhon* is thus the story of a people who are living backwards, so to speak, of a country seen through the looking-glass and conceived in the spirit of irony. There is no doubt of this intention, you will feel it on every page of his romance; only, and this is the tantalizing spell of the book, it is not always easy to guess against whom the irony is directed. We know from Butler's statement elsewhere, not from the book itself, that the account of the Erewhonian treatment of crime as a disease to be cured in hospitals and of disease as a crime to be punished in prisons was meant to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, and that the law of *Erewhon* was commended by way of satirizing the law of England. But no sooner has the reader adjusted his mind to this form of attack than he finds himself engaged in that terrible arraigment of the Church as working through the so-called Musical Banks, where the Erewhonians themselves become the object of irony. And so the satire sways this way and that from chapter to chapter. It is all good fun, but it is mighty bewildering unless one comes to the book with a knowledge of Butler's ideas derived from other sources; and even then one does not always know on which side of the mouth to laugh — though of the laughter there is never any doubt. The fact is that irony had become a habit with Butler, and of its application he little recked. He could even believe he was ironical when in truth he was perfectly sincere; which is still more delightfully puzzling than his ambiguous application of irony.

This trait comes out in his treatment of Christianity. He had early become interested in the problem of the

Resurrection of Christ as the corner stone of the whole dogmatic edifice, his own sober conclusion apparently being that Christ did not die on the Cross, but was buried while in a trance, and afterwards appeared actually in the flesh to the disciples. His first thoughts on the question were published in a pamphlet, now quite forgotten; and late in life he wrote his *Erewhon Revisited*, which is nothing less than an elaborate and vicious satire, in rather bad taste, on the miraculous birth and the Ascension. But between these two publications comes *The Fair Haven*, as enigmatical a work as ever was penned. Here the problem of the Resurrection is discussed by a priest, who, having fallen into skepticism, finds for himself at last a haven of peace in the solution of every doubt. Now, for all that one can learn from Butler's life, the solution offered by his fictitious hero was intended to be taken ironically, and the whole treatise should be regarded as a diatribe against Christian dogma. To his friend, Miss Savage, it is "sanglant satire," and so apparently it appeared to Mr. Jones. Very well; but what really happened? The book was reviewed in several of the Evangelical periodicals of the day as perfectly orthodox, and so alert a critic as Canon Ainger sent it to a friend whom he wished to convert. And to-day a candid reader, even with full knowledge of Butler's avowed intention, is likely to close the book with an impression that, despite a note of irony that breaks through the language here and there, the argument as a whole forms a singularly powerful and convincing plea for Christianity. The hallucination theory of the Resurrection propounded by Strauss is analyzed and refuted with remorseless logic. Even the trance theory, which Butler himself was inclined to accept, is answered, briefly indeed, but plausibly. On the other side Dean Alford's half-hearted attempt to reconcile the discordant Gospel narratives of the Resurrection undergoes the same deadly analysis. But the truth of

the Resurrection, Butler then argues, is dependent on no such reconciliation of the records; in fact a divine revelation, he maintains, designed for the needs of all sorts and conditions of men ought, in the nature of the case, to present the truth in a variety of manners. Here at last one begins to feel that the satire of Christianity itself is coming out into the open, and in the Life a bit of conversation is recorded which would seem to confirm such a view. Butler is talking with the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott:

> He said to me:
> "And did you really mean none of that part seriously?"
> I said: "Certainly not; I intended it as an example of the kind of rubbish which would go down with the *Spectator*."
> Abbott said: "Well, I can only say you would have found a great many to sympathize with you, if you had meant it seriously."
> I said, rather drily: "That, I think, is exceedingly probable," meaning that there was no lack of silly insincere gushers.

That has a categorical ring; yet in an article (*Essays on Life, Art, and Science*, p. 137) published in the *Universal Review* four years after the date of this conversation, where there can be no possible suspicion of irony, Butler is repeating as his own this same argument for the adaptability of revelation and of the Christ-Ideal.

What can we make of all this? The key to the difficulty may be found, I think, in a sentence of his preface to *The Fair Haven:* "I was justified," he says, "in calling the book a defence — both as against impugners and defenders," *i. e.*, of Christianity. Butler held it his mission to "heave bricks" at two groups of eminent men: he was himself deeply immersed in science, but he nursed a magnificent grudge against the professional scientists of his day both for their bigotry and for personal reasons; and in like manner he was interested in religion and indeed always called himself a churchman of a sort, but he hated any one else who assumed that

name. And so in *The Fair Haven* he was having his fun — and powerful good fun it is — with Strauss and the scientific impugners on the one side, and with Dean Alford and his tribe of puzzled defenders on the other; he enjoyed the sport so much that he persuaded his friend and almost made himself believe that he was having fun also with the object impugned and defended by them. But besides the faculty of irony Butler possessed in equal measure the faculty of hard logic. And so it happened that when he came to present the case in support of Christianity any lurking intention of irony was soon swallowed up in the pure delight of building up a constructive argument such as the professional champions of the Church, in his opinion, had quite failed to offer. He was helped in this by his firm belief that of the two the professors of science were a more bigoted and dangerous class than the professors of religion.

In this union of logic with irony Butler belongs with Huxley and Matthew Arnold, as he is their peer in the mastery of a superbly clear and idiomatic English style. He differs from them in that he possessed also a certain gnomelike impudence of fancy which led him into strange ambiguities and throws a veil of seeming irresponsibility over much, not all, of his writing. Readers who are not made uneasy by this remarkable combination of qualities, and who have no fear for their own heads where brickbats are flying, will find in him one of the most fascinating authors of the Victorian age. Only, perhaps, a word of caution should be uttered in regard to Butler's one regular novel, *The Way of All Flesh*. There is no irony here, but the bludgeoning of a direct and brutal sarcasm; he is no longer our Victorian Swift of *A Tale of a Tub* or of *Laputa*, but a voyager to the land of the Yahoos. It is a powerful book, even a great book in a way; but it is bitter, malignant, base, dishonorable, and dishonest. Unfortunately, to the smudged and smeared minds of a Bernard Shaw and a Gilbert Cannan it appeals as

Butler's masterpiece, and much of his fame, so far as he is known to the general public, derives from Shaw's eulogy of this one work. That is a pity, in my judgment; for the true Butler, perhaps I should say the finer Butler, is not there, but in the books where irony plays waywardly backwards and forwards through a network of subtle logic.

PAUL ELMER MORE.

THRENODY

ON an evening of black snow
I walked along the causeway,
Wishing that I too might melt
Between the agitated fingers
Of a stuttering, intolerable sea.

AMY LOWELL.

EARLY ANTICIPATIONS OF PRISON REFORM

RECENT years have brought prison reform into general view. Thomas Mott Osborne, as a voluntary prisoner at Auburn in 1913, and as the insurgent and independently wealthy warden of Sing Sing in 1915 and 1916, made prison administration a problem intensely interesting and of national scope. The Mutual Welfare Leagues at Auburn and Sing Sing were heralded as the revolutionary emancipation of the prisoner from the bonds of a century of repressive, punitive and depressing routine.

In the last decade other American wardens have come into justified prominence as daring innovators. Tynan in Colorado trusted — successfully — scores of convicts scores of miles away from the prison, on road-building. Homer at Great Meadow, New York, successfully dared to administer a new State prison without walls, and developed an amazing honor system. Prison farms have sprung up all over, and it is probable that there are now over 200,000 acres of prison property in this country under cultivation.

We have believed we were living in a new age in prison reform. We have talked of the "new penology." We have shown a pardonable pride in having evolved a treatment of the individual prisoner that recognized his human and social possibilities. And so forth. The phraseology, although but a few years old, is already traveling in well-worn grooves. But despite much that is novel in these innovations, most of them had forerunners in the earliest days of American prison reform. These, however, soon failed in the race against hide-bound traditions, and after a few years became "dead-ends." Many of them were

hardly recognized, even at the time of their trial, as of social significance, and most of them were forgotten a half-century ago. But today they appear extraordinarily enlightened, in an era that was hardly a man's lifetime from the sanguinary tortures and capital punishments of our pre-Revolutionary days.

When an experiment of the present repeats a failure of the past, it may prove either a recurrence of a fallacy, or a persistence of ideas too strong to stay suppressed. There is little room for doubt to which class those early attempts at reform belong.

The development of an American prison system was no untroubled task. The Quakers of Pennsylvania undertook the initial effort between 1776 and 1790. They had as a guide and inspiration the splendid tradition of William Penn, "whose elevated mind," as William Bradford wrote, "rose above the errors and prejudices of his age, like a mountain whose summit is enlightened by the first beams of the sun, while the plains are still covered with mists and darkness." At the very outset, Penn brought from England and the Dutch work-houses that he had visited, the penological principle that in each county there should be a workhouse, and that hard labor should supersede idleness, while corporal punishments should take the place of capital punishments. Two hundred and forty years later, in American county jails, we have arrived only in exceptional instances at a following of Penn's sound doctrine. Capital punishments have gone by the board, indeed, save for murder; but the idleness and debauchery of the county jail continues.

The Quakers abhorred the letting of blood, and tolerated corporal punishment as only less evil than capital punishment. In the year of Penn's death, 1718, the sanguinary laws providing capital punishment for twelve felonies were restored, although "it did not appear that during the interval Pennsylvania was the theatre of more

atrocious crimes than other States" with more sanguinary laws.

In 1790, in Philadelphia, there was need of a prison system. Capital punishment had again been abolished for almost all offenses. The Quakers had again won their legislative fight, but they now bore the responsibility of furnishing a substitute for the death penalty. There had been no prison system in any Colonial State. There were no precedents to guide them, save the theories of John Howard, who was just becoming known in America. Sentences of many years' duration were embodied in the new penal code. What methods of dealing with felons should be adopted? The humanity of the new law, passed in 1786, had a "string" attached to it. Unless the new prison system, yet to be devised, should succeed within five years from its start, the law might be repealed. In short, the Society of Friends, sponsors of prison reform, had to make good.

Within five years a system, that even today would be enlightened, was in operation. So far as possible, the prisoners were housed in separate cells; the prison hummed with activity. Silence instead of vile profanity and obscenity was the order during the working day. Each prisoner was debited about 15 cents a day for board, lodgings, and his share of the tools, and he was credited with earnings dependent upon his ability and the nature of his task. Some prisoners earned more than a dollar a day, and went out from the prison with fifty dollars or more in their pockets. No corporal punishments were allowed. The guards were forbidden to use sabres, pistols or even canes. Today, the prisoners at Sing Sing earn nothing for themselves, and hardly a third of their cost to the State.

The proper perspective on this remarkable original prison system can be had only by those who know how miserably insinuating and tenacious any punitive system is. The Quakers initiated a system for industry and rec-

lamation, not for punishment and torture. And also, in these first years, there were even manifestations of an honor system and of self-government — supposed nowadays to be of our own period.

In 1793, when yellow fever came to Philadelphia, and volunteers at the Bush Hill Hospital were needed to replace those who had died or fled, the call went down to the prison for help. And prisoners went up, without guard, to take the places beside the beds. They acquitted themselves well, none leaving until the need of farther service was over, and when all were ready to go back to the prison. One of the convicts subsequently married an attendant he had met at the hospital. Another convict, imprisoned for robbery, was used alone, for the transportation of provisions from the city to the hospital, a couple of miles from town, returning ultimately to the prison. Soon afterwards he received a pardon.

Even a modified self-government system was developed by the convicts, many of whom were housed at night in large dormitories.

One of the principal regulations relative to cleanliness was that no one should spit elsewhere than in the chimney. The punishment was simply an exclusion of the convict from the society and conversation of his fellow convicts.

"And this is found to be sufficient," said the chronicler, who in 1796 proclaimed this prison one of the wonders of the world. But, other times, other customs; the prison population increased, the governing board changed, and within ten years the prison was no longer a model, and later reverted to the promiscuousness and debauchery of the local jail it had superseded.

We have spoken of a primitive manifestation of self-government among adults. It was, however, in Boston in the period from 1828 to 1833 that at the juvenile House of Reformation, founded in 1826, a most surprising development of self-government occurred. In the earliest

prison system, like that of Philadelphia, children and adults were committed to the same State prison, and not separated. A deplorable situation followed, but not until the "twenties" of the nineteenth century were established separate institutions, like the House of Refuge in New York and the Boston House of Reformation, wherein children might be educated for life, and not doomed to moral and often physical death.

Here again, was the call for a new system of correctional treatment. How should the children be governed? The prisons from 1820 to 1830 were undergoing a fundamental reorganization. Auburn was developing that system of perpetual silence and ever impending floggings that made that prison and its imitators famous for severity and brutality. Should the children's institutions be like Auburn?

There came to the Boston House of Reformation a young chaplain, the Reverend E. M. P. Wells. While a student at Brown University, he had been called upon by the faculty to divulge the names of those students who had engaged in a college prank of some seriousness and magnitude. On his refusal to "snitch" on his mates, he was expelled, although he had not himself taken part in the affair. Many years afterwards he received his degree from Brown, perhaps in conscientious atonement.

Here was Wells' philosophy about "bad boyhood." If it sounds sensible to us today, we must nevertheless remember that it emanated from an era that loved the theory of total depravity, and punished accordingly, and that it was said about boys that were being sent to the Boston House of Reformation instead of to State prison.

> Most people imagine, when they see or hear of bad boys, that they are a worse kind of boys, worse by nature than others. If my observation be of any value on this subject, it is not so; for though at first there be strong sproutings of evil principle and passion to be lopped off, we often find him as good a stock, and as rich a soil, as in other cases. . . However bad a boy may

be, he can always be reformed while he is under fifteen years of age, and very often after that age; and he who has been reckoned and treated as if he were incapable of anything like honesty and honor, may be worth the most entire confidence. . . We live happily (at the House of Reformation) as a family of brethren, cheerful, happy, confiding, and, I trust, to a greater or less degree pious.

Wells inaugurated a government *by* the children, for the children. They participated, by their votes, in the important affairs of the institution that related to their conduct and their mutual relations. By their vote, one after the other of the instruments of physical punishment were abandoned, until at last, on their promise to make its use unnecessary, the ferule was broken across the knee of Mr. Wells. The children, according to de Beaumont and de Toqueville, who visited the institution in the early thirties, were treated by the superintendent as though they were members of a free society. Nobody in the House could be punished for a fault not provided for by divine law, or by the laws of the country, or of the House itself. No boy was allowed to "tell on" another boy unless he was clearly conscientious in doing so. Nobody should be punished for a fault sincerely avowed.

But that was only part of the "republic" idea, as de Beaumont and de Toqueville named it. A book of conduct was kept, in which each child had his account of good and bad marks. At the close of the day, each young inmate, at the evening assembly, was called upon to judge himself, and to assign his own marks of merit or demerit. The French observers stated that the children were prone to judge themselves more severely than they would be judged by others, and that not infrequently the marks had to be corrected. Moreover, a jury of twelve little citizens sat upon all cases of immorality or other offenses. The children also elected their own monitors, and "nothing was more serious than the manner in which these electors and jurymen discharged their function."

Children whose conduct was good enjoyed great privileges. The possibilities of rewards and deprivations were embodied in six grades: three "mal grades" and three "bon grades." The extremes of treatment were, in the lowest "mal grade," solitary confinement, diet of bread and water, or the "visor" (a blindfolding cap), and in the highest "bon grade" such privileges as going walking and swimming without monitors, carrying the important keys of the house, leaving the school room without permission, election to highest offices, etc. There was worked out an ingenious division of periods of time necessarily passed within the different grades, whereby it was quite possible, after having been reduced to the two lowest "mal grades," to get out of them again by good conduct during a minimum of one day, while the achievement of getting into the highest grades was much more prolonged and difficult.

In short, Mr. Wells placed responsibility for advancement or punishment upon the children themselves, and he also gave them the exquisite pleasures of sitting in judgment— a principle that Mr. William R. George, from seventy to eighty years later, worked out so finely in the Junior Republic at Freeville, New York. The Boston House of Reformation was to a considerable extent a republic of children. The youthful inmates had even the power of receiving or declining to receive the newcomer, recently committed by the police or municipal court. After the customary bath, physical examination, and the like, the child was introduced to the other lads, and, if he could read, received a copy of the "laws." He was then placed in the second or third "mal grade," where he remained for a week on probation. If his conduct was good during that time, it was so reported to the boys, and a vote was taken as to whether he should be received into the community.

We cannot tarry longer in the contemplation of this earliest of juvenile republics. Its analogies to the George

Junior Republic and to Sing Sing's Mutual Welfare League stand out conspicuously. But the analogy goes further. At Sing Sing Mr. Osborne alarmed even his friends by the lengths to which he carried the League. It was unsystematic, confused, personal, and gave rise to abuses as well as to great individual and collective succcesses. The development of the inmates' social conscience and responsibilities to each other seemed to Mr. Osborne the chief aim of prison discipline. And when ultimately it was clear to him that his theories could no be longer accepted by the superior authorities, he resigned.

Mr. Wells, however, some ninety years before had a similar, though far less agitated experience. In 1832, a committee of the Boston common council investigated the House of Reformation. They found the devotional exercises good, but the discipline poor. The superintendent said, in explanation, that the *mechanical* part of education, such as reading, writing and arithmetic, held in his opinion the lowest place among the purposes of the House of Reformation. The committee found also that poor returns were being had from the industries, the children earning little toward their keep. In the opinion of the city fathers, the institution was intended to be one of rigorous moral and physical discipline. It had "convertible practical utility for its object, and not *recreation* and *show*."

A break between Mr. Wells and the board was inevitable. When he left the House of Reformation, it was to found a private school for boys in South Boston, where the House of Reformation was also located. In that unique institution, the only one of its kind in America, according to the Prussian Dr. Julius, his curriculum was expanded to give 4½ hours to play and to supervised gymnastics, 4½ hours to school, and one hour to "quiet occupations." And here he passes out of the field of correctional effort.

Wells instituted at the Boston House of Reformation

what could be called "government by personality." De Beaumont and de Toqueville stated that it was not the system that was the cause of success, but the remarkable man at the head of it. If the superintendent were inefficient there would be great difficulties in putting such an administration into execution. For that reason they preferred an administration with more system, for one could not often hope to meet a man like Mr. Wells. The same argument has been repeatedly used by conservative worriers about penal innovations. Obermaier, the warden of a noted prison in Bavaria, attended the first international prison congress ever called, which met at Frankfort on the Main in 1846. The conference devoted itself entirely to a discussion of the relative merits, for European application, of the Auburn system of perpetual silence, or the Pennsylvania system of perpetual separation of each prisoner from others. Obermaier, called upon to speak, refused to discuss the question, because he governed his prison by personality, allowing conversation and a certain amount of fellowship.

In one instance, when a fire had broken out near the prison, and the fire department had failed to respond, Obermaier called upon two hundred of his inmates, including several "life-termers," to rush outside the prison walls, form a bucket brigade, and put out the fire—which they did; after which they all returned to prison. He could not have much sympathy with theories of perpetual sequestration. Nevertheless, the delegates to the congress, representing the chief European nations, calmly dismissed the challenge given by Obermaier, by the simple statement that since it would be impossible for anybody but Obermaier to conduct a prison upon such principles, the question was still before them for settlement, there being no future Obermaiers in training.

Yet a leading feature of the prison history of the nineteenth century in America has been this very prominence of personality, as the controlling factor in administration.

Time and again the fact was proved that a warden wi a dominant personality could govern his prison by almo any method. Sometimes the personality wielded t sceptre of severity, as in the case of Elam Lynds, ward of Auburn from 1821 to 1825, and then warden of Sir Sing. Do we imagine that the outdoor employment prisoners in large groups is a new feature of prison manag ment? Lynds, in 1825, took one hundred of the mo desperate felons from Auburn across country to t "Great Canal," then eastward to Albany, and then b freightboat to the village of Ossining, where, witho any walls to restrain the prisoners from escaping, h built the huge bastille with its thousand cells, out of th marble which they quarried from the hillside by th Hudson. Indeed, Sing Sing had no enclosing wall f over a generation after its construction.

But this unexampled feat of prison building and c the control of a group of felons which numbered eventuall many hundreds, was accomplished not by sympathy an love, but by almost abject fear, under ever impendin brutality. Lynds had no faith in the reformation of th adult criminal. He had no conception of an honor system Riots and escapes were prevented only by absolute obedi ence to the commands of labor and silence. Guards ha full authority to flog without even reporting such punish ments to their superior officers.

Such was the "government by discipline," and Lynd was its prophet. Because he was the first of the priso wardens to be conspicuous in the newly-devised Auburn system, he established a precedent, which rapidly passe into a tradition, and conditioned the government of many American prisons. Convicts were held to be desperat and animal-like creatures, ever ready to rise and smit down their keepers. Even the name "keeper" sug gested a menagerie of wild animals.

Yet ever in this period — the period of Wells as wel as of Lynds — there were wardens who were naturally

big-hearted. At the Connecticut State prison, in Wethersfield, was Amos Pilsbury, a young and brainy executive, destined to become known throughout the prison world as a great organizer. He believed that the sense of honor of a prisoner might be reached. This belief brought him, as it had Wells, in contact with the adverse opinion of a legislative committee. For on certain occasions, shortly after the prison was built in 1827, the male convicts in Pilsbury's employ, probably as domestic servants, were permitted to go out of the prison and about the town of Wethersfield.

From Wethersfield has come one of the noted stories of the early days.

Captain Pilsbury on one occasion was told that a prisoner who had been recently committed had sworn to kill him, and that he actually had sharpened his razor for that purpose. Without hesitancy the warden sent for the man to come to his office. "I wish you to shave me," said the warden, and seating himself added, "Here is all the apparatus." The man pleaded want of skill. "Never mind," said the warden, "you are not intractable, you will soon learn, and I intend you to perform my toilet daily."

The man with trembling hands went to work; he performed the shaving poorly, for he was wholly disarmed, and was trembling more from fear, blended with growing confidence for the warden, than from the continuance of his fell purpose to take his life.

When asked the next day why he did not cut his throat when he was shaving him, the prisoner answered, "May God forgive me, but I did intend to kill you if I could have found an opportunity, but now my hatred is broken down!"

It was Amos Pilsbury who served as model and inspiration for Zebulon R. Brockway, the initiator of the Elmira system of reformatory treatment in the seventies of the nineteenth century. Brockway has recently written that "the stringent discipline maintained by the Pilsburys (there were several generations in prison work) is necessary for the desirable institutional and individual prison economies." But it is significant that many a time during

the century we find record of a warden, newly appointed proclaiming humanitarian principles. Many of them soon fell into the traditions of rigid discipline, forced thereto by what seemed to them necessity. But now and then, as in Massachusetts, in 1843, the big-hearted ness of the new warden would speak as follows:

I have long looked upon a man as a man, whether he be th occupant of a palace or a prison. The more he has erred o strayed, the more he is to be pitied. . . If I erred at all, should prefer to err on the side of kindness, clemency and hu manity. . . With the exception of three cases, the governmen of the prison since my coming has been administered withou corporal punishment. . . There is no sane convict that can not be reached by sincere and persevering affection. Men ma be governed by severity, but not reformed. . . It require more time to govern by an appeal to the affection, to reason an to conscience.

Are we not in these days prone to believe that reforma tory theories and enlightened understanding of th human qualities of prisoners, are very modern? Do w not still hail as quite "liberal" the statement that, "Afte all, the prisoner is a human being"? But the conceptio of the human-ness of the prisoner, and of his ready re action to kindness, is at least as old as John Howard, wh wrote in the later eighteenth century that

there is a way of managing some of the most desperate convict with ease to yourself, and advantage to them. Many such ar shrewd and sensible. Let them be managed with calmness yet with steadiness. Show them that you have humanity, an that you are to make them useful members of society; and le them see and hear the rules and orders of the prison, that they may be convinced that they are not defrauded in their provi sions or clothes, by contractors or jailors. When they are sick let them be treated with tenderness. Such conduct would pre vent mutiny in prisons, and attempts to escape; which I am fully persuaded are often owing to prisoners being made des perate, by the profaneness, inhumanity and ill usage of thei keepers.

It was with such spirit in his heart that the above mentioned Massachusetts warden, in 1843, developed among the convicts at the State prison at Charlestown a society for mutual aid and for moral improvement. The warden was president of the society, and any convict might belong to it by giving a formal promise to lead an orderly and virtuous life, and by taking in addition a pledge of total abstinence from liquor. The society met once a fortnight, and some previously-determined question was discussed at each meeting. To promote the objects of the society there was appointed a committee of its members consisting of the warden, chaplain, prison clerk, and six convicts, *chosen by a majority of the convicts*. "All such intercourse among the convicts as does not tend to corrupt them, produce disorder, or interrupt their labor — if in the presence of an officer — is humanizing and beneficial," wrote an ardent adherent of this liberal departure, in 1847.

That Massachusetts convict organization was a noteworthy landmark in prison progress, whether it lasted or failed. It broke the vice-like rule of silence at all times imposed by the "Auburn system." It recognized the potential value of the convict as a reasoning being. It demolished the theory that if prisoners could communicate with each other, corruption, riots, escapes and murders would follow. And, further, it recognized, in a rather primitive way, that the joining of the convicts in a mutual interest was good for discipline, and an act of justice. This society for mutual aid, the earliest that I have discovered in American prisons, was a distant forerunner of the Mutual Welfare League.

The principle of silence was unquestionably abhorrent to many sensible persons, but was practically universal in State prisons throughout the nineteenth century. The rule arose because in the demoralized prisons of a preceding period, the unrestrained liberty of communication had led to indescribable abuses and corruption. If the

prisoner was to be saved, and if order was to be preserved he must never have communication with his fellows. The perpetual silence was clearly a wholly unnatural state. Nowhere else in life could it be found save in the prison, unless in prison-like monasteries.

It followed that sometime and somewhere, in American prisons, some warden would kick over the traces. In a most dramatic way this occurred at the Massachusetts State prison on July Fourth, 1864. "At ten o'clock in the forenoon the prisoners were assembled in the chapel for the usual services. At eleven o'clock they were marched into the yard, and formed a hollow square, in the center of which was the warden. He made a short address, telling them that he proposed to give them an hour's liberty, during which they were to have the privilege of enjoying themselves in any proper way, with the simple restriction that they were not to enter the workshops nor pass behind the line of buildings." The warden, Gideon Haynes, wrote of the occasion:

> Up to this moment no one on the premises, save the deputy warden, knew my intention. For a moment all was silent. The shout that then burst from four hundred throats, the delirium of delight into which they were immediately plunged, at once relieved me of all fear as to the result. They shook hands, embraced one another, laughed, shouted, danced and cried; one of them caught up my little boy, rushed into the crowd, and I saw no more of him till the bell called them to order. . . At the first stroke of the bell, every voice was hushed; silently and quietly they fell into line in their respective divisions, and save the flush of excitement and the animated expression which flashed from the eyes of all, giving them more the appearance of the men God created in his own image than I had ever seen in that place before, they, in their usual good order, passed into their cells.

Such was one of the earliest instances of the "freedom of the yard," that has also been currently supposed to be a wholly modern institution. But we can go still further back. Mr. P. T. Miller, warden of the Missouri State

prison in the early sixties, uniformly gave the privilege of the yard to the convicts on the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. But in addition, the same privilege was frequently given on Sunday to the well behaved, and it was always observed with decorum. On the public holidays the convicts amused themselves with theatrical performances, dinner parties, and a variety of athletic diversions. Not a solitary breach of discipline, wrote the warden, occurred on these occasions.

But in the course of time, politics caused a change in the wardenship of the Missouri State prison, and the liberties became a tradition. Yet for all the sporadic nature of the freedom of the yard in Massachusetts and Missouri, there was in this remarkable liberty a direct forerunner of the recently revived practices of allowing to the inmates an hour of freedom in the yard at the end of the working day. And it is significant that, as stated, the enlightened Warden Miller, far away in Missouri, dared more than a half century ago to let his men out freely into the yard on Sunday, a privilege only within the last two or three years allowed in New York at Sing Sing, Auburn and Great Meadow.

The aim of all these early practices was not alone the temporary alleviation of the lot of the prisoners, but also the greater incentive to reformation. For let us not imagine that the idea of the *reformatory* purpose of prison discipline is new. Throughout the nineteenth century, prison reformers sought the reformation of the convicts. Adult reformatories, like Elmira, were established fully a century after the principles of penal reformation had been subjects of discussion. Juvenile reformatories, like the House of Refuge in New York, were a half century earlier than Elmira.

But "reformation," in the minds of the early philanthropists of Philadelphia, New York and Boston, connoted two different ideas. As de Beaumont and de

Toqueville clearly saw, reformation, in a literal and specific sense, meant the radical change of a wicked person into an honest man — a change that produced virtues instead of vices. "But such reformations, spiritual and all-encompassing, must be very rare," because they were nothing less than thoroughgoing religious conversions. Of a different kind of reformation, less thorough, but useful to society, there were many instances — the kind of social and industrial reformation that prisons of today seek to secure:

> Perhaps, leaving the prison, the prisoner is not an honest man; but he has contracted honest habits. He was an idler — now he knows how to work. His ignorance prevented him from pursuing a useful occupation; now he knows how to read and write; and the trade which he has learned in the prison furnishes him the means of existence which formerly he had not.
>
> Without loving virtue, he may detest the crime of which he has suffered the cruel consequences; and if he is not more virtuous, he has become at least more judicious; his morality is not honor, but interest. His religious faith is perhaps neither lively nor deep; but even supposing that religion has not touched his heart, his mind has contracted habits of order, and he possesses rules for his conduct in life.
>
> Without having a powerful religious conviction, he has acquired a taste for moral principles which religion affords; finally, if he has not become in truth better, he is at least more obedient to the laws, and that is all that society has the right to demand.

A keener analysis of the rehabilitation of the prisoner it would be hard to discover in most modern writings. Yet the above words were penned nearly ninety years ago.

Let us now, in conclusion, note one further very modern outcropping long before its time. We repeatedly hear that America has given to the world the indeterminate sentence and parole. Such statements are loose generalizations. It is true that in the working out of administrative methods, this country has made large contributions. But both indeterminate sentence and parole were broadly suggested by methods adopted in England and Ireland

from ten to twenty years before the indeterminate sentence was written into the law of New York; and yet New York gave the world the first adult reformatory. However, preceding such European influences by nearly twenty years, we find in a remote report of the physician of the New Jersey State prison in 1841, quotations from a then noted phrenologist, George Combe of Scotland, whose lectures upon moral philosophy, delivered in Edinboro in the thirties, presented visions of a penal system that have been but in part realized up to today. Combe traveled throughout a goodly part of the United States before 1840, and wrote much of his penal philosophy with American prisons in mind:

> The system of entire solitude weakens the whole nervous system. It withdraws external excitement from the animal propensities, but operates in the same manner on the organs of the moral and intellectual faculties. Social life is to these powers what an organ field is to the muscles; it is their theatre of action, and without action there can be no vigor. . . Convicts, after long confinement in solitude, shudder to encounter the turmoil of the world; they become excited as the day of liberation approaches, and feel bewildered when set at liberty. . . In short, this system is not founded on, or in harmony with, a sound knowledge of the physiology of the brain. . .

Combe thus saw clearly what, eighty years later, insurgent wardens like Osborne and Homer broke down and abolished, the abominable system of silence and repression. But Combe saw, as did these later men, that in prison training for life should come through *action*, and not through *suppression of action*.

> All American prisons that I have seen, said Combe, are lamentably deficient in arrangements for exercising the moral and intellectual faculties of their inmates. During the hours of labor, no advance can be made. After the hours of labor, he is locked in his cell, in solitude, and I doubt much if he can read, for want of light. But assuming that he can, reading is a very imperfect means of strengthening the moral powers. They must be exercised, trained, and habituated to action.

There should be a teacher of high moral and intellectual powe for every eight to ten convicts. These teachers should go t work on the convicts after the close of labor. In proportion a the prisoners give proof of moral and intellectual advancement they should be indulged with the liberty of social converse an action, for a certain time on each week day, and on Sunday, i presence of the teachers; and in these conversationes they should be trained to the use of their highest powers, and habitu ated to restrain their propensities. Every indication of over active propensity should be visited by a restriction of liberty and enjoyment.

By such means, if any, would the convicts be prepared to enter society . . . so trained as to give them a chance of re sisting temptation, and continuing in the paths of virtue. . . In no country has the idea been as yet carried into effect, that in order to produce moral fruits, it is necessary to put into action moral influences.

That criminals are sick people, and that a prison should be regarded as a hospital rather than as a torture chamber, has been a favorite statement, regarded as extremely "modern." We do not sentence hospital patients to so and so many days, but retain them indefinitely, until they are cured or at least convalescent.

But what said Combe, eighty years ago?

How should we treat criminals? They should be placed in penitentiaries, and be prevented from abusing their faculties, yet humanely treated, and permitted to enjoy comforts and as much liberty as they could sustain, without injuring themselves or their fellow men. . . If by long restraint and moral training and instruction they should ever become capable of self-guidance, they should be viewed as patients, who have recovered, and be liberated on the understanding that if they should relapse into immoral habits they should be restored to their places in the asylum.

Although Combe seems here to be speaking of the criminals classified today as moral imbeciles, it was but a step to the idea of an indeterminate confinement for prisoners, until fitted for liberty:

In view of social protection, any individual who has been convicted of infringing the criminal law should be handed over,

as a moral patient, to the managers of a well-regulated penitentiary, to be confined in it, not until he shall have endured a certain amount of suffering, equal in magnitude to what is supposed to be a fair revenge for his offense, but until such change shall have been effected in his mental attitude as may afford society a reasonable guarantee that he will not commit fresh crimes when he is set at liberty.

This course of treatment would be humanity itself, compared with the present system, while it would unspeakably benefit society. It would convert our prisons from houses of retribution and corruption into schools of reform. It would require, however, an entire change in the principles on which they are conducted.

There is far greater humanity in a sentence for a first offense that shall reform the culprit, although the offense itself may be small, and the confinement long, than in one decreeing punishment for a few days only, proportional solely to the amount of the crime.

The vision of Combe has as yet, after nearly a century, achieved but partial fruition. There are still American prisons in which his words from a forgotten past would echo today like the reverberations of a heresy to be promptly suppressed.

The campaign for sane and humane treatment of prisoners will go forward with waves of action and reaction. The innovation practiced "before its time" becomes a dead-end, and seemingly perishes. In time, successors in the field, with independent vision, knowing nothing of the prior experiments, again attempt the new. And finally there comes a time when the seed sprouts, and the period of growth and fruition ensues. The pioneers and their successors should both share in the glory, though the ancient efforts may be no longer known. And, since "there is nothing new under the sun," it will be natural that as the long-hidden struggles of old-time wardens to create a new penology come to light, their successors of the present will be glad to acknowledge their relationship to the past.

O. F. Lewis.

READING, COURTSHIP, AND JANE AUSTEN

I OWN to an intimate acquaintance with two young people whose engagement was precipitated by a book so innocent as *A Solitary Summer*. The two were occupied in the obsolete practice of reading aloud, and as the book progressed, the eternal feminine burst into such invective against a wife who could thus selfishly indulge and brazenly express a desire for self-seclusion that the eternal masculine was charmed, propounded the eternal question, and the ever-after occurred. My friends are not the first to be assisted along the primrose way by a book. Past fiction must have had many examples in life, since it gives us so many in romance. Tradition tells us that when Lady Geraldine's poet-suitor read aloud to her:

> from Browning some Pomegranate, which, if cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

the critical sympathy expressed by an imaginary lover brought a real lover to the author's feet. In bygone fiction lovers and ladies lisped in numbers, other people's usually, their own sometimes, in a manner quite lost to our prosaic age. Perhaps no novelist has made more systematic use of books and reading as a method of wafting wooers to the haven where they would be, than has Jane Austen. Tell me what you read, and I will tell you what you are, is implied to be our first demand when a character appears, and it is a curiosity deemed as legitimate as that about the bank account: for Jane Austen never keeps us in suspense about either matter; I am not sure whether she herself thought a man's books of such moment, or merely thought her public thought so, and thus humored her audience, meanwhile cherishing up her sleeve the conviction that love laughs at learning. Whether Jane Austen approves the convention or is

amused at it, certain it is that a hero must make his entrance with his library in one hand and his bank-book in the other, and while a heroine is allowed more reticence in regard to the former requirement, she, too, before the final proposal, must lay bare her mental furniture, in order that her suitor may either approve it or generously disregard it.

The practice of discussing common tastes in reading is evidently so stereotyped that it stirs Henry Tilney's impatience at "the never-ceasing inquiry of 'Have you read this?' and 'Have you read that?'" as also Elizabeth Bennet's when she cuts Darcy off sharply from this avenue to her attention by declaring, "Books, oh, no! I am sure we never read the same, or not with the same feelings." This remark was far more caustic to a partner's ear in Elizabeth's ballroom than in one of ours, for in Jane Austen society all this discussion by heroes and heroines of books and reading has just one object, the mutual revelation of man and maiden. A Jane Austen young lady always sets about this examination of the suitor-apparent's resources with enthusiasm: instance Catherine Morland's artless soundings of Henry Tilney's mental depths, and her delight at fishing up so promptly her own *Mysteries of Udolpho;* and Marianne Dashwood has taken Willoughby to her heart in a trice because he loves her favorite poets, and can declaim them so effectively: for "their taste was strikingly alike. The same books, the same passages, were idolized by each; or if any difference appeared, any objection arose, it lasted no longer than till the force of her arguments and the brightness of her eyes could be displayed." It is sly commentary on Jane Austen's part that it is usually the gentleman afterwards to become a naughty nothing in the lady's heart-history who most readily wins entrance through his brilliant display of literary tastes. He it is who passes so well that formidable test, so assiduously employed by the lady — the practice of making him read aloud while a critical family circle

gathers material for its next morning comments. Wit the exception of Edward Bertram, the gentleman c solider parts rarely wins applause by his elocution, al though his failure may be due to the perversity of th young lady's selection. When Marianne Dashwood ar raigns poor Edward Ferrars for his sorry performance her mamma replies: "He would certainly have done mor justice to simple and elegant prose. I thought so at th time, but you *would* give him Cowper."

There is more than one passage to prove that Jan Austen agreed with Mrs. Dashwood's implication i regard to poetry, but certainly her age did not agree. I the delightful days of "accomplishments," a love o poetry and an ability to quote it were among those accom plishments as exhibited both in novels and out of them We read of Catherine Morland that "from fifteen t seventeen she was in training for a heroine; she read al such works as heroines must read to supply their memory with those quotations which are so serviceable and s soothing in the vicissitudes of their eventful lives." O Louisa Musgrove and Captain Benwick it is merely stated that "of course they had fallen in love over poetry," but our iconoclastic Elizabeth speaks out all her creator's impatience when she wonders "who first discovered the efficacy of poetry in driving away love," and to Darcy's protest: "I have been used to consider poetry as the food of love," the young lady merely reiterates her conviction that "one good sonnet will starve it entirely away." One of Jane Austen's most endearing qualities is her sly amusement at the conventions of her society and her equally sly employment, if not advocacy, of those same conventions — silly little maidens to quote their tag-ends of rhyme on all occasions, yet Jane Austen lets her own heroines do so if they wish. Fragile little Fanny Price, shyest and sweetest of all her girls, bursts forth upon Mr. Rushworth: "Cut down an avenue! What a pity!

Does not it make you think of Cowper? 'Ye fallen avenues, once more I mourn your fate unmerited.'" That same Fanny cannot be homesick without the assistance of the poet's line, "With what intense desire she wants her home."

Generally speaking, the quotation is pronounced more trippingly upon the tongue of the heroine than of the hero, but he also can quote poetry if he must, and even sometimes perpetrates verse of his own in his lady's honor. Every right-mannered young man shows a laudable effort to conform to all a lady's requirements in literary tastes. Consider with what readiness they all do so, from clever Henry Tilney and naughty Willoughby, that diluted Lovelace, to the ponderous yeoman, Mr. Martin, who had been wont to confine himself to the Agricultural Reports, but who was determined, upon his Harriet's suggestion, instantly to procure *The Children of the Abbey* and *The Romance of the Forest.* Even Mr. Collins seeks by fingering the folios of Mr. Bennet's library (picture the owner's fidgets the while!) to ingratiate himself with that most penetrative of papas, and afterward with the little-less-exacting young ladies of the house by braying out Fordyce's sermons. You remember it was Mr. Bennet who invited the reverend gentleman to read aloud to the ladies, and the ladies who, at the end of three pages, retaliated by inviting him to backgammon with Mr. Bennet.

Sometimes it is the lady who must climb to the heights of the gentleman's literary requirements. When once Louisa Musgrove has responded to the Byronic sighs of Captain Benwick, she must "learn to be an enthusiast for Scott and Byron. . . The idea of Louisa Musgrove turned into a person of literary taste and sentimental reflection was amusing," but indubitable. No such transformation was necessary to Elizabeth Bennet, whose equipment in manners and in mind could fit all the

articles in Darcy's catalogue of an accomplished woman and yet add the last: "'All this she must possess,' added Darcy, 'and to all she must yet add something more substantial in the improvement of her mind by extensive reading.'"

"All this she must possess," Darcy's ideal woman and Jane Austen's, and all this Elizabeth Bennet and Anne Eliot do have, but to such discerning critics of their day and generation as Darcy and his creator, the accomplished woman must add one thing more, the ability to conceal her accomplishments. Most of all she must be able to hide her reading under a bushel. Jane Austen's day abhorred the Blue Stocking, and she was the last of authors to advise her heroines to fly in the face of convention. She was in sympathy with her age in believing a modest concealment of mind a part of maidenly propriety. She would wish a woman to read, mark, and learn to her heart's content if only she did not talk about it. In her novels a real lady really knows something, and a real gentleman appreciates the quality both of the knowledge and of the woman. When Anne Eliot at the opera modestly disparages her knowledge of Italian, her escort with gallant irony responds, "I see you know nothing of the matter. You have only knowledge enough of the language to translate at sight these inverted, transposed, curtailed Italian lines into clear, comprehensible, elegant English. You need not say anything more of your ignorance."

It is true of every man that Jane Austen exalts to herodom that the amosphere of an old English library clings to him like a fine aroma, and that, whether or not he makes knowledge a requisite in his choice of a wife, he never fails to recognize true wit and true learning in any woman.

The names of the books most frequent on the lips of conversation do not present a great variety. If you are a sighing swain like Captain Benwick, Byron and Scott

should be the poets most native to your tongue. For Anne Eliot all the most humdrum incidents of a bathing-place must jig to Byronic comment as poured into her ear by the eloquent and inconsolable young man.

The discussion of the relative merits of Scott and Byron must have done much to facilitate the wheels of courtship. With such promptness do the youngsters fall upon this field, that it must have been generally accorded to be their particular pasture. There is a notable absence of certain other lyric voices that were warbling just then. Although the blasts of Marmion are blowing out of Scotland, the rustic piping of Burns penetrates no Austen drawing-room. Although Marianne Dashwood tumbles Pope from his pedestal, she exalts no Wordsworth to that vacant perch. It seems to me a cruelty of deprivation that Marianne Dashwood had never read "The Ancient Mariner." If she had read it, of course she would have said something about it; Marianne Dashwood always "said something about it."

Scott and Byron are a gentleman's prerogative. Cowper is the poet for ladies: they fly to him for succor and support in every emotional crisis, and he hands them out a quotation pat as if it came from a kindly pocketful of lollypops. Cowper's gentle sentiment tinkles from Jane Austen's pages as constantly as the mild clatter of the tea cups and the cake-plate.

Of all the poets one meets in the Austen novels, Byron and Scott, Cowper and Crabbe, Milton, Pope and Prior, the name most permeating is Shakespeare. Yet, whatever may have been her inmost opinion of Shakespeare or of any humbler poet, certain it is that she is a very Spartan brushing poetry over to the soft side of life. For her probably the frivolity of sentimental quotation had shorn much dignity from verse. She has always her little slur for poetry, always her advocacy of prose as healthier food for youthful appetites, — and a prose that was solid enough, dear knows, as when Anne Eliot recommended to

the suffering Benwick "such works of our best novelists such collections of the finest letters, such memoirs o characters of worth and suffering as occurred to her at the moment as calculated to rouse and fortify the mind."

Apart from poetry, the literature to which a girl o Jane Austen's time seemed most hungrily to turn was the Radcliffian romance of the day, to which we owe that most sunny of satires, Northanger Abbey. There must have been a great many Catherine Morlands in England in that day — bless the dear little geese! Yet however trenchantly our author may satirize the romance and the romance-readers of her time, the hottest invective at her command tumbles forth whenever she meets the tendency of contemporary judgment to condemn all novels to the frivolous consumption of the very young and the very feminine. The taste of the time decried novel-reading especially, as an unmanly pursuit. A tactful young woman therefore knew enough to keep her novels to herself, and whatever else she essayed, not to sound her young man about them. If she did so sound him, she might be snubbed by any young blade's replying: "Novels are so full of nonsense and stuff: there has not been a tolerably decent one come out since Tom Jones, except the Monk." Henry Tilney, to Catherine's surprise and Jane Austen's delight, stands up for novel-reading like a man and a gentleman, and Jane Austen herself, speaking forth in her own person with irrepressible resentment, replies to those who dismiss a book as "only a novel" — "Only some book in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humor are conveyed to the world in the best-chosen language."

In spite of this eulogium she does not allow any novels to her heroines when they are suffering, as somewhere in their history they always do suffer, from seeming neglect

at the hands of their heart's selected one. This discussion of books, and men and maidens would be incomplete without reference to the application of books as a remedial plaster for a lady's aching heart. Toward the luxury of such loneliness Miss Austen, however, is Spartan still, — poor little Fanny has to grin and bear it on a diet of Lord Macartney's *China*. What it was that Marianne Dashwood prescribed to herself as a curative course of reading, we are not told, but whatever it was, she insisted on taking it in doses of six hours a day.

Is Jane Austen sincere in recommending reading as a cure-all in this distressing disease, desertion? Or is she laughing up her sleeve? I'm not always sure about Jane. Does she really think mutual tastes in reading are an earnest of the security of comradeship in man and wife? Or is she just laughing at the youngsters, and at their pranking up in literary tatters to please each other? And as to this last, the efficacy of reading to ease the lovelorn heart, does she mean it? You can't tell: the course of treatment is never long enough for proof, because in Jane Austen it is never very long before the right woman gets the right man anyway.

Winifred Kirkland.

THE FIRST FEMINIST

OUR faithful Ford was stopped with a jerk tha nearly threw me from my seat. With my friend the Red Cross Major, I was a new arrival at Jerusalem and I had not yet acquired the technique of motoring i Palestine. Our guide, Miss Lee, had travelled this roa so often that she took the sudden halt as a matter c course; but the Arab chauffeur, Mohammed, sounded hi horn viciously, and leaning around the edge of the wind shield, shouted most profanely, after the manner of th heathen, at a sleepy shepherd whose crowded flock fille every foot of the road. "To hurry is of the devil" sa the Arabs, and this proverb has become a rule of life in th Near East. We waited by the Tombs of the Kings unt the Bedouin and his two lads had forced a narrow passag through the sheep, and we crawled past them. Onc clear of the flock, we overtook a camel train; we dodged string of donkeys and found ourselves crossing the lov ground where the valley of Jehosaphat begins. We wer climbing now, and at the first white cross road we swun away to the north, leaving behind us the white track tha runs along the crest of the Mount of Olives to the Vic toria Stiftung, that monument of German vulgarity an ambition, now the home of the Occupied Enemy Terri tory Administration. Gleaming in the sunlight, it domi nated Jerusalem with its lofty, square-set tower and it fortress-like walls, in which the statue of the Kaiser, i the armor of a crusader, and that of his Empress — tall slender, in the robes of a vestal — watch undisturbed th inspiring spectacle of British officers governing Palestine from the palatial building so thoughtfully erected for them by German funds.

I knew from a study of guide books that we were on Mount Scopus, where the High Priest met Alexander the

Great and persuaded him to spare the Temple and the city; where the famous tenth legion encamped when Titus captured Jerusalem. Our road led to Bethel, to Nablus (the ancient Shechem); surely every hill and town about us must be famous in Jewish legend and history. "That hill to the right, about a mile ahead of us, is Tel el Foul, where Gibeah stood." "Who was Gibeah and why did he stand there?" asked the Red Cross Major, who was no son of the manse, and who could pass a better examination on the stories in the *Saturday Evening Post* than on the tales of the Old Testament. "Gibeah," answered our guide, "was the city of Benjamin where Saul was born, and in which he had his palace. Somewhere on that hill David played the harp before him, and dodged the king's javelin. Long before that, the whole tribe of Benjamin was practically wiped out there; the few survivors took refuge at Rock Rimmon some five miles further on." Suddenly the name of Gibeah brought back to memory that terrible story of lust and retribution with which the book of Judges closes; small wonder that the idyll of Ruth is placed directly after it to relieve the mind sickened by one of the most brutal and savage episodes in the Bible. We had come to the hill — bare, rocky, deserted by man and beast, even by the goats that find pasturage where no blade of grass can be seen. Somewhere on that hill stood the house by whose threshold the Levite found his murdered wife, her arms stretched towards the door, and through this country he passed, bearing her body and seeking vengeance. Against that hill marched the tribes of Israel to blot the guilty town from the face of the earth; down its slopes came its seven hundred defenders, left-handed men who could sling stones at a hair's breadth and not miss. Their skill availed little; Gibeah was burned to the ground and no quarter was given.

Our Ford pushed steadily onward, and the hill, with its tragic memories, disappeared. "That mountain far

on the left, the highest of all peaks near Jerusalem, Nebi Samwil, where they say Samuel was born," sai Miss Lee. "The crusaders called it Mons Gaudium be cause they caught from it their first view of Jerusalem There was some hard hand to hand fighting on its cres when the British took it last year." To the right of th road we came upon a few squalid houses packed together the low, square, prison-like homes of the Arabs. "Tha is Rama where Samuel lived and was buried. A few miles over there, Jonathan and his armor bearer scale the crags that led to the Philistine stronghold, and kille twenty of the enemy." "We can't get away from war even in the Holy Land," I remarked. "Certainly we can," replied Miss Lee. "Do you see that hill beyond us to the left? That is the hill of Deborah, where she sa under her palm tree and judged Israel." "But there's no palm tree in sight," objected the major. "That was some time ago," rejoined Miss Lee, "and at least there's a spring at the top of the hill and palm trees generally grow by springs."

The hill looked like many another one in Palestine. Stone walls, running up its sides, showed that for all its rocks and boulders it was considered property worth claiming; on its south slopes were wheat fields and at its foot, near the road, was a stone farm house. "There's a fine view of the Mediterranean from the top," said Miss Lee, "but we haven't time to climb there. Undoubtedly Deborah and her husband" — "Wait," I protested, "a woman like Deborah never could have had a husband; she had a career instead." "She *had* a husband," retorted Miss Lee, "his name was Lappidoth, and that's all any one knows about him."

Lappidoth! Though fairly well acquainted with the Bible, I never had heard that name before. I doubt whether your clergyman knows it; it's ten to one he will tell you that Deborah was a spinster. Lappidoth! The very word is like a knell; it has an elegiac sound; there is

the essence of tragedy in its musical beginning and harsh ending. As I looked at the hill, the Benjaminites, Saul and Samuel, David and Jonathan, the armies of the crusaders were all forgotten, and I saw in imagination a lonely man crushed to earth, reduced to a mere name by a woman. Deborah judged Israel; it was to a woman that the tribes came from all parts of the promised land. Our Ford hurdled a pile of stones with such unusual violence that my reverie was broken. I looked at the road, and saw three wayfarers, a man and two women, travelling to Jerusalem. The women, evidently the wife and her mother, were trudging along with bare feet on a highway where were more stones than earth. They carried on their heads loads that would tire a stout back; while the man, seated far aft on a diminutive donkey, had no greater burden than a small switch, and was concerned only in keeping his legs from the ground. In that same fashion men lorded it over women in the days of Lappidoth, yet it was Deborah the Judge who rode, and the husband who walked. What days of humiliation he must have spent as the world pushed its way to his wife's palm tree, paying no heed to him! If perchance a stranger stopped to greet him, to praise his lands and flocks, to ask his council or to proffer friendship, Lappidoth knew it was all a mockery; for at the end the stranger would say: "Lappidoth, now I perceive thou art a wise man. I pray thee, remember that I have a cause to plead before Deborah at the new moon, wherefore I entreat thee to speak privily to her that I may have my fields again." Once more the old crushed look would come into his face, and for the thousandth time he must explain that Deborah's judgments were her own unaided decision: he was merely her husband.

It must have been torture to live with her, yet it was impossible to escape, when the very army was under her control. In the great battle against the Canaanites, Barak, the Israelite general, took from her his orders for

mobilization, for establishing his headquarters at Mou
Tabor, and even the hour for beginning his attack. I
deed, so completely does she dominate this soldier that
accepted the high command on the condition that Debor
should go to the front; and where she went, the supre
command went also. "I will go," she told him, but add
characteristically that all the honor of the approachi
victory would be given to a woman. Plainly the guidi
thought in Deborah's life was the innate superiority
woman over man; she was a fanatical feminist, and h
immortal song, if read aright, is essentially a pæan ov
man's utter defeat. Sisera, the fugitive leader of t
Canaanites, sought shelter in the tent of Jael, and f
asleep there; but in the triumphant words of Debora
Jael had no mercy for the helpless soldier:

She put her hand to the tent pin,
And her right hand to the workman's hammer;
And with the hammer she smote Sisera; she smote throu
his head.
At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay;
At her feet he bowed, he fell;
Where he bowed, there he fell down dead.

What chance had Lappidoth against a woman who wro
like that? As little as the worn out Sisera had against Jae

Naturally there is no mention of Lappidoth in h
wife's song; it is not even dedicated to "My severest y
kindliest critic." Deborah's name occurs in it sever
times, and as she put it there, it is always mentioned
her advantage from the invocation to herself:

Awake, awake Deborah,
Awake, awake, utter a song

to the proud boast:

The rulers ceased in Israel, they ceased
Until that I, Deborah, arose.

* * * * * * * *

The princes of Issachar were with Deborah;
As was Issachar, so was Barak.

The princes could not resist; they had to follow. Woe to any who opposed her; they were either pilloried in her song, as was the tribe of Dan, or roundly cursed, as were the inhabitants of Meroz. Against a woman who could sing, judge and fight, mere man was helpless. Yet there must have come in the life of Lappidoth a supreme crisis, one awful moment when he revolted and demanded a share in the government of his home and in the rule of Israel. At that fateful hour Deborah hummed a stanza of her song, and from the folds of her judge's robe dropped, as if by accident, a small round piece of wood the sight of which caused Lappidoth to falter suddenly in his rebellious speech, to bow his head and leave her presence, forever defeated. Deborah had dropped a tent pin.

Now that the Turk has been driven out of Palestine, there will come the romance of excavation. It is useless to dig for buried treasure on Deborah's hill; yet surely on its crest there should be erected a simple cairn for Lappidoth. The expense would be but small; and were it great, once his story is understood there will be found in every city hundreds of men who would gladly contribute — anonymously — to a memorial for him. The stones for it are close at hand, all over the hill. They need only to be brought together, and on the lowest boulder should be placed a bronze tablet bearing this simple inscription in letters deeply depressed, as was his nature:

Here once lived Lappidoth.
He was DEBORAH'S husband.

Edward Bliss Reed.

THE SAGE OF SHADY HILL

WITH the appearance of William James' letter there has been a revived interest in the family o Charles Eliot Norton which makes timely the publicatio of some reminiscences of that man whose influence o American culture was of such great importance.

I remember Professor Norton as the one among all m teachers — in college and out — who influenced me most When I was an undergraduate at Harvard I had taken hi course in Fine Arts without coming to know him, or ever divining the culture which he embodied. He was occasion ally to be seen walking across the Yard, a short, spar man dressed always in a black coat and wearing a black tie, with his head, even at the age of fifty, somewha bent. Depressing stories were circulated among us — that he had never recovered from the blow of his wife's death and that he had lost his belief in immortality. On the other hand, there were members of the Art Club, over which he presided, who told me that the "Father" as they called him, was a most genial chairman at their meetings and club dinners. Evidently I did nothing to attract his attention for my year's mark in Fine Arts was only 68. In his course in Dante's *Divina Comedia* I seem to have done better, for he gave me 88.

After graduating I spent four years on a Philadelphia newspaper and then went back to Cambridge for a graduate year. Professor Norton was the first object of my intellectual quest. I chose two of his courses in Fine Arts, in one of which he covered Ancient Greece and the other Italy through the Renaissance. The course in Fine Arts IV was the most important given in modern days at Harvard. Mr. Norton did not limit his work merely to giving information. His excellence lay in the fact that he interpreted and inspired, proving afresh that not the subject

but the man is of unique value in teaching. There were probably 250 students in his classroom, with not more than one in five who had the slightest notion of what Fine Arts meant, and probably not more than one in fifty had practiced the rudiments of drawing or painting. Many of them took the course because it was regarded as a "snap." Those who had been to Europe and had hastily skimmed the galleries and the churches in the conventional way had no more idea of what those products of the human imagination stood for than the child who passes before cages at a menagerie understands how the orders and families and species of the animal kingdom are related. Nevertheless, in the course of a few weeks Mr. Norton had aroused the interest of most of the class. He would describe the building of the Cathedral at Florence or of St. Mark's at Venice, and then he would ask us to observe the conditions under which buildings to-day were being put up. Few of the fellows had given a thought to the evil tendencies of industrialism. In the Middle Ages the community was the builder; to-day the building is ordered by the story or the acre, and the workmen who erect have no more interest in their labor than the extraction from their employer of the highest possible pay.

In like fashion, Norton brought home the significance of modern practices in athletic competitions. At that time colossal silver loving cups and vases, hideous in design, were awarded the victors, their ugliness palliated by their costliness. Mr. Norton would remind us that the Greeks gave no ostentatious trophies but simply a sprig of laurel or a wreath, honor being the real reward. His teachings, torn from their context cannot possibly make upon readers the impression they made on his hearers. You felt that he was not there to utter passing opinions but that his slowly chosen words usually spoken without notes spoke the truth, and that he would speak it regardless of popularity. His opinions were himself, the logical

product of his character and deepest convictions. As sat at his desk in the large room in Sever Hall he eas commanded the attention of the varied group before hi Some were grinds, conscientious in taking notes, oth were athletes and clubmen, others downright loafe Once or twice when someone glanced surreptitiously yesterday's baseball scores in the morning *Herald*, M Norton paused in his lecture to say: "Will the gentlem who finds his newspaper more profitable than my lectu please go outside where he can read it without interru tion?" Who but a hardened sinner could hear those wor applied to him without wishing the floor would open a swallow him? This incident illustrates Mr. Norton feeling that it was a part of a professor's duties to insi on the observance of the proprieties. He combined in h look and manner seriousness and benignity, yet he fou it easy to smile when occasion prompted.

That was the period when the good at the heart of th Pre-Raphaelite movement had gone to seed, and i belated followers were indulging in affectation and e travagance. If any student who elected Mr. Norton courses in Fine Arts supposed it had anything to do wit those absurdities, he was quickly undeceived and learne that culture instead of being a pose, assumed by clev decadents, was the rarest attribute which could spring fro the combination of intellectual and moral cultivation. Th common idea that Norton was a disciple of Ruskin ha more foundation. No one else had so revealed to hi the importance of the fine arts as social and moral regi ters of an epoch or of a people. I think he must have en joyed the glow and sweep of some of Ruskin's page but he was a classicist, and even in his admiration fo Ruskin, he had his reserves.

Whatever may have been his enthusiasm for the Rus kinian view of art in his earlier days, during the last thirt years of his life he had reached equilibrium. He under stood Ruskin's limitations but clung loyally to the invalu

able truths and suggestions which Ruskin proclaimed. Norton did not deny that, in general, certain stages in the development of art spring from certain *milieux*, but knowing that some free play must be allowed to individuality he took care not to make the limitations too rigid.

In my memory of Mr. Norton two traits stand out — the urbanity of his manner, and the poise of his intellect. I never saw him surprised out of politeness or heard him speak a hasty opinion. It had become an instinct with him to express his thoughts carefully. Some of the artists who were jumping at a bound to the zenith of immortality as they thought, by insisting that true art comes not by imitation but by sincerity, pretended to scoff at him as a purist or doctrinaire, or belated Hellenist; but the wise among them, including some of the men who were to lead the next generation, took heed.

Very early in the autumn of my post-graduate year I came to know Mr. Norton personally by asking questions after the lecture, a proceeding regarded with suspicion in an undergraduate. But an older man, a graduate, might confer with a professor as much as he chose without being suspected of taking an unfair advantage. In our brief talks Mr. Norton was so sympathetic that I was emboldened to submit to him a little volume of poems I had printed under the title of *The Confessions of Hermes* the year before. A couple of days later there came from Shady Hill the following letter which seems to me a perfect specimen of the sort of encouragement a master in criticism should write to a beginner in literature.

"Shady Hill, Cambridge,
"15 November, 1885.

"Dear Mr. Thayer,

"A year ago this last summer I saw the *Confessions of Hermes* lying on Mr. Curtis's table at Ashfield. I took it up more than once and read enough in the volume to

become interested in it and its author. Mr. Curtis cou
not tell me who the author was but agrees with
in my estimate of the unusual promise given by t
poems.

"It was therefore, with especial pleasure, and w
pleasant surprise, that I received your gift two days a
Since then I have read all the poems anew, and my fi
impression is confirmed and heightened.

"They are the work of a poet, — and this is to say t
best that can be said of any poems. I have used the wo
'promise' with intention, for they indicate that if y
live you may go far and may do what shall be permane
and precious. They bear the desirable impress of yout
As yet, if I am right, you have not attained your full no
I read your masters as well as yourself in them, and y
give evidence of character that shall make you a mast
in turn. I should have much to say to you in talk, b
written words fail always in the expression of proporti
and relation in sympathy and judgment. I am willing
trust you so far as to make two suggestions — one, th
you should aim at concreteness in the subject of yo
verse; the other that you should study perfection of for
in order thereby to give true expression to your own pe
sonality as an artist. One word more — reject all but yo
best; the poet is surest of reaching his end who burde
himself with the least baggage. All our moderns wri
too much, at least publish too much. Half in their ca
is better than the whole. I am glad you are studying t
Greeks and Dante. They supplement each other. Th
Greeks are our masters in perfection of form, — the el
ment of permanence; Dante our master in concretene
of interest, in controlled passion.

"I should be glad to see you at my house and ta
with you, — and I am,

"With great regard,
"Sincerely yours
"C. E. Norton.

In his remarks about the Greeks and Dante the classicist spoke forth. How much his criticism is needed to-day, when frenzy and chaos prevail in our social relations, when the mænads of a spurious literature shout *vers libres* at us and call it poetry, when the Cubists invade the Arts, when jazz passes for music!

His home, Shady Hill, was at the top of a slope near the Somerville line. It had been built at the end of the 18th century and enlarged in 1820. It was a long two-storied house which you approached through an avenue of pines, elms and walnuts. Mr. Norton's library ran the entire length of the house and took in two large rooms, his bookshelves rising quite to the ceiling. An English grate in which he burned cannel coal was surmounted by a dark marble mantlepiece above which hung a painting by Tintoret. There was another Tintoret in the room and a painting of a young man sometimes attributed to Giorgione. The other object noticed at once was a pier-table on which stood a life-size marble bust of Marcus Aurelius. Mr. Norton sat in an easy chair on one side of the fireplace with the light from a long window behind falling over him.

I was not slow in accepting his invitation to call and we lost no time in breaking the ice. At first I was hungry, as a young man who has been working for four years in the editorial room of a Philadelphia newspaper could not help being, for news of the intellectual world in which Mr. Norton moved. He never talked about it to impress you with the fact that he was acquainted with this or that celebrity. But if George Eliot or Burne-Jones happened to be mentioned he might relate some reminiscence. He had the art of suggesting by deft epithet the foible or defect of the person of whom he spoke, which Sargent was supposed by some of his critics to use in his portraits. As I look back over our intercourse of nearly a quarter of a century I see that he always fixed my attention on the noble and the beautiful rather than on the

mean and petty. Many years later, Henry James gathered some of his stories into a volume called *The Better Sort*. "When William James was here the other day," Mr. Norton said to me, "I told him that I loved Harry and tried to read his book but if that is his 'better sort' what must his worst be? — as if it were worth while for Harry James or anyone else to examine with his microscope a lot of tiny, vapid, dirty creatures whom no one ought to drag from the rubbish heap into the light."

On Thursday evenings at the Nortons there was often music and sometimes Mr. Norton read aloud. It always delighted me to have him read his favorite passages from old books or even a page or two from the novel he happened to have in hand. I shall never forget how he gave the stupendous description of the guilty conscience in the "Wisdom of Solomon" and of the relative power of the king, wine, women and truth in the first *Book of Esdras*. Or, when we were discussing Edward Fitzgerald and his paraphases from the Greek, Mr. Norton would read lines from the *Agamemnon* or the *Œdipus*, usually concluding with, "that is great poetry, even in a time like ours." He would occasionally quote poetry from memory to cap what we were talking about. Italy was frequently our subject, and no lines of print can reproduce the glamour which surrounded his repetition of the Bishop of Carlisle's words on the end of the Duke of Norfolk.

> And, toil'd with works of war, retired himself
> To Italy, and there at Venice gave
> His body to that pleasant country's earth,
> And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
> Under whose colors he had fought so long.

Landor he quoted effectively, and who better than Landor carved word cameos for quotation?

To a young man eager for knowledge of books and the makers of books, the privilege of being taken into the intimate — if vicarious — acquaintance of the Victorians was inestimable. One evening he handed to me the orig-

inal letter which John Stuart Mill wrote to Carlyle to tell him that his servant had destroyed the manuscript of *The French Revolution*, and to beg him to permit Mill to supply money to keep him while he was rewriting the volume. I am not a collector, but that letter is one of the five or six I should like to own. It revealed so simply the poignancy of Mill's anguish, and the noble suppliance with which he implored to be allowed to make such amends as his sorrow and friendship craved.

As the first year of my friendship with Norton drew to a close, I prepared for a year's tour through Europe, Egypt and Palestine. I felt enthusiastically his general influence but still remained intellectually free. He wished to help those of us who came close to him to train our powers, not to be like him, but to reach the highest development of which we were capable. While abroad I received a characteristic letter from Norton in which he said, "You chose a fortunate moment in your life for the grand tour. America had done what she could for you, you were ready for what Europe can give. . . While we live here borne along on the swift current of daily affairs and occupied with present interests, we are in danger of losing the sense of the remote and larger relations of life, — through which alone we can associate ourselves with the permanent concerns of men. . . In thinking of you in the old world I am reminded of the old story of the youth who said he came from Salem. 'Ah,' was the reply, 'an excellent place to come *from!*' So is America. It affords the true education for a man who would get the best from Europe."

Professor Norton often had flung at him the charge of being an Anglomaniac; that he was only half-heartedly an American. Nothing could be more mistaken. He understood the immense advantages which the United States enjoyed, the high standards of physical comfort and prosperity, — but far more important than these in his estimation was the freedom from political, religious

and social feuds. He believed that the American ideal transcended any which Europe was following, but this belief did not blind him that in its monuments of art Europe had infinitely more to give than America. If you examine Norton's criticisms of America you will find that they all converged in his desire to improve us where we fell short of our national ideals.

He wrote me from Ashfield, his summer home, August 16, 1898, "The war has made my heart heavy. It seems to me to have sounded the close of the America exceptionally blessed among the nations. She has now joined the ranks of the Powers, and loaded herself with burdens similar to those which have lain so heavy on the old world. It is a grievous disappointment to find our people so ready to fling away their distinctive blessings, with conscience so dead to the crime of war, and with imagination so dull in regard to its miserable train of enduring evils."

When after my tour I settled in Cambridge, to lead a scholar's life, as the vague phrase is, my association with Mr. Norton was pleasantly continued. I am amazed now when I recall how often I troubled him for his opinion or advice, and with what unstinted interest he listened to me. Of course I did not always ask favors. One year I corrected his examination books in Fine Arts, and I recall at least one other instance when I was able to lighten his burdens. After the conclusion of Froude's work as Carlisle's literary executor, Carlyle's niece sent a large collection of his correspondence to Norton to edit. He prepared, I think, two volumes, and then, as other work busied him, asked me to select from the material which remained enough to make three more volumes. This I did gladly, both from my affection for Mr. Norton and my great interest in Carlyle. I remember the satisfaction I felt in seeing the letters as Carlyle wrote them, ungarbled by Froude.

It was as a critic that Norton excelled. For twenty years in Cambridge we did not ask what does the pro-

fessor of this or that literature say about a new book, but, what does Norton say? His favorable comment sufficed to circulate among Cambridge readers new books of distinction. His literary connections were wide and various. Whether you agreed with him or not you could not fail to recognize that his opinions came from a taste trained by lifelong saturation in the masterpieces of literature. The following letter gives examples of his rapid criticism. I quoted to him some lines from George Meredith's *Ode to France*, 1870, and he wrote: "The passages from Meredith's Ode which you have been kind enough to send me are certainly striking; but seem to me more fanciful than imaginative, more witty than poetic, — but this is, perhaps, because of my general impression of Meredith as being more of a wit than a poet, and as a man who indulges in conceits."

Mr. Norton had little sympathy for those artists who on becoming popular slipped away from their young ideals and catered to popular taste. He had known the Pre-Raphaelites when they were still striving to express their ideals, whether the world heeded them or not, and it seemed to him an apostasy when writers or painters worked for money rather than for art.

I find in a letter dated April 21, 1900, a reference to one of the younger American writers, who had already achieved distinction, although less than fifteen years graduated from Harvard. "I quite agree with you as to the worth of Santayana's essays. The touch of mysticism is interesting as a personal characteristic, and indicative of the tendency to find in a vague and unreasoned sentiment the means of escape from the convictions of the logical intellect. It will not do for some of us."

My recollections of Norton do not stop with the pleasure which he gave me by his intellectual charm. I recall also with gratitude the instances when I saw the real friendliness of his heart. I do not refer to his encouragement of my own undertakings but to his display of broad

understanding. Perhaps he showed this quality most conspicuously in the case of Ruskin, whom he persuaded in his later years when he was suffering from nervous and mental disorders to occupy his mind by writing an autobiography, especially devoting himself to his earlier years and to episodes which he looked back on with pleasure. This suggestion resulted in *Præterita*, which contains some of the most beautiful pages in English literature. Ruskin's mental state grew so bad that he never completed it. Dying in 1900, Ruskin left Mr. Norton his literary executor. His letters to Norton showed the depths of his petulance and exaggerations, and, above all, the tragic disillusion of the last half of his life. In discussing the publication of these letters with Norton I discovered that he had destroyed his own to Ruskin. I remonstrated, and told him I thought that he, who more than any other person in our time had showed us the charm of letters should not have done this. He had a shyness about his work and he shrank from the inevitable comparison.

During several years, when I went about little owing to illness, I seldom saw Mr. Norton, but for the last five or six years of his life I was able to resume my calls. I usually spent Sunday forenoons at Shady Hill. Had I made notes of his talk there would be much to interest readers today. He never relaxed his attention on public affairs, reading not only the Boston papers, but also the *Springfield Republican*. *The Nation*, which he had helped to found in 1865, he followed continuously until the death of its literary editor, Wendell Phillips Garrison.

One subject which constantly recurred in our chats was, who will succeed Eliot as president of Harvard? Norton had a profound admiration for his cousin. "How much he resembles George Washington in his commonsense, his broad but simple vision, the naturalness with which he does his duty, and in his patience, fortitude and magnanimity." The two men took their differences quite as

a matter of course, and, so far as I know, never allowed their personal relations to be ruffled. Norton died before President Eliot resigned and his successor was chosen.

One of our favorite topics was Dante. When he published the first volume of his prose translation Mr. Garrison asked me to review that and subsequent volumes for *The Nation*. Imagine my surprise when after the first review appeared I received from Mr. Garrison a letter from Mr. Norton, in which he expressed much satisfaction at the review, and curiosity as to whether it could have been written by any American Dante scholar. I was rather sheepish when I told him I was the anonymous one because I had learned from him all I knew of Dante. And speaking of Dante, I still recall his admiration of Lowell's Essay, and his unfailing reverence for Lowell as his own master.

True to his stoical creed, he did not, when Lowell died, inflict his grief upon his friends. One plainly saw that he grieved deeply and that no other person could take the place of that friend of his lifetime. He edited Lowell's letters, but was perhaps too anxious lest he should be indiscreet. Even I, who knew Lowell only in his old age, felt that Norton had left out something without which you could not get Lowell at his best.

In the later years we seldom finished a morning's talk without touching on the subject of immortality. I have been told that in the earlier years, after the death of his wife, when Mr. Norton lost his belief in life after death, he showed a vehement resentment, as of one who had been deceived. Towards the end, however he became perfectly calm and even, I may say, complacent. Life had no more power to trick him by illusions and deceits. He described himself as an idealistic pessimist, who seeing the beauty of ideals and convinced that they were preferable to everything else, cherished and pursued them; but he saw the world was so contrived that they could never be realized, and this gave body to his pessimism. Sometimes he would

dilate on the impossibility of imagining any other world in which, if we kept our earthly identity, there would not be the same troubles, sorrows, sins and failures. Once he broke out, almost in aversion: "Who could possibly wish, after forty or fifty years, to have a dead friend brought to life? What common ground could you find, if you had both parted young, and the dead returned to greet you, old?" More frequently he would urge the obvious objection that when the body dies we have absolutely no proof that what we call the soul, which dwells in the body, does not die too.

One summer, when I was feeling depressed, I remarked in a letter to him how bodily conditions influence spiritual states. Mr. Norton replied in a letter which so clearly states his views of the ultimates of life that I quote it here:

"Ashfield, 29 July, 1904.

" — What you say of the connection between physical health and mental serenity or distress in giving up the hereditary faith and finding oneself incapable of forming any rational theory of the universe and of one's own relation to it, is undoubtedly true. But the mass of men, even of those called civilized and intelligent, really take little heed of these things, living day by day, and content to live without other faith than that the course of things so far as they are concerned, will not undergo any startling change in their time. Natural motives are taking the place of the supernatural, — with considerable damage to the morality of common men, and with a need for fundamental revision of ethical theories and legal systems. The process is slow and revolutionary. It will work out, in the long run, a better order than that of our chaotic civilization, based as that very largely is, on unstable foundations.

"The sentiment of Vanity, Vanity, all is Vanity has its source, it seems to me, in exaggerated expectations and illusory hopes. When men learn that the mystery of

he universe and of their own existence is insoluble, that his life is all, they will perhaps find that with the limitation has come a new sense of the value of life to the individual, and of the infinite unimportance to the universe. He will learn that he can be a help or a harm to his fellows and that is enough."

To some visitors who saw Mr. Norton is these later years, his persistent discussion of this subject was dispiriting. I do not think he harped on it inconsiderately, but rather that he regarded it as his duty not to allow others to go on building their hopes on what he believed to be a tragic deception. As he would take no anodyne, so he thought that every brave person ought to know the worst and to face it unflinchingly. I find that my memory holds little of his austere repudiation of faith in immortality. I remember instead his stories, and his talk of men and books.

After I had known Mr. Norton for many years I came to regard him and to admire him as the most noteworthy example of an artificial person — using the word artificial in the highest sense — whom I had ever seen. By perfectly defined stages he had passed out of his native belief into another, and then another, and had found himself suddenly plunged into a view of life in which the sun and stars, his former guides, were blotted out. And then he resolved to live as if the sources of delight, the fountains of virtue and of righteousness, which in his earlier days had been based on the supernatural, still had that immutable warrant. So Mr. Norton held before himself a very clear ideal by which he governed his life. The serenity and urbane manner of Mr. Norton were thus artificial, if we mean by that word that they were the product of his will and self-training. In Emerson we find the same qualities, only in him they are native and original.

Many times during the last years I urged him to write his recollections, but he firmly rejected the idea. "By

force of circumstances," he said, "I have lived all my life privately and quietly, and away from public notice. For me to leave when I die two or three volumes of memories for publication would seem to contradict the tenor of my life." True to his critical standard he wished to screen himself from illusions as to his importance. Always frail in health he grew evidently weaker in the spring of 1908, but I found his mind and sympathies still alert when I called upon him. I again urged him to dictate his reminiscences, but the suggestion was brushed aside. "My name," he said to me in substance, "will of course not be remembered long. You, and a few other younger men, have had my best, and my influence will live on through you, if at all."

Early on the twenty-first of October, 1908, Norton died. I went at once to Shady Hill on hearing the news, and as I looked off from the piazza to the woods with their yellow leaves swept by warm sunshine, I felt that Nature could have provided no setting more appropriate for the exit of the old man, in the mellowness of his years.

William Roscoe Thayer.

IS IT NOT ENOUGH?

IT will be seen of men
One day
That an apple tree in flower
Or flushed azalea spray
Is a better thing to trust
Than any word of scientist or saint:
For science can but say
"The writ of reason runs not there —
"Beware!"
And sainthood can but whisper of a snare,
Or mumble of a sign.
But casual loveliness,
Being wistful and brief,
Hung in the hovering petal, the rusting leaf,
Is the balancing spirit's delicate stay:
Poise there, my heart, alway!
That frail security be thine!

Is it not enough
To trust
In this stir of dust —
Where all passes, where all passes,
Where earth shrinks to a dark pebble, and the sun
Shall be no more —
Oh is it not joyous lore
That marble and pompous brasses
Held it not,
But only trifling petals, and children's hands
And the rippling bodies of beasts, and the feather-fire
Of birds,
And the momentary flowering of lads and lasses?
For it was there —
Beyond words!
Always out of the passing the swift-sure gleaming:
Beauty — the delicate spirit's delicate stay!
Ever a silvery flame from the gray dust—streaming
Forth and away. . . .

LEE WILSON DODD.

THE BASIS OF AMERICANIZATION

WE have lately been much exercised over the question of "Americanization," but we have yet to see any effective recognition of the fact that the chief obstacle to Americanization is the repellent influence of our spelling: it prevents many foreigners who begin studying the language, from continuing; and its evil reputation prevents many from beginning. An important element of Americanization is respect for law. What is to be thought of the fact that amid such lawlessness as never before pervaded the civilized world, the very first step in the education of children in America is education in lawlessness; for it is impossible to find anything appealing to the human intellect with a more thoro absence of all law and order, and calling for a more thoro suppression of all reason, than English spelling. The universally recognized fact that it is the misery of childhood, is, despite our stupid and cruel ignoring of that fact, no less terrible; but even that is as nothing compared with the loss of time involved in education, and even that is as nothing beside the harm wrought in the sense of law and order. Pardon the repetition — the importance of the subject justifies it. Our stupidity in ignoring all this, is perhaps the summit of our standard stupidities, but it is worse than most of them, in being even more cruel than it is stupid, and that to our defenseless children.

Our spelling is so infiltrated with stupidities that we cannot allude to them in detail here, but there is one other for which we must find space. It has been under our noses for a generation or more, and yet you will find it astounding and incredible. It is the simple fact that our spelling is so bad that teachers generally gave up teaching it more than a generation ago, and substituted what they had gradually evolved, and were very proud

of, as the "word method." And yet that vaunted method was simply a relapse into the condition of the Chinese — not, as in the by-gone Webster Speller days an analysis of the word into its component fonetic letters, or a synthesis of a word from them, but a mere recognition of a word by its looks, with no more exercise of reason than a dog exercises in recognizing his master. It has long been realized that a chief source — probably the chief source — of the superiority of what may be roughly called occidental civilization to oriental, has been a fonetic alphabet. It is among the things which that wonderful Japan is hastening to adopt; and yet the pressure of our unspeakable spelling has made our fonetic alphabet so wasteful of time and tissue as to drive it nearly out of use when it is most needed in education. Is it not high time to reform the spelling so as to get it back?

Still another consideration of probably more importance than those already mentioned: the world is considerably exercised just at present over the obstacles to permanent peace. Into how many heads has entered the fact that among the chief of them is English spelling? Among the greatest needs for world-peace is a world-language. English is already the nearest to one, but its progress is not nearly what it would be but for its difficult and repulsive spelling.

There is still another consideration which, tho of less importance than any of those already given, is more apt to gain quick appreciation. It is the bearing of spelling on the size of tax bills. In Italy and Spain, where spelling is rational, it does not affect them at all. There are not even any text-books for spelling to be paid for. Children generally "know their letters" before they go to school, and as the spelling is rational, it is a mere incident of other studies, and the teaching of it costs nothing. In America it costs over a hundred million a year. The bases of this statement are given on pages 18 and 19 of the middle division of the *Handbook of Simplified Spelling* the recent

issue of which by the Simplified Spelling Board has led us to express the foregoing reflections. There is moreover a statement on page 21 of the same division that printing superfluous letters — like *ough* in *through* and *ugh* in *though* cost America over another hundred millions a year, and altho this latter hundred million does not come ostensibly on the tax bills, it comes indirectly in about the same proportions. It is, by the way, hard to account for paging the three divisions of that handbook separately and for sending it out without either a full table of contents or an index.

That wonderful head of Mr. Carnegie was one of the few into which the foregoing considerations entered, and among his wonderfully wise benefactions was a quarter of a million toward remedying this great evil. Contributions of even greater value have been made of the time and tissue of Professors Bright, Grandgent, Lounsbury, Matthews and Thomas, and Doctors Ward and Scott, not to speak of half a dozen eminent men of affairs ("present company always excepted") who have been working with them on the Simplified Spelling Board during the last dozen years.

At first sight, it looks as if all these active members of the Board had accomplished no more than getting *ue* off from *catalogue*, *te* off from *parquette* and *me* off from *programme*, and their like, and getting *thru* into considerable use on time-tables and business matters, and some limited use in literature.

But this is by no means the whole story. Much more interest has been aroused in the subject than has yet shown itself in results. Some forty thousand people, including a very large proportion of teachers, have signed pledges to promote the reform so far as it comes in their way. Many have subscribed money; many educational institutions accept simplified spelling in their written work, and many publications, some of a high order, have adopted more or less of it. After a dozen years of experimenting, an effective machinery for propaganda has been

organized, with a tested and competent personnel. The effective work of the dozen years is at last extricated from the inevitable mass of experiment, and systematized, and partly boiled down in the little volume before us.

It is a bit of a coincidence that the first compendious and organic result of the labors of these gentlemen against lawlessness in literature and education should, in this little volume, appear at the height of the world's lawlessness in economics and politics. Possibly, however, we may have suggested more connection between these various conditions than appears on the surface.

The book is a little one on a big subject. It attempts, however, and perhaps wisely, to treat but a small part of that subject. It is very fortunate that that part was selected by such competent judges as Professors Grandgent and Thomas — doubly fortunate that Professor Thomas's work was done before his premature and most regrettable death. But the fact that only part of the subject is covered gives, at the very outset, an unfortunate impression of inconsistency: in the very title, *Filology* is spelt rationally, and the superfluous *W* is kept in *written!*

The book is made up of three pamphlets, each unfortunately paged separately, whose functions are stated thus:

> Part 1 givs a brief account of the origin and history of the movement for a more reasonable spelling of English, and states the principles the Simplified Spelling Board has adopted in its efforts to hasten the progress of the movement.
>
> Part 2 sets forth the leading arguments in favor of the simplification of English spelling, and replies to the objections commonly made by defenders of the current orthografy.
>
> Part 3 presents the rules for Simplified Spelling that the Board recommends for general use at the stage the movement has now reacht, a special list of all the words in common use changed in spelling by these recommendations.

For the influences which have made English spelling the worst in the world, we shall have to refer the reader to the handbook itself. They are interesting, but our

limited space can be more profitably devoted to other matters.

In making its recommendations the Board has been governed by the following principles:

1. When current usage offers a choice of spellings, to adopt the shortest and simplest. EXAMPLES: *blest*, not *blessed; catalog*, not *catalogue; center*, not *centre; check*, not *cheque* or *checque; gage*, not *gauge; gram*, not *gramme; honor*, not *honour; license*, not *licence; maneuver*, not *manœuvre; mold*, not *mould; plow*, not *plough; quartet*, not *quartette; rime*, not *rhyme; tho*, not *though; traveler*, not *traveller.*

2. Whenever practicable, to omit silent letters. EXAMPLES: *activ*, not *active; anser*, not *answer; bluf*, not *bluff; definit*, not *definite; det*, not *debt; eg*, not *egg; engin*, not *engine; frend*, not *friend; hart*, not *heart; helth*, not *health; promis*, not *promise; scool*, not *school; shal*, not *shall; suffraget*, not *suffragette; thru*, not *through; trolly*, not *trolley; yu*, not *you.*

3. To follow the simpler, rather than the more complex of existing analogies. EXAMPLES: *enuf*, not *enough; maskerade*, not *masquerade; spritely*, not *sprightly; telefone*, not *telephone; tung*, not *tongue.*

4. Keeping in view that the logical goal of the movement is the eventual restoration of English spelling to the fonetic basis from which in the course of centuries and thru various causes it has widely departed, to propose no changes that ar inconsistent with that ideal.

The vowels the Board has barely touched, and then with questionable results, largely because it has not touched them more. Concerning them it says:

The notations of the long vowels and the difthongs, . . . present such difficulties that the Board has, in regard to them, thus far confined its recommendations to cases that involv merely dropping silent letters or preference for the prevailing among conflicting and perplexing analogies. Their regulation must wait until scolars can come to more general agreement on the subject, and until laymen ar better prepared to accept the judgment of experts. This wil only be when the remaining irregularities become so painfully apparent, amid the regularity otherwise prevailing in English spelling, that the demand for their notation on a scientific basis will be irresistible. It wil be the last step to a completely simplified spelling.

Meanwhile we have such anomalies as *quarry* and *quarter*, *dear* and *pear*, *machine* and *divine*, *your* and *pour*.

But in so complicated a matter, the principles adopted, or any that human ingenuity could frame, would inevitably come into some conflict with each other. The enormous difficulty of the subject, especially when improvement of only a part of the field is attempted, is the use in this book of such improved (?) forms as *scolar*, which surely rhymes with *molar* and *solar; mony* which certainly rhymes with *bony* and *pony; foren* which naturally has the same *o* sound as the words just given; *redy* and *stedy* which certainly have the long *e* if vowels at the ends of open syllables are long. It still spells *practis* after revoking *offis*, which the Board used for a time. They have changed *ei* into *ie*, even in *iether*. It is hard to see why they didn't make one job of it, and change both *ei* and *ie* into *ee*. But a few such anomalies as these are inseparable, as already said, from a partial scheme, and are of small consequence compared with the mass of wise suggestions contained in the little book.

These illustrations show that altho the Board decided not to tackle the vowels at present, it cannot be alive and keep free from them, any more than the United States can be alive and keep free from European complications. We venture the opinion that among the inevitable simplifications of English spelling will be the doubling of *i* and *u*, as *a* is doubled in bazaar, *e* in so many words, and *o* in door and floor, yet everywhere else *oo* is most inconsistently used to express a long *u* sound. Manifestly that function should be performed by *uu*.

The handbook says that in no case has the Board added a letter to a word. One result is that in subtracting one it has given us such forms as *mony*, *stedy*, and *scolar*. It would have avoided these anomalies if it had carried thruout the language the present general usage, at least in disyllables, of closing the first syllable where the vowel

is short, by duplicating the initial consonant of the following syllable, as in *battle*, *fiddle*, *juggle*.

But some members of the Boards have said that there are no rules in English spelling. If so, it is high time that some were made or imported, and in fact the Board has suggested a good many in the handbook. Sixty years ago, when the present scribe was in college, there was a rule, in scanning Latin that a consonant between two vowels goes with the latter, but a search has failed to find that rule in the grammar then used or any later one. Yet it virtually prevails in English disyllables, and is associated with the general fact that in an open syllable the vowel is long. In making such words as *redy*, *stedy*, *mony*, *scolar*, the Board is, perhaps involuntarily, planting the seed of a rule that may or may not mature, which would make all single vowels short, and therefore require that all long ones be doubled. This would be an economy in eliminating all the consonants now used to close syllables, as in *fiddle*, *bottle* and the like, but would perhaps more than offset that economy by adding duplicates to all single vowels which are already obviously long. But considerable loss of economy would be well compensated by the settlement of the whole vexed question.

The Handbook has this to say about what it calls "The Etimological Bugaboo."

> The objection to the proposed changes in spelling that they wil "destroy etimology" — by which is only meant that they wil obscure the derivation of words — is stil heard, tho much les frequently than formerly. It is never heard from etimologists, who know . . . that the present spelling is misleading as to the true derivation of many words; that a rational spelling would correct these etimologic blunders, and that it would not "obscure derivation" to those familiar enuf with other languages to derive pleasure or benefit from tracing English words to foren or ancient sources.
>
> What percentage of college graduates, even, has sufficient acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon, Old German, Old French, the Romance languages, for example, to find our present unpronounceable spelling of any real service. . . Etimologists hav

alredy discoverd and recorded the essential facts in regard to the history and derivation of English words. This information is available to all who ar interested in the subject. . . Knowledge of the derivation of words, moreover, is often misleading as to their present meaning. . . [1] Even if the so-called "etimologic" spelling wer as helpful to a few classical scolars as its admirers claim it to be, to retain it would deny to the hundreds of millions who hav no Latin or Greek, the social and economic benefits that a simplified spelling would confer. . . Skeat, the great English etimologist, sumd up the views of most other etimological scolars, when he said: "In the interests of etimology we ought to spell as we pronounce. To spell words as they used to be pronounced is not etimological but antiquarian."

We venture the farther opinion that the present tendency of the reform toward minutely exact spelling will diminish, largely because minutely exact spelling is unattainable, and because pronunciation varies too much in both time and space; and largely because exactitude is superfluous, especially where the vowel is "obscure," and more especially where it is in the last syllable. Why don't *letr*, *setl*, *tinsl* answer every purpose, and promote a salutary economy?

THE EDITOR.

[1] Whitney used to say: "There is nothing more misleading than etymologies."

THE CLOCK PEDDLER

THE elevator had selected a blazing July day on which to respond to months of careful neglect by breaking down. With the door of my office wide open I could hear, ascending spasmodically up the elevator shaft, noises which told me of angry recrimination between the engineer and the janitor. I listened hopefully for the sound of blows; but in vain. Perhaps it was too hot for fighting, or, perchance, neither of the protagonists had enough confidence in the issue to put the matter to the ordeal of battle.

Presently, above the echoing din of voices and the resounding clang of hammers, I became aware of patient footsteps slowly ascending the narrow stairway, pausing once in a while, but drawing steadily nearer. Someone wandered vaguely about the passage for a moment or two, and then a discreet tap on my door-post announced a visitor.

As soon as I perceived that he bore with him an unwieldy object, disguised beyond conjecture in a wrapping of newspapers, a swift impulse arose within me to bid the intruder depart without stating an errand which I knew to be fruitless. But upon observing his face I was struck by its expression — a singularly intelligent and kindly glance which disclosed at once an assured foreknowledge of my unspoken words and a humorous appreciation of my dilemma.

I smiled, waved him to a seat, and said: "Please do it as quickly as you can; it's so frightfully hot."

"It is, indeed," he replied, "and curiously enough this is the fourth building I have visited today in which the elevator is out of repair. I must have climbed this morning as many stone steps as the most ardent kite-flyer in Kobe."

My attention was arrested at once, for it is not every day that a peddler goes so far afield for his similes.

"I hope," he continued, "I can interest you in this clock."

He proceeded to extract from his bundle a hideous toy, with a large wooden face disfigured by brass numerals ornate to the point of illegibility, and bloated in outline by every device which an abundance of timber and glue could yield at the hands of an ambitious carpenter.

He gazed upon it ruefully, as became a man who could talk about the cities of Japan, hung for an instant upon the point of telling me that his merchandise was beautiful, failed to stifle the voice of his conscience, and said:

"It really keeps excellent time."

"But I have two clocks here already."

"And in your home?"

"Six."

"Then I think I need hardly trouble you further."

He began to wrap up his miserable gew-gaw — without haste, without visible resentment, without even so much as a trace of resignation.

"How do you come to be a peddler of clocks?" I asked, impressed by a discernment which had enabled him to see so readily that argument would have been wasted on me, and grateful for the delicacy of feeling which had prompted him to refrain from thrusting upon me his sense of disappointment.

He removed an end of string from between his teeth, thereby allowing his half-made parcel to relapse into confusion, and replied, with an amused smile:

"You asked me to be brief."

"Yes, but that was before you spoke of the kite-flyers of Kobe."

He took the clock from its wrappings and placed it upright on a chair. It was one of those contrivances which work in some mysterious manner by means of two weights suspended on long chains.

As it sat leaning against the back of the chair it presented a grotesque appearance of vitality. On either side of its face were round keyholes, like small and penetrating eyes; and the brass hands, having stopped at ten minutes

past ten, shot upward over the keyholes, suggesting blond eyebrows raised to express extreme surprise. To complete the illusion, the chains, with their bulbous weights, hung over the front of the chair, like shrivelled legs ending in dropsical feet; and the large circular wooden dial supplied a hydrocephalic head. Resting there against the back of the chair it had the aspect of a specimen escaped from its glass jar in a museum of morbid anatony.

In the exhaustion of that overpowering heat I would have lacked the energy to voice my astonishment if the clock, speaking in some harsh jargon mated to its horrid appearance, had reproached me with its unwillingness to purchase it.

My visitor appeared to be a little embarrassed by my air of abstraction.

"Go on," I said, "tell me all about it."

"Well, sir," he answered, "I peddle clocks because it pays so much better than my former occupation."

"And that was?"

"Writing and lecturing."

"I'm very sorry," I began; but he broke in upon me with a restraining gesture, and I yielded myself up to the smooth flow of his narrative.

He was an excellent speaker, clear, direct, and witty, with the vocabulary of a student widely read in more than one branch of learning. He was a little over-conscious of his command of English, for it was not without an obvious sense of enjoyment that he described his recent refusal of a certain professorial post as "a mere exhibition of autoschediasm."

"Yes," he continued, "if I told you my real name you would recognize it as that of a man well known to scholars, of a man whose books are to be found in university libraries."

"But I should have thought——" I interrupted, only to be checked again by a slight but effective motion of his hand.

"My firm conviction, which has developed through the

successive stages of suspicion, opinion, and judgment, is that in authorship the power to make money is one which has little kinship with the ability to establish a high reputation. My serious labors I was compelled to abandon some time ago, after devoting to them a full decade, during which they yielded me about one-tenth of the annual income required for the conduct of my investigations. After that I made a day-laborer's wage by writing, under a pseudonym, novels, short stories, and descriptive articles, for which in the course of twenty years of travel in out-of-the-way places I had accumulated an infinity of incident and observation.

"Within the past few months, however, even that shallow source of revenue failed me; and thus, though my ponderous writings had earned for me the respect of the learned, and my less severe offerings the praise and friendship of many workers in the field of light literature, I found myself driven by sheer necessity to seek some entirely new walk of life, in which, in return for ten hours' work a day, I could at least earn enough to supply my very simple wants."

"What seems to have been the trouble?" I asked. "The critics?"

"By no means," he replied. "The critics have been more than generous in their praise of my serious work. In fact that has been part of my undoing. With every magazine, review, and newspaper praising my books, the merit of my writing became an accepted thing, and no one had the curiosity to verify an opinion which no one challenged."

"But surely," I said, "such persistently favorable notices must have secured for you a large following among the ranks of those who love good books."

"That hope," he said, "was my stay and comfort for years; but it was finally extinguished by the very fuel which I had expected would feed its modest glow into a triumphant flame. The more flattering became my reviews, the less nourishing became my royalties; my sales

were like a small fire which is put out by having too much coal heaped upon it."

"You amaze me," I said, "I have always understood that it was the reviews that sold books."

"If you will allow me to say so," he replied, "that is not an understanding but a misunderstanding of the situation. I went over that ground very thoroughly with the man who reformed me into a peddler of clocks. I will tell you about that, and then you will see how we thrashed the matter out."

"I shall never forget the occasion. It was on a delightful evening in October, the month in which Toronto is aflaunt with the splendor of the Indian summer. I was standing outside Britnel's, fingering alternately copies of Tod's *Rajast'han* and Sleeman's *Ramaseeana* and wondering whether I should devote my last ten dollar bill to securing these treasures or whether I should assign to it the more prudent office of providing me with a week's board and lodging, when my indecision was resolved by a voice from over my shoulder.

" 'Heavens!' it said, 'if that isn't a copy of Sleeman.' "

" 'Yes,' I replied quickly, 'I have just bought it.' "

" 'Lucky dog!' said the stranger. 'Do you mind if I look at it? The last copy I saw was in the library of the East India United Service Club; Quaritch has been trying to get me a copy ever since.' "

"To make a long story short, this man took me home with him. As soon as we entered his library the first thing I saw was a copy of my last serious book, a monograph upon a vexed question of Indian policy. I said nothing about my discovery; but, by a strange chance, he turned the conversation to the subject of my writings; asked me if I had ever met myself; and then launched himself forth upon such a high-flown eulogy of my work that I had to interrupt him with an avowal of my identity.

"He was transported. The evident sincerity of his delight, and the intimate knowledge he disclosed of every-

thing I had published, gave me one of the few moments of gratified vanity which I can set to the credit of my literary career.

"Under such conditions one soon becomes confidential; and before I had finished my second pipe of a delicious mixture of dark and light Macy plug I had told him the story of my failures.

" 'Failures!' he exclaimed, when I had finished. 'Failures! Why, what you take to be failures are the most positive proofs of your success.'

" 'That's all very well,' said I, 'but what of the landlady, and the tailor, and the humble laundry-man?'

" 'Oh! money!' he replied, with the scorn of the well-provided, 'Anybody can make money if he wants to hard enough.'

" 'Enlighten me," I begged him.

" 'I will do more than that,' he said, 'for the man who wrote *Emotion and Judgment as Political Determinants;* I will put you in the way of making all the money you want, unless you are more avaricious than I take you to be. But first I will preach you a sermon.'

" 'I am at your mercy,' I answered.

" 'I will begin, then, by saying that although your merits as a writer are remarkable, your qualities as a business man are beneath contempt. You are not the first man I have met who from world-wide travel and experience has failed to gather a single lesson of worldly wisdom. You expected that by making yourself master of a particular phase of modern politics you would be able to support yourself by your writings. My office-boy could have undeceived you on this point before you bought your first steam-boat ticket.'

" 'Can't you see,' he continued, 'that when a man puts himself to infinite pains and application in order to gain a minute knowledge of a matter which is of current political interest, he brands himself with a mark which tells everybody that though he may know everything there is

to know about the particular phase of policy in which he is interested, he is ignorant of the most elementary facts in regard to what constitutes the very basis of modern politics — the working of the party system?'

"'To whom were you going to sell your blessed books? To the politicians concerned in the practical handling of the problems you discussed? Absurd!'

"'Why absurd?' I asked, 'I should have thought they would be the very people to buy them.'

"'That's a pure delusion. If your book was a trenchant partisan statement of the matter in dispute you might reasonably expect that the politicians of one party would buy it for the confounding of their opponents; though even in that case half-a-dozen copies would supply a demand which would be limited by the number of the men who had to speak on the subject. The rest of the party would vote with its leaders.'

"'But an impartial scientific investigation of any political question appeals to nobody; because it is of the very nature of controversial topics that any complete presentation of the facts will furnish the Opposition with a Roland for every Oliver it supplies to the Government!'

"I was silenced but not convinced.

"'Would you sell them, then, to university professors engaged in teaching political science?' he asked.

"I admitted that I had looked for a sale in that direction.

"'Ridiculous!' he cried. 'In the first place the teaching of political science in the universities is so hedged about with conventions that most of the instruction stops at the very point where it threatens to become of practical interest to the student. In the second place, do you suppose the professors are going to plod through your minute researches only to be confronted at the end of their toil with the alternative of rewriting their thumb-worn lectures in conformity with the disclosures of your new material, or of adding another sin of omission to the burden of an already over-loaded conscience?'

"I was forced to acknowledge that I had counted off the universities and colleges as milestones on the road to my prosperity. He laughed heartily. 'You talk like a babe,' he said, 'but not like the kind out of whose mouths comes wisdom. I'll bet you, you didn't sell a hundred copies of your last book to universities. Come now, be honest!'

"'Thirty-seven, to be exact,' I said.

"'You did well enough,' he replied. 'Have you never observed that even in such exact sciences as chemistry and physics, where everything is the subject of practical experiment, the universities have always been the last places to accept the results of new enquiries; that almost every important discovery of modern times has been made either by men who were not university men, or by men whose genius rose to achievement despite the stunting effects of the average university education; in any case by men whose labors towards the attainment of their knowledge were as nothing when compared with the task of securing from the professional wise-men a grudging acknowledgment of their success?'

"'Oh, well!' I protested, 'that is the philosophic spirit. You remember how Macaulay describes it — Much hope, little faith.'

"'If your intention is to justify the universities in their neglect of your work, on the ground that their attitude was philosophically correct, you can hardly do worse than go to Macaulay for your epigrams. How does he describe this philosophy of the school-men, this label which you mistake for an argument, this mantle of ice which you mistake for a garment of fire? Look here!'

"He darted across the room and returned with the *Essays*.

"'Look at this!' he shouted, running over the leaves of the essay on Francis Bacon, 'Here you are, now, listen! these are the things he says about your blessed philosophic spirit — meanly proud of its own unprofitable-

ness — a contrivance for having much exertion and no progress — like the disputes of the orthodox Lilliputians and the heretical Blefuscudians about the big ends and the little ends of eggs — every trace of intellectual cultivation except a harvest; plenty of ploughing, harrowing, reaping, and threshing; and nothing to show for it except smut and stubble. So much for your philosophy! Bah! Have another pipe.'

"In lighting his own he had to pause for a moment, and I seized the opportunity of asking him how he accounted for the fact that all the enthusiastic reviews of my books had not resulted in any sales to the general public.

" 'Good heavens!' he cried, 'here's a man who expects favorable reviews to sell books. If the exact truth could be known I should be greatly astonished if it showed that the laudatory notices of any book ever sell enough copies to cover the cost of supplying the critics with their free reading of it."

" 'But if your view is correct,' I protested, 'you destroy at a blow the whole theory of the utility of the literary critic — the theory that the public will be guided or at least influenced in its choice of reading by the advice of persons trained to detect and to formulate the precise equation of excellence or demerit in each new book. To put the matter on no higher ground, the critic may surely claim that he is as useful to the public's brain as the tea-taster is to its palate.'

" 'You are thinking of a time that is long past,' he answered; 'of a time when an article in the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly*, in the *Athenæum* or the *Spectator* could sell a big edition of a book or reduce it to the value and to the uses of waste paper. Now I do not go so far as to say that there are no good reviewers left, but I do say that, with very few exceptions, the only books which are seriously and competently reviewed nowadays are those which are of such a character that it does not lie within the power of human ingenuity to sell an edition of five thousand copies.

And if you pass to the ordinary review of the ordinary book I am certain that favorable reviews do not conduce to a large sale.'

" 'Day after day, week after week, month after month the periodical press delivers to its readers columns of signed or initialed criticism; and the public has learned to distrust the mentorship of a reviewer who, in the course of a year, sets the stamp of his approval upon books which cover the whole range of human knowledge, taste, or speculation — upon books about Greek art, about chicken-farming, about early Italian music, about carpentry for the home; upon novels of adventure, of society, of sensuality — their scenes laid in this world, in the next world, in the circumambient ether, their action timed to the past, the present, and the future.'

" 'It may be the first fruits of a noble enfranchisement that we have freed our necks from the yoke of authority in matters of taste; that we will allow no man to tell us how we ought to be happy or with what we ought to be contented; but this frame of mind, whatever may be its advantages, cannot be described as one which leaves any place in the universe for the literary critic as blood-brother to the book-seller.'

" 'Your comparison of the reviewer with the tea-taster is ingenious; but your use of it shows that you are ignorant of the exact nature of the relation in which the tea-taster stands to the public. It is not his duty, as you appear to suppose, to inform the public which tea is good and which bad, but to enable his employers to assure a purchaser that any particular tea is of exactly the same quality as the one which his personal taste has fixed upon as being most to his liking.

" 'As a matter of fact, when the duty of the tea-taster is thus rightly understood it presents a perfect analogy to the only duty which the public will allow the literary critic to perform for it, that is to say, to tell it that your new book is a romantic novel of Cavalier days, that it is a

thrilling narrative of African adventure, that it is a intensely interesting analysis of character, that it is work tainted with all the repellant vices of a decaden society: in other words, that it is Oolong or Bohea Soochong or Caravan, Ceylon or Assam, Formosa o Orange Pekoe.'

" 'The comparison may well be carried a step further for the uselessness of the tea-taster as part of the machin ery of tea-selling rests upon precisely the same ground a the uselessness of the book-taster as part of the machinery of book-selling, namely, that with a public whose sense o flavor is dulled by over-stimulation the guidance of th sampler is completely thrown away, since the quality o the book-sales, like the quality of the tea-sales, depends not, as we fondly imagine, upon the sensitiveness of th public taste but upon its insensitiveness. There,' h concluded, 'my sermon is done.'

" 'You are very cynical,' I said.

" 'The taunt is quite unworthy of you,' he replied; 'it i generally the last stand taken by a person who discover that another man's ignorance of a subject is a shade less dense than his own. But now, since you have listened so patiently to my harangue, I must fulfill my promise o putting you in the way of making money.'

" 'If you will do that,' I answered, 'you may preach me another sermon; and I will, by interrupting you more frequently, give you a better opportunity of displaying your wisdom at the expense of my ignorance.'

" 'The retort would be better,' he said, 'if it were not so cyn —' ; but he checked himself in time."

During the latter part of his story my visitor had been walking up and down my office, stopping opposite my chair from time to time in order to emphasize some point or to make a more urgent demand upon my attention. At this stage, however, he sat down again, and brought his tale to an abrupt conclusion.

"The man," he said, "turned out to be a clock manu-

facturer; and he gave me a position as travelling salesman, on commission."

"How do you like the work?" I asked.

"Immensely," he replied, "I make about ten dollars a day; and even when I do not sell a clock I sometimes have the good fortune" — with a bow to me — "to meet an intelligent man who ministers to my weakness for talking about myself."

"How much do you charge for the clock?" I asked.

"Five dollars."

"Well, I think I will take one."

"Pray do not do so unless you really wish to," he said.

"Oh!" I replied, "even though a great many people come here and sell me things I don't want, I sometimes meet an intelligent man who ministers to my weakness for getting people to talk to me about themselves."

He laughed good-humoredly, laid the clock on my table, took my five dollars, and prepared to depart.

"Would you mind telling me how much of that story is true?" I asked, provoked by a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"I would not offer such an insult to your intelligence," he replied. "Good-bye, and thank you very much."

As soon as he was safely gone I looked at the panel on my door, which had been hidden from him during the whole of his visit. It bore the legend "The Philosophical and Literary Review."

Alleyne Ireland.

THE DEMOCRATIC ROAD TO GEOMETR

IT is hardly to be supposed that when Professor Eucli had to tell King Ptolemy I. that "there is r royal road to geometry" he could have dreamed of possible demand for a democratic road in the same dire tion. Kings, of course, expected desirable things to b made easy for them; and even if Euclid felt obliged t disappoint Ptolemy's expectation, he may well have fe that it was plausible.

The acquisition of geometry is still a desirable thin and the respectable educational goal which it once suff ciently signified is more important than ever. But th privileges of kings are not what they used to be, while th privileges of democracy are specified more ardentl every day. Can't the hard paths of learning, we ask, b smoothed for us all? Isn't there, as Ptolemy inquired "some shorter way than drilling in the details"?

Perhaps the modern counterpart to his historic ques tion is the legislative enactment said to have been fa vorably considered by the house of representatives o a remote American state. According to the receive account, they debated the value of the mathematica quantity which we are taught to call by the mystica name of *pi*, the ratio between the circumference and th diameter of a circle, and voted to change it from th indeterminate, inconvenient and unpopular decimal 3.14159 . . . , to exactly three and one-seventh.

This evidently was a very special case — and it lack the large picturesqueness which will probably be presente by the history of Bolshevist university reorganizatio when that is written — but it is neat and definite, and seems to have symbolic value. Certainly many of ou pedagogical advisers are better courtiers than Euclid was, even if we leave out of the account those who adver-

tise how they can make us efficient and prosperous in a half dozen lessons enjoyed while we are digesting our dinner. The educational courtiers of the present day, of course, do not sit on the doorstep of an occasional Ptolemy; they address themselves directly to democracy. So do we all. We argue for anything that we want by saying that democracy demands it; and still more we argue against anything that we want to get rid of, by calling it undemocratic. The word democratic has become our shibboleth, our touchstone, not to say our universal solvent. Our army is democratic; our industry must be made so; our architecture and our monuments must express democracy; even the national game requires to be democratized; our theology has joined the movement; our books and articles are full of it; naturally our schools must have their share, — we do not "popularize" education any more, we democratize it.

It is not strange that we are somewhat obsessed at present, the legitimate use of the word is so overwhelmingly on our minds. The war and its interpreters have made it a slogan, and it offers the readiest idea to invoke for every purpose. So we are hitching all our wagons to the same star; and the possibility that somebody's wagon may be pulled out of the road by the tangled connections has not yet spoiled our devotion to the great word.

Democracy in education appears to have two principal implications, one referring directly to the people in school, the other to the subjects that they study. "Socialized education" is the approved key to them both; so handsome a key, in fact, that perhaps it may be tried in too many doors.

Real democracy in the education of our children is certainly a legitimate object of aspiration. When for its sake we provide just the same "grammar" school programs for pupils destined (by reason of brains or some other privilege) to have their instruction prolonged into high school and college, and for pupils who are likely to

limit their erudition to that of the elementary school, the cost in time and in educational efficiency is very considerable. Perhaps the gain is worth the price; but that is not quite our present question.

The "democracy" which means educational equality between all possible subjects of study, however, has very much to do with the modern substitute for the royal road. It is not a new topic, and we all know how the principle is apt practically to work out. If the easy subjects and the hard ones lead to the same advantageous results, the natural choice is obvious. So if all the courses in a college offer the same decorative tag, the degree with the pleasantest associations, why shouldn't one specialize in subjects which it would be invidious to mention in this connection? If education which one gets by watching a cinematograph is just as good as education which one gets by solving exact and sometimes tiresome problems, why should one explode one's brain-cells needlessly? In fact, if anything that is a proper subject for a sermon or a magazine article is a proper subject for a course in college, and if a pleasant familiarity with the latest invention or topic of popular discussion is equal in educational importance to a grasp of elemental principles, we may as well discard the notion that the development of the individual has some relation to that of the race, and cheerfully assume that we are all simply born up to date.

Some of the expert doctors of pedagogical theory possibly over-exploit the tendency. Doubtless it would be unfair to question their motives; but it must be a pleasure — for an expert — if one cannot startle people with a note of alarm, to gratify them by justifying what they incline to like, or by condemning what in established usage they have found irksome.

It has been found agreeable, for instance, to speak ill of the science of grammar, the democracy of which has always been under suspicion. Grammar still, however, more or less underlies the expression of thought in words.

Doubtless the youthful minds which are spontaneously inclined to the science of it will always be in a minority, though perhaps not so utterly small a minority as the writers on sympathetic pedagogy would have us presume. There is such a thing as being more childish than the child, as well as more royalist than the King, or more catholic than the Pope; and even boys have their philosophic moments. But it is fairly safe to say that syntax will never be classed with the movies for popularity.

One hears sometimes, also, the plea that in the study of literature nothing should stand in the way of "appreciation." A good friend of mine gives me the impression that this is his only idea with reference to any study which has literature for its material; and in a sense, of course, I agree. But sometime I hope to induce him to define for me a little more specifically what he means by appreciation. Something like emotional enjoyment, it seems to be. As a reaction against "dry" teaching, this, I suppose, does credit to his heart, though I never heard him object to a botanist's pulling a plant to pieces and discussing the functions of its parts, on the ground that it spoils the beauty of the flower, even with the technical names thrown in. But emotional enjoyment isn't really, in any exact sense of the term, "appreciation." In colloquial language we do often, like my generous friend, appreciate a thing "very much," and let it go at that; and popular appreciations of other words are commonly of the same sort — estimating their meaning, it would seem, chiefly by the tone in which they are spoken. Instance the case of the member of Congress who, when President Wilson had said that we went into the war against Germany without any *special* grievance of our own, quoted him as having said that we had no *real* grievance against Germany, and doubtless was genuinely surprised when the President disavowed the imputation of the latter idea. But this sort of thing surely isn't for experts, even in education.

As to literature, and the characteristics of choice and arrangement and subordination and emphasis which make its style — and cannot altogether disown syntax — once in a while there is a reader who perceives these things instinctively; but most of us need to have our attention called to them in our early days with a good deal of painstaking. Obviously there are many ways of enjoying even the reading of a novel, and perhaps most people want agreeable sensations rather than the mental condition which we call critical; but the word appreciation deserves better luck.

In education, as in ward politics, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the kind heart and the instinct of the demagogue. A good demagogue no doubt has a genuine sympathy with inferiority, particularly when that inferiority is in majority representation; and educational demagogy has inclined naturally enough to a tenderness for illiteracy.

Making learning attractive, even to those who are not born with inclinations that way, is of course too good a thing to be regarded with any other sentiment than admiration; only, if the democratic purpose of obliterating the distinction between those who like to use their minds and those who don't, leads us to overemphasize the lure, we may be tempted to the device known in commerce as substitution. If one sticks to the real thing in education (which obviously does not mean always the same thing) the application of the charm is sometimes easier to discuss than to attain. I cannot altogether get over a fact of my own student days, when a term's study of the most interesting of sciences was for me disappointingly dull, chiefly because of a text-book written by an educator who has since gained considerable fame in urging that school ought to be made interesting to the pupils. His principles when he wrote that book may not have been what they are now; but it is clearly easier to talk about the qualities that beguile the pupil than to produce them on demand.

Sticking to the real thing is undoubtedly the troublesome point. The paradox of "democracy" among educational subjects is no longer unfamiliar: certain subjects are very well, yes, for the intellectual *élite*, but they are too difficult to set before the average mind, which they only discourage; on the other hand, one subject is as respectable as another, quite as good intellectual pabulum as any, and should be given the same academic status and esteem. As for the particular intellectual purposes which various subjects are qualified to promote, the same generous principle evidently covers them all.

Apparently, too, the gate being opened wide, the threshold must not be too high, if we are all to get through together. It is not entirely an accident that democracy in education should have been contrasted with the ideal of individual excellence; and under some influences it seems excessively easy to believe that society will be more intelligent than the human material of which it is made.

Yet surely it need not be thought unsocial or undemocratic to regard education as primarily a means for perfecting the individual. It includes getting knowledge and "the right attitude" in reference to social relations — Have we not seen neat blackboard schemes indicating that man is a social animal? — but the main task of education is to develop the habit of correct individual thinking and acting upon facts as they are, even those that would be the same in a deserted village.

Furthermore, there is a serious fallacy involved in much of the talk about connecting education with "life." All life ought to be a process of education; but that does not mean that all life ought to be found in the school room. We all like "a chance to discuss live topics" and, as an old-fashioned newspaper editor remarked not long ago, in these days "the drift" is toward "the contentious subjects, in which nearly everything is so much a matter of opinion that the novice may feel himself on the same level with the teacher." Yet there actually are a great

many learnable things which it is better to leave even to the magazine-reading stages of our educational career, than to encumber with them the youthful classroom. The plea is too simply specious, — that education should keep in touch with life. In a sense, of course it should; but one might, on that principle, so easily prove so much. Why waste so many million foot-pounds of muscular effort in the gymnasium, when there is so much of the world's work waiting to be done in the shop or factory? The obvious reason seems to be that certain muscular habits and developments can be better and more economically secured early in life with the apparatus especially designed for those ends, than while attending to the productive machinery of the world. By fair analogy, there are certain mental adaptations and furnishings, certain summations of twos into fours, and their kind, and especially the mastery of the means of expression, for which the psychological moments are in the school days of life, and which should occupy those days to the temporary exclusion of many interesting things that will usefully present themselves later on.

The beguilement of cross-lots education is partly, of course, the thought of saving time, proceeding visibly straight toward one's object, instead of by the trodden way around the corner. The idea is not new; certainly it is not more exclusively modern than that at the other extreme is really antiquated, — the long-established notion that eating so many dinners "in Hall" or attending college for a specified number of years, was the chief educational essential. Only a short time before the war began, a well-known statesman who used to preside over our national House of Representatives was quoted in the newspapers as saying: "The chief advantage of college life to a boy, is that he learns a great deal by absorption, which is about the easiest way to acquire knowledge that I know of." Familiar as the idea is, however, and even true, in its way, it sounds strangely out of harmony with

our more serious present. At any rate it is a plain commendation of a road to learning which, if not royal, was at least "privileged." Yet the speaker was simply alluding to the form of economy of effort that, in the days before "intensive" courses, was a popular substitute for more toilsome ways. Our present preferences are perhaps more vigorous, but we are as fond of short cuts as ever.

The peril of their present allurement is that, unlike Euclid, we are seeking to justify them plausibly under a principle with which they have properly little if anything to do. One does not want to be frivolous in presence of a great idea, but still more one does not want to see a great idea used frivolously. It is not necessary that every separate institution or enterprise within a democratic commonwealth should have the word democratic written all over it. Too many people seem to have been trying to make us forget that Art, for instance, may be very good art, sometimes, without embodying lessons in democracy; that there may still be good poems not directly inspired by democratic sentiments; that there are probably philosophic concepts which do not absolutely need to be linked with specifically democratic theory. There are even some social enterprises which have been found to be more efficiently carried on upon the reverse of democratic principles, either because of the need of harmonizing action and concentrating responsibility, or because of the essential recognition of superior attainments.

There is another aspect of the matter, perhaps not so obvious. Some objects must not be sought too directly. Long ago our religious teachers more or less effectively convinced us that such a desirable thing as happiness, for instance, is not to be successfully attained if it is consciously made our aim. Character, too, is in the same category. One of President Wilson's perspicacious remarks when he was still a professional educator was that "character is a by-product." Well, the social character

which, apart from politics, we rather too frequently call democracy, is another thing like that. It is not quite wisely to be aimed at directly, not to be professed or advertised too much as an end in itself. Doing these things to it brings out the parts of its nature which lead to claptrap and buncombe. You may rectify particular undemocratic conditions, certainly. You may aim overtly at fairness and honesty or even courtesy. But democracy as a detached conception seems unable to go out into the rain of miscellaneous topics of the times, without getting itself indecently bedraggled and becoming something like vulgarity. Let us have democracy where it belongs, even in school, but let us refrain if we can from degrading it into a catchword or an excuse.

Neither the word democracy, nor the thing, belongs everywhere. Even hero-worship has its utility, if it stimulates us to follow a proper hero through thick as well as through thin. That is a sort of royal road for which democracy may perhaps furnish a parallel, but in recent allusions to the problems of education it has seemed excessively out of fashion.

Allan Ball.

THE PARSON'S PRESCRIPTION

SATURDAY forenoon, his only free forenoon in the week, was already half gone. The Professor, irritably conscious of time slipping by, was making desperate attempts to clear away an essay long on his mind. Interruptions never ceased, his ideas would not flow, the mood would not come. He had written the title and the first page a dozen times, only to tear them up.

At last, quite suddenly he felt the void and formless mass of his thoughts begin to stir. He knew from experience that a few moments were sure to give him the vision of beginning, middle, and end he had coveted all the morning and all the week. He felt the pleasant warmth of inspiration.

Just then, for the eighth or ninth time, the telephone rang. In a flash the Professor saw his forenoon again a failure, and all hope gone for another week. His wrath rose like a raging lion. As if a powerful spring at highest tension had suddenly been released within him, he instantaneously and simultaneously threw down his pen and jumped up, overturning his chair and giving it a kick that knocked the bottom in. With the fingers of both hands in his hair, he whirled about, stamping in concentrated and suppressed fury, and began wildly to pace the floor. Then, with countenance upturned and with one hand to the back of his head and the other outstretched toward the ceiling, he exclaimed, with heat quite incandescent:

"Some day I'll swear! I will, just as sure as —— !" He stopped just in time.

The partial release of his temper in this little tempest and whirlwind of passion made it possible for the Professor to answer the telephone call; but it was impossible now to continue the essay. In a minute or two he put

on his hat, bitterly drawing it down over his eyes, and went out. At first he strode savagely along, with no thought save of his wrongs; but the day was golden October, and presently he felt a purpose forming within him. He would purge himself of bitterness by a walk in quiet.

Midway of the cool rustic avenue covered by still dewy fallen leaves, he met his genial neighbor the Parson. They were on excellent terms, and seldom conversed but by way of banter. The Parson noticed his friend's clouded brow and wry-faced attempts to time his talk to the usual allegro, and soon led him up to the recital of his troubles.

"Some day," repeated the Professor, very seriously, at the conclusion of his narrative, "some day, I tell you, I'll swear!" His face was flushed. "I will," he said "just as sure as — preaching!"

The Parson looked at him with great calm, notwithstanding the grave nature of the threat. The Professor returned his gaze. After a few seconds of contemplation, the deep blue of the Parson's eyes underwent a mysterious change; the least bit of a golden gleam appeared in them, and he surprised the Professor by saying:

"Why, of course! Why don't you? It's just what you need."

His manner was so matter-of-fact that the Professor was not quite sure he didn't mean it. He looked again for the gleam. It was still there, but exceedingly subtle.

"I'm glad you approve," he said. His balance was restored now, and he could smile without contortion.

"Oh, I really mean it," said his friend. "The next time you feel that way, just go ahead and swear, right out, good and hard. It'll do you good."

"Only," he added, "of course you must go off by yourself somewhere. It wouldn't do to have your family or the neighbors hear. They might not know you were doing it under ecclesiastical direction."

The gleam grew brighter for a moment, and then returned to low visibility.

"Of course," the Parson went on, "I shouldn't like to be quoted as bestowing my approval upon profanity as a general practice. But you are an exceptional case, and I feel safe in my prescription."

"I see," said the Professor. "You think the professorial constitution will stand it, while another might not." He reflected. "But it's a pretty strong dose, though, don't you think so — a sort of kill or cure?"

"Oh, not at all. It's homeopathy — like cures like."

"I was thinking of the quantity," said the Professor, "and the flavor."

The Parson poked the leaves with his stick, and smiled. "After all," he looked up, after a moment's hesitation, "after all, I am only counselling you to follow nature. You know that profanity, or at least the impulse to profanity, is about as near being universal as anything can be. It amounts to instinct. Now what does that mean, if not that in profanity nature has provided man with an alleviation, a remedy? When he is in pain, she prompts him to groan. It relieves him. When he is in grief, she starts him to shedding tears, with the same result. When he feels joy, she relieves him through laughter and shouting. When he is angry, she stirs him either to strike out at the tangible or to swear at the intangible. Don't you see that profanity is one of nature's purgatives? The remedy I am prescribing is neither homeopathic nor allopathic. It is natural."

"When are you going to give the congregation the benefit of your conclusions?" asked the Professor.

"When I preach," answered the Parson, "I always tell the truth; but I am aware of no commandment making it my duty to tell all the truth I happen to know."

"Yes," he reverted to his theme, "and besides, in saying this I am right abreast of the most advanced thinking. Swearing is nature's way, and isn't nature bound to be

right? If you feel like swearing and don't swear, can' you see that you are committing a crime against th great mother of us all?"

"Yes, I understand," said the Professor, with muc gravity; "but, you see, owing to some defect or other i character or training, I can't help feeling uncomfortabl at the thought of transgressing either the Ten Command ments or the laws of the community. Nature tells u also to marry without the priest, and to acquire property without bothering with the title. I can't begin at my tim of life to swear and to covet my neighbor's wife."

The Parson looked at him reprovingly.

"I am ashamed of you for your lack of loyalty to th principles of progress," he said. "For the community' sake and your own, promise me to be careful how yo speak."

The Professor laid his hand on his heart. "I promise," he said.

"But," he continued, "before I surrender wholly and make an honest attempt at swearing, I want to be satisfied that there is nothing to take its place. We are using substitutes for everything these days. If pudding can be made out of sawdust, it seems to me that human ingenuity might devise something to take the place of profanity."

"Why don't you apply yourself to the problem?" asked his friend.

"Well, I *have* thought somewhat along that line," answered the Professor; "but I am not inventive. I have given a trial, for example, to what might be called wooden profanity. Without realizing as I do since you explained it just now, how scientific and how modern I was, I have smashed a good deal of furniture in obedience to impulse in moments of anger. It gives a man some relief, I find, but I can't say I regard it as perfectly satisfactory."

"And it's expensive," remarked the Parson.

"You're right; that *is* a drawback," agreed the Pro-

fessor; "though I shouldn't mind the expense if I got real satisfaction. What's money to a man with a salary like mine?"

"What indeed," echoed his friend; "or mine?"

"And then," the Professor continued, gravely, "I've tried using a foreign language."

The Parson immediately shook his head.

"How do you come to know so much about it?" he asked. "Have you tried it, too?"

"I'm not saying, but I have travelled and studied, and — well, you *can't* swear in a foreign language. At least, Americans and Englishmen can't. Why, the continental Europeans themselves can't swear in their own languages. Their swear words are all worn threadbare and useless. What can you expect, when they say *Mon Dieu* and *Gesù Santissimo* in casual conversation on the way to church? The only way an Italian or a Frenchman can really swear is to say Apoplexy, or Name of a Name, or Holy Blue, or something of that sort. What good would that kind of material do an Anglo-Saxon, I'd like to know?"

"No," he went on, "when a man gets to feeling the way you did in your study this morning, or the way I did the day before yester —— but then," he smiled, "I am a minister, and of course I never get to feeling that way."

"I must say," said the Professor, "for a man in your business, you display a rather intimate knowledge of some subjects. Where did you get your education?"

The Parson smiled, but did not answer.

"Have you thought of any other substitutes?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," the Professor answered, thoughtfully, "unless ——. Yes, why not try this: why not get up a list of hitherto unused words, or invent a list of totally new ones, and use them in place of the old ones? Wouldn't that afford relief without involving a man in the guilt of real swearing?"

"Oh, pshaw! you know without discussing it just how efficacious that would be," the Parson started to say.

The Professor paid no attention. "I have it," he interrupted, his invention rising. "A regular inspiration! Have the President — or the Pope — or some successor to Andrew Carnegie — appoint a Committee on Swearing Reform, and subsidize a New-Profanity Propaganda, and have the Committee draw up a list. Get the leading religious journals and the most influential ministers and professors in the country to sanction the list by using it, and have the whole population follow suit. Just like spelling reform."

"My friend," said the Parson, "you surprise me. I have always supposed you to be a person of some penetration, but I find you are not. You don't give the least evidence of a recognition of the elementary principle that profanity, in order to afford satisfaction at all, must involve the forbidden. Your continental and reform substitutes involve no transgression. They are as innocent as infancy, and as weak.

"It is curious the relief an irritated or angry man will feel from the mere wilful doing of something forbidden, however slight. He pounds his finger, for example. The logical thing for him to do would be to set about nursing the bruise; but instead of that he stamps up and down and swears and says he'll sell the place, or blow out his brains. He's simply doing something he knows he ought not to. Somehow it relieves. A professor is interrupted in the middle of an essay. What logical connection is there between that and smashing a chair. Yet he does smash the chair, simply because his impulse is to do something against the law. And the more against the law, the stronger the impulse, and the greater the relief. Of course a professor doesn't actually swear, but that is always his first impulse, and the strongest. Isn't it, now?"

"I have known cases where it was," said the Professor.

"The way of the transgressor in general is hard," said the Parson, "but there is no denying that in particular

instances it seems to be a path of at least modified pleasantness."

"And it is not only in cases of real need that men find pleasure in doing the forbidden," he went on. There are men who take an infantile delight in mere purposeless transgression. You know how members of your profession and mine sometimes get together and do wildly naughty things — such as clinking their ginger ale glasses, to name one of the most audacious. And your profession, at least, seems to me to take particular delight in what might be termed vicarious profanity."

"What do you mean?" inquired the Professor.

"Well, take for example the 'smoker' I attended with you at the college club that night last spring. Don't you remember Brown's getting up on a table and reading cowboy poetry and drawing a perfect cyclone of applause? It wasn't at all that it was fine poetry, or even funny poetry; it was only that in place of ordinary emphasis it used profanity and near-profanity, and the average man there somehow tasted the delight of transgression by profanity, without really incurring guilt; a sort of sinless, smokeless swearing, so to speak. Why, it tickled them half to death, especially the professors. I submit that without the naughty words the stuff never would have been published, and never would have been read."

The Professor felt constrained to agree.

"Well then," he began, with an air of helplessness, "since we can't hit on a satisfactory substitute, what *am* I going to do?"

The Parson's eyes gleamed again.

"It just now occurs to me," he said, not quite smiling, "that for the relief of men like you it might not be a bad idea to have some sort of institution. Not a gold cure, or anything of that kind, because you can't really be cured of natural impulse; but a retreat where a man could go for at least temporary relief.

"You have heard of alcoholics who hold out just so

long, and then have to go on a spree to be purged of their thirst, and return in every respect normal for weeks to come. Well, why not make it possible for a professor to go off to some well conducted, reputable resort for the same purpose? Of course it wouldn't do for him to go away at random, like a common drunk. Take, for instance, your own case: when you are in a state of accumulated irritation and have been exasperatingly interrupted time after time, as you were this morning, and feel as I think a stream must feel when it finds itself dammed ('d-a-m,' of course), and can get no relief short of a sudden and violent bursting of the whole — dammed thing!"

They laughed, exclaiming, both at once, "You see?"

"Well," said the Parson, wiping his eyes, "at such times why wouldn't it be a good thing for you to go to some nice resort, say in Texas, or Medicine Hat, or northern New Hampshire, or somewhere else where the swearing is good, and take a padded cell and have yourself locked in, and swear hard enough and long enough to get it all out of you? Then come home and be calm and patient until the next climax of auto-profanization occurred?"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the Professor. "And auto-profanization is good. That's just what happens. My system has no chance to eliminate. I accumulate millions of calories of poison that sooner or later necessitate an explosive clearing of the whole organism.

"But what's the use of talking? There are no such institutions, and if there were they would be expensive."

"Yes, that's so," agreed his friend. "I suppose you'll really have to create your own resort. The next time you feel that way, go out into the woods, or row out to the middle of the lake, or go up in the attic — and do your worst."

The Professor looked him in the eye.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I believe you mean it."

"Of course I mean it. After all, there is something to be said for profanity with a purpose. You know the

Good Book says, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' Now in your case I am inclined to think it wouldn't be in vain. I'm really afraid, at times, judging from what you say about the way you feel, that some day you'll have an apoplexy, or in any case that you'll smash things up so awfully that your means will be seriously depleted and your family reduced to want. A little discreet variation from the norm of speech that will result in the avoidance of either of these calamities can hardly, it seems to me, be classed as vain. We must think of it in the light of a hygienic and economic remedy, to be conscientiously and scientifically administered."

He turned to go.

"Hold on!" remonstrated the Professor. "You started this, and you'll have to settle it before you go off and leave me. To swear, or not to swear: that's the question. Do you mean what you say, or don't you?

"I have already told you twice that I do mean it," answered the Parson, with his most inscrutable look.

"But," he added, "you must remember that it *is* an emergency measure. You must not swear often. It soon ceases to be a resource." The gleam came again.

"Well, the consequences be on your head," said the Professor, also inscrutable. "I'm going to act."

They said good morning very pleasantly, and moved in opposite directions. The Parson felt just the slightest uneasiness as he thought of the possibility that his words had started a blameless professor on the downward course; but that was only because he was a really conscientious person. He understood his man; he knew that the Professor was no more capable of swearing than of burglary — especially after having been advised to swear. He went his way with conscience at perfect rest. He even tried to picture to himself the Professor in the act of following his advice. As he did so, his features gradually were overspread by the signs of a mighty inward amusement.

The Professor's bad luck with the essay continued. It was three weeks before he arrived once more at the luminous point where he had lost the vision. Finally, one morning, the whole vista opened up before him again, as clear as day —.

And again the telephone rang!

His ire came surging up like flame; he felt his reason going. By the supremest effort he held himself until his wife came to the door and said it was the Dean calling up to ask whether he had forgotten his committee appointment to discuss æsthetic dancing as a substitute for Latin 6. Then he dashed his pen to the floor, rushed past her out of the study, and swiftly made for the attic.

It was a blind career of only a second or two. Tempestuously slamming the door on himself, he noted with the caution of insanity that the window was not open toward the neighbors, frenziedly waved his arms, opened his mouth and filled his chest, and —.

He simply gasped; that was all. He was unable to utter the awful words. He tried a second time. He got no farther than a convulsive, "G-g-g!" He made a third and a greater effort. A violent working of the oral and laryngeal muscles produced only a pitiful, broken, "G-g-gosh d-airn!"

Pitful as it was, its vocal resemblance to the real thing frightened him so that he came part way, at least, to his senses. He sat down on an old trunk, his head in his hands, and considered. As he became conscious, however, that he was indeed purged of anger, his remorse was mingled with despair. From his experiment he clearly saw that, for those who were strong enough to avail themselves of the remedy to the full, it must be all that was claimed for it; but he knew well that he never could bring himself to go again even the little distance he had gone that morning. The peace of perfect profanity, the peace that flowed as a river, though it might not flow long, was never to be his. A swearer must be born, not made; or

at least, must be made early. For him, forever only the expensive and inefficacious substitute.

He waited until he heard his wife leave the house for the Red Cross rooms, and descended the attic stairs. After a moment's hesitation, he continued to the ground floor, got his hat, and went out; he could not face the study again just then.

He made for his favorite refuge under the trees by the lake. The leaves that covered the ground now were crisp with hoar frost, and sparkling. The keen air and the bright sunlight were like a draught of new life. By the time he reached the scene of the dialogue of three weeks before, God was in his heaven once more, and all right with the world. His imagination, in a glow, rehearsed the fateful conversation. At the end of it, he burst into a laugh, and then stopped for a second in his tracks and with a grim smile shook his fist in the direction of the Parson's house.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

ARCHITECTURE

WHAT a wonderful thing it is to lie
On the roofless ground and see,
Drawn on the blue-print of the sky,
The intricate plan of a tree!

CAROLYN HALL.

TASTE AND THE MIND'S EYE

WHEN I first saw Bellini's Bacchanal, that beautiful picture of what is best described as a classical picnic-party, lent by Mr. Carl Hamilton to the Metropolitan Museum last spring, when I had looked at it awhile and, after looking at other things, had returned to it for a fresh impression, I did not find the leaving of it in the end as hard as might be thought. For, really, I did not leave the picture. It went with me. It came home with me, to stay. Today, as on that first day, the Museum may have it or Mr. Hamilton may have it, but I have it too.

I do not merely mean that I remember the pleasure I felt in seeing a very beautiful and unusual picture, that I remember what it represents, and in a vague way recall what factors of form and of color make it so delightful to look upon. I mean that in my mind I still look upon it. I still *see* the picture itself — the figures and their grouping, the colors and their distribution, the background and the sky and its clouds — the whole enchanting composition with many of its details, and, moreover, the particular character of Bellini's workmanship. On the other hand, I do not mean that to look at my memory of it is as good as to look at the picture itself — only that the mental image approaches actuality in such degree that it is a very precious and satisfactory possession. Naturally, one takes the trouble to see a picture of this quality as often as possible with the actual eye, but not only for the sake of the moment's full delight — also in order that one's mental replica may be confirmed, solidified, and developed in detail.

Of course I am citing this new Bellini — new to our New World — merely to illustrate a general fact, and of course this fact is no discovery: everyone is aware that

our memories contain voluminous picture-books, the pages of which, voluntarily or involuntarily, we are always turning. But not everyone is wise enough to take pains to make these books as rich as possible in distinct and delightful pages. And not everyone realizes that we are unequally endowed by nature with the power to do so, or that each of us may largely develop his own power if he will.

With aural memory it is different. Here we realize that one man's power is not another's, for it is easy to make manifest how well we remember words or music or any sounds that the voice or an instrument can reproduce. There is no danger that I shall doubt your possession of a gift which I lack if you play on the piano the themes of the songs we heard at the concert last night, or whistle the notes of all the birds in the wood, while I remember none. And if I have seen Toscanini conduct an opera without a score, and know that he can do the same with dozens of others, I marvel at a miracle as inconceivable to my mind as the weighing of a star or the measuring of an atom. But the inner eye has not, like the inner ear, a voice wherewith to tell what it remembers, while its instruments — the painter's brush, the sculptor's clay — do not readily lend themselves to such service. One may be very far from a Beethoven and yet give plain proof that he remembers well something that Beethoven wrote, but one would need to be almost a Bellini to demonstrate a vivid and accurate recollection of the Bacchanal.

Therefore we make no comparisons, one with another, of our powers of visual memory, and we are content with our own share of them, assuming, if we think of them at all, that they are the same as everyone else's. So difficult is it, indeed, to translate facts of vision into language, so prone is everyone to assume that, although it may be more or less keen, there is only one *kind* of vision, that the existence of color-blindness, a defect in the vision of about one person in thirty, was not even

suspected until John Dalton, the father of the atomic theory in chemistry, discovered it in himself and, in 1794, described it to others, calling his memoir Extraordinary Facts Relating to the Vision of Colors. But as this discovery was possible, so there are tests and comparisons which may at least roughly indicate the varying degrees of visualizing power. In Sir Francis Galton's Inquiries into Human Faculty he tells how, by means of a carefully detailed *questionnaire* addressed to one hundred adults mostly of intellectual distinction, he secured testimony to gradations of the visualizing faculty ranging from absolute impotence to the ability to see with the mind's eye as distinctly and vividly as with the eye corporeal. At one extreme we read, with many similar responses, "I can see my breakfast table or any equally familiar thing with my mind's eye quite as well in all particulars as I can do if the reality is before me; " and at the other extreme are such confessions as, "I am very rarely able to recall any object whatever with any sort of distinctness," and, "My powers are zero. To my consciousness there is almost no association of memory with objective visual impressions. I recollect the breakfast table but do not see it."

Visualizing power, says Galton, may of course be cultivated, and he indicates certain interesting ways of developing it in children. But those who are at an age when they can teach themselves may do much by cultivating, as opportunity offers, a habit of paying attention — of noting, of realizing, of appreciating in the full sense of the word what they see, of actually *seeing* things instead of merely looking at them. Test your friends and you will find how many merely look. They tell you enthusiastically of a picture, perhaps, that they have just seen, but cannot describe the special characteristics that make it especially attractive. They remember only that they were greatly pleased by a portrait of a lady in white or a sunset landscape. They "did not notice" the much-more that a

better-endowed eye could not have helped seeing and remembering. Nor can they more accurately describe the beauty of nature. By means of practice in the simple art of noticing and trying to remember, their weak endowment might be greatly strengthened, although we may believe (I have said it can hardly be proved) that cultivation cannot rival the results of nature's most generous endowments. We have learned how possible it is to cultivate an "ear for music" — an ear which will keenly perceive and correctly remember — even when there seems small natural foundation to build upon, but we know, none the less, that a Toscanini must be born — born with extraordinary powers. Yet with visual as with aural memory any increase of faculty is well worth gaining. Galton explains how useful in many vocations is a strong power of visualizing, and of the result that we are now considering — the ability to fill our minds with visions of beauty — he writes, "I have many correspondents who say that the delight of recalling beautiful scenery and great works of art is the highest that they know; they carry whole picture-galleries in their minds."

How often we hear some one lamenting that the art museum near which he lives is of "no use" to him, that he has no time to profit by the pleasure it offers him. And how often he makes it plain that he counts nothing as profit except an actual visit, seeming to own no mental picture-book which he might permanently enrich by even a hasty sight of delightful things. But if an art museum were of no use to any visitor excepting while he is within its gates, then it would fail indeed of public usefulness, for however great its services of other kinds in the giving of instruction and of pleasure, the greatest it can possibly render is to raise the level of taste in the public at large.

Our manifest æsthetic shortcomings and sins, whether publicly or privately committed, spring from a lack not so much, as is often said, of a desire for beauty, as of a knowledge of what beauty is. Of course I do not mean theoret-

ical knowledge, knowledge of the kind that may be gained from books and teachers. The eye cannot really be cultivated through the ear. I mean *assimilated visual knowledge* — that sensitiveness of the eye itself, native with some, capable of development not in all but in many others, which sees in actual things the difference between beauty and fitness, ugliness, inappropriateness, and vulgarity, and can guide the mind to distinguish between them when projected things are in question. This is taste; this is what we chiefly lack.

It is no paradox to say that if our people had less desire for beauty, our houses and shops and streets would be less multifariously encumbered with ugly and vulgar things. Not long ago, in the waiting room of one of those dressmakers whom, less in condescension than in affectionate gratitude for moderate prices, their patrons call "little," I counted on the walls twenty-four small pictures — not photographs but paintings and watercolors with a few engravings; and the small room, evidently at other hours the family living-room, was crowded full of ornate things of many kinds, not one simple straightforward thing — curtain, carpet, chair, or table, lamp or mat or pin tray — among them all, and not a single one with which a sensitive eye could have dwelt content. Yet who can deny that this room, a type of very many others, had been made so ugly because of a strong desire to make it attractive, that much pains and money had been spent, by persons with whom neither time nor money was plentiful, in the search, not for utility or even comfort, but for what to the spenders seemed beauty? Higher up in the social (or pecuniary) scale, the same strong desire is often as unfortunately expressed. As clearly as in most of our department stores the great spaces that are crowded with costly "objects of art" for household use bear witness to a heartbreaking lack of taste, just as clearly they testify to a widespread and eager though blind and stumbling desire for beauty on the part of the thronging customers. And what

untiring, enthusiastic ingenuity on the part of their makers the protean sinful things themselves proclaim!

How well, again, we know the kind of room where good taste may not be offended but where, nevertheless, the contents bear but scant testimony to good taste on the part of the owner. He has put his trust in architect, decorator and art dealer; and as they have put their trust in the artists and artisans of some by-gone time, it is really these whose taste we admire. Of course it is a forward step in taste to prefer good old things or copies of them to ugly things of our own invention — if we truly prefer them and do not merely know that they are at the moment in vogue. But when we really do prefer them we are likely to know why, and when we know why, we are not afraid, if we are makers of things, to vary them, to adapt them, to bend them to current needs or our own desires; and, if we are purchasers of things, we are not afraid to buy or to order such products of today, and, moreover, we are not afraid to confront in the same room things of one epoch of the past with those of another. We can trust ourselves to judge whether or no they look well together, and if they do, we cannot feel that it is "wrong" to put them together. They are hideous terms that in recent years have come into trade parlance — "period rooms," "period furniture"; and while the kind of growth in taste that they represent is not, as I have said, to be altogether despised, in many cases it leads to much absurdity as well as much discomfort in daily living. If it proves to be merely a stage in our progress from contentment with ugly things to the production of good ones, we need not complain. But there is danger that such slavery to certain products of the past as now widely prevails may quench all power, by quenching all desire, to produce beautiful things of our own. I cannot forget the unfeigned distress of a dealer high in the favor of the financially great when, looking at some reproductions of delicately inlaid French furniture, I asked whether any of the patterns were of today's designing.

"No, no, he declared in a horrified tone, "everything, *everything*" had been "most conscientiously copied."

Far too often we hear words of similar import not only from the tradesman whose influence on their customers is just now so potent but from architects and artists in decoration. There is no appeal to taste, to the sense of beauty. This is what "was done" or that "was never done" is the only test; this is "correct" or that would be "incorrect" is the only argument; and he who suggests that test and argument may be insufficient or beside the mark is an outer barbarian. But must it be believed that no imperfection ever marks the work of Colonial or Georgian builders or cabinetmakers, and also that they absolutely exhausted, even in minor details, the possibilities of excellence in their several styles? Taste is what we need to decide such points. The argument for beauty and fitness is the valid one; of beauty and fitness only good taste can judge; and good taste can be developed only through acquaintance with good work of many kinds, not by a slavish adherence to formulas based upon narrow preferences. How valuable therefore are our large museums, treasuries of the accomplishment of all lands and all times!

Through the eye we appraise and acquire and assimilate unconsciously, of course, as well as consciously. And this is why it is wise to allow children free access to our museums, even when no definite instruction is offered them. But, whenever possible, conscious acquisition should be added to unconscious, and so we come back to the matter of visual memory. To the cultivation of visual memory much of the instruction that is given in our museums to children should be addressed. They should be stimulated to see and not merely look, to remember, and to record their memories, if possible, in line and color rather than in words. The results in line and color will not be adequate tests as to mental acquisition, for there is no necessarily equal partnership between memory and executive power.

But the need is not to test but simply to develop memory, and toward this any effort at reproduction will help. Of course it is not only pictures that should be memorized but all objects in any way beautiful in color or in form. Above all, the memory for form should be cultivated because our modern world seems less endowed by nature with sensitiveness to form, to beauties and uglinesses of line and mass, than with sensitiveness to virtues and sins in color. But sensitiveness in regard to beauty in any direction helps to develop good taste in all directions. Though one has studied only Venetian pictures, let us say, or only Greek vases, nevertheless, if he has assimilated what they teach, if he has formed his taste upon them, that taste will show to his credit when he furnishes his library or plans his country-place.

As we know that there are color-blind eyes, so, I believe after some experimenting, there are form-blind eyes. There are people who cannot by the light of nature see, or by any effort learn to see, the difference between beautiful and ugly lines and masses — between, for example, a vase of lovely shape and a vase of awkward shape. Good taste with them is of course an impossibility. But this would matter less to their neighbors if they were more likely to recognize and accept the fact and its implications. There is a curious contradiction in the way we are apt to feel about our powers of seeing and of hearing.

Physical defects of vision seldom embarrass or mortify the sufferer as do defects of hearing. Readily almost anyone admits that he is nearsighted or astigmatic or is growing "old-sighted," far less readily that he is hard of hearing. Even total blindness seems to affect neither the spirit of the sufferer nor his attitude towards his associates as unfortunately as total deafness, though to the unafflicted observer it appears the heavier cross. But it is otherwise with the gifts that are associated with our powers of sight and hearing. Few who are so limited

hesitate to confess that they have no ear for music, cannot judge of it, care nothing at all for it, but scarcely anyone will admit that he cares nothing for beauty that appeals to the eye, cannot distinguish between it and ugliness, has no eye for form or for color. Even as regards the special æsthetic qualities of a building, a statue, a painting, almost everyone feels that his personal taste, no matter if wholly untrained, is entitled to as much respect as another's, although when it comes to spending money he may deem it safer to follow professional advice. Yet rarely indeed can an eye be trusted that has not been taught by much seeing and conscious or half-unconscious comparing.

Visual acquaintance with good art is the road to good taste. If we get enough of it we need little aid from words or books. It is wonderful how good work, how beauty, speaks for itself, slowly perhaps to the novice, but insistently, successfully if there is any rudimentary æsthetic instinct to be appealed to and developed. I once heard one of his pupils say to Mr. Chase, "I don't see why you think that portrait of Sargent's so fine." He did not try to explain. He said, "Then you had better sit just there until you do," — good advice, which, if followed with regard to many fine things, would bear the fruit of perception, provided, I repeat, that the eyes in question were not by nature holden so that they could not see. I remember, too, that John La Farge once told me how, when he was very young and there was small chance indeed to see great paintings in America, he read everything about them that he could find and thought he knew a good deal, how he went at last to Europe anticipating immediate delight, and how, when he entered the Louvre and made his way to that famous group of masterpieces in the Salon Carré which in some fashion he had glowingly pictured to himself, he sank into a seat with a shock of disappointment, saying to himself, "Is *this* all? Are *these* of the world's best, these dull and

sombre things?" But he was wise enough, he added, even in his hour of what seemed like utter disillusion, to tell himself that he, not all the rest of the world, of the world that knew about such things, must be in the wrong, and wise enough to know that the way to put himself right was simply to "sit and look"—to look at these special things and at others of the same kind until their worth and beauty should impose itself upon his opening eyes.

But even much visual experience, much frequenting of the places where good art may be found, will not mean true visual acquaintance with it if we leave all that we have seen behind us when we go elsewhere. How except with the aid of memory, of clear and vivid memories, can we make the comparisons upon which even unself-conscious judgments must be based? How can the eye weigh and appraise what it sees, systematize and utilize the material it gathers, unless it can mentally bring together things which in actuality are far apart? It is wise, therefore, to assume, not that our visual memory is good enough but that it is not as good as it might be. It is wise to try to improve it whenever beauty is before us. Our delight in our mental picture-book will rapidly grow as vague and fragmentary pages give place to complete and vivid ones. We may feel sure that we are helping the community by developing good taste, even in one individual. And although we may not dare to tell our neighbor, who frankly and fearlessly condemns our taste in music, that his taste in matters of color and form greatly needs improvement, we can venture to say it, and to say it loudly, of the community as a whole.

Moreover, we may hope that if the community improves in taste, American art, properly so called, will thereby profit. In one of the last articles Randolph Bourne wrote he said: "Out of education in taste will grow creative art as a flower from rich soil." Perhaps he was a little too confident. But a general development

of good taste would, however, be a most valuable achievement, supplying wells of private delight for thousands who are now thirsty for beauty, and ensuring for the benefit of us all a better use than we now make of the legacies left us by the creative periods of the past.

One more word. When I speak of good taste as opening wells of delight for the individual, am I forgetting about the dressmaker with her ornate parlor, and the customers of the department stores? If they get pleasure from what they buy, are they not as well off as though they liked better things? So (although it is hard to believe it) the ignorant in matters of beauty often think. Or they go even farther, fancying that the cultivation of good taste actually narrows the bounds of possible pleasure. Thus it was with an elderly relative of my own who, whenever we refused to admire something that she admired, would crushingly exclaim, "Thank Heaven, I am not so highly cultivated that I cannot enjoy anything!" *Enjoy!* What different meanings as to amount, as to intensity, as to quality, the word implies in the mouth of different speakers! Would even your non-musical friend himself believe that it is the same with him when he enjoys a jazz band or a comic song as it is with you, who are musical by birth and training, when you enjoy Kreisler's playing of the Beethoven concerto? And can you, who never have concerned yourself with matters of art, of visual beauty, and have felt no strong desire to do so — can you fancy that there is no great difference between what you call your pleasure in looking at something that you happen to "like" and the pleasure of some one who, even when he has no beautiful external thing to look at, carries Bellini's Bacchanal clearly in his mind, and can give in detail the reasons why he loves it?

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

GARRULITIES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN EDITOR

He confesses to Bolshevism. Literary Society in the New York of Half a Century Ago. Some Artists, Jokesmiths and Story Tellers. The Early Manhood of Some Prominent Men.

IT seems pretty definitely established that we are all snobs, and it looks as if the next great piece of social diagnosis will be that we are all Bolsheviks — if Bolshevism means a tendency to go faster in social matters than human nature yet warrants. I offer myself as a horrible example. Here I founded this REVIEW to do what I could against the tendency then prevailing as probably never before, certainly never since the French Revolution, and multiplied many-fold since the War, toward Utopian schemes unjustified in the present stage of human evolution. And yet on looking back I find that, so far as I can see, following such a scheme has been my own chief mistake. The scheme, if that's the word for it, was making of publishing a "profession." I have already indicated why it cannot be a "profession," and now at the cost of some egotism, I will illustrate my mistake by examples. They may interest authors and publishers, if nobody else.

A few years after I began business an eminent author asked me to take over his works. I asked him if he had any good cause of complaint against the house then publishing for him, and on his saying No, I declined his invitation. At my age a man has become used to seeing himself as an occasional fool. I now think that that author's relations with his publisher were none of my business. And while it would have been against my principles to *invite* him to come to me, he had a perfect right to come of his own

notion, and I to receive him. I didn't see him again for thirty years, when I asked him if he remembered me in the character of Don Quixote — and he did.

In another case, an agent of an eminent house had gone beyond his instructions and tried to get one of my most eminent authors, who was also a close personal friend. The author, I believe under the instigation of a friend who, perhaps justly, disliked me, wrote that he was going to put up his next book at auction. This aroused all my mistaken "professional" pride. I asked the other publisher if we were to consider our "professional" relations on that basis. He said No, and wrote the author that he would not bid, because I had been to see him and made objections. The author wrote me indignantly that I had boycotted him. The main issue of course bred many complications. I made the mistake of leaving the matter to be settled by correspondence, instead of going to see him at the outset. It was brought into some sort of shape by the volunteer efforts of a common friend, but it resulted in all of his subsequent books but one going to a *third* publisher, and an important posthumous book to a fourth.

Probably my greatest mistake in this line began when a third eminent author, all of whose books I had published, referred me regarding an impending one to a "literary agent." I declined to have any intermediary between my author and myself. My ideal was that the relations of an author and publisher should be like those of patient and doctor, parishioner and pastor, client and lawyer, — this in spite of the fact that for a long time past, if an English litigant's case gets as far as court, his lawyer engages a barrister to plead it. And I followed my ideal as foolishly regardless of facts as a worldful of idealists are following their ideals today — against the remonstrances of even this Review! I refused to have anything to do with the agents — and so for years cut myself out of more new business than I got in without them.

There was no place for literary agents in my unpractically ideal relations between established authors and their established publishers. I took up the cudgels vigorously in interviews and more direct communications to the press, notably in the longest article, I believe, that *The Atlantic* has ever published, on *The Commercialization of Literature*, in 1898. A few years ago when that good man the late Mr. Dodd, said at a publishers' lunch, that he believed an author had a right to employ an intermediary, I found I had changed so far as, in spite of all the objections, to agree with him. He had profited greatly by his wisdom, and I had lost heavily in chasing after my ideal.

When I write, as I am constantly doing, against other people's Bolshevism, I have a strong warrant in the experience of my own.

And now let us turn to pleasanter things.

In the sixties and seventies there was, I think, more literary society in New York than there has been since, perhaps because there was more literature. There were then few houses where people got together merely to talk — sometimes to listen. Now they seem almost everywhere to need dancing or cards or music or some sort of a show. In many houses they don't even dare to depend upon talk after dinner, but either bring in some entertainment or go out to one — all of which I'm old-fashioned enough to consider a nuisance. I even dislike music when it interferes with the talk of people who are worth while. But it doesn't always have the chance to.

My first experience with society in New York was after receiving a card from Mr. and Mrs. Putnam stating, as nearly as I remember, that they would be at home on such and such dates to "some members of the book world. No formality, no suppers." Nevertheless there was something to eat and drink, and the members of the book world ran all the way from printers to poets. It was my

first evening in a houseful of people whose names I had heard, virtually none of whom had ever heard mine. At college I had somehow grown into a more or less conscious impression that I was somebody, and it was interesting and salutary to be shown that I was nobody. It was stimulating too, and for nearly sixty years I have always found the memory of it amusing.

In those days a few ladies attempted *tenir salon.* The earliest I remember was Mrs. Botta, who, as Anna C. Lynch, had written a brief history of the world's literature. The next hostess of the same disposition whom I recall, was Mrs. Henry M. Field. She was a Frenchwoman with an interesting history. She had been a governess or some similar *attachée* in the family of the Duc de Praslin. That gentleman murdered his wife, and the young lady was brought into disagreeable prominence as a witness at the trial, and, although there were no aspersions against her, she left for America. On the voyage she was won by the Rev. Henry M. Field, editor of a religious newspaper in New York, one of whose brothers was among the leaders of the bar, and another a Justice of the Supreme Court. Mrs. Field was a woman of very exceptional mind and character, and of course attracted an exceptional circle.

The center of another such circle, though substantially the same one, was Mrs. E. L. Youmans. Dear old Youmans was too much absorbed in seeking and disseminating scientific truth, to think about marrying anybody, so a rich widow married him. She had a tough job getting him to appear at her receptions, though he was ever ready enough to go to the Century, where he didn't have to make small talk, and could smoke. This was before the ladies took to cigarettes, not to speak of big black cigars. Mrs. Youmans expresst the intention of leaving John Fiske a competence. But after her death no will could be found. The Youmanses lived in the Knickerbocker apartment house on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and, I

believe, Thirtieth Street. I remember another lady who lived in the house saying to me: "Some of the people in the other apartments come to these evenings, but they call us 'the Bohemians.'"

Then there was Mrs. Stone, an aunt by marriage of John Hay's lotus flower, as he called his fiancée. Her big house on Thirty-Sixth Street has still resisted the flood of commerce, though she has passed away.

The house that was quite the most effulgent source of sweetness and light in those days and long after, was that of the Henry Drapers, and although Henry died about 1890, his widow kept up the beneficent activity until her last and long illness some twenty years later — long after the other hostesses I have named had gone to their reward.

The house was peculiarly adapted to its worthy mission. It was a great old-fashioned, high-stooped, brown-stone mansion on the east side of Madison Avenue on Murray Hill. On the cross street (Fortieth, I believe,) above the house, stood the stable. Its second floor was connected by a covered bridge with the second floor of the house, and was fitted up as an auditorium with apparatus for physical experiments. The third floor was more especially a laboratory, and for all I know, an observatory.

When the Drapers entertained, few or many, the company was apt to find its way into the auditorium. I remember once dining there, *partie carrée*, with Edison. When he had disposed of a woodcock, he pulled out a huge jack-knife and whittled the bill into what he apparently considered the proper shape, smiling with much amusement over the process. After dinner we went up to the laboratory where Edison and Draper fussed over the gas-engine. My impression is that Edison came over expressly to do it. He was very genial company.

It has not been my privilege to see the beneficent wizard since, but by an odd coincidence I received my first letter from him a day or two after I wrote that paragraph, and probably I ought to tell you that in it he showed a

discriminating and informed interest in music by asking if I am not the man of my name who near the time of our meeting, which he remembered, protested in the *Evening Post* against the amount of Brahms in the Philharmonic programs. This probably refers to a controversy which started when I gave up the box I had held for twenty-eight years, because the programs were getting to contain more and more music written for the relatively ineffective orchestra of the period before the modern wind instruments, and also of piano concertos and virtuoso show-offs generally. I believe that to this day the Boston Orchestra is the only one in America that gives purely orchestral concerts. My objection to Brahms, however, could not have been that he had not the orchestra to write for, but I don't think in writing for it he is nearly as successful as with simpler mediums. And I think that it is a great mistake to keep most of a big orchestra idle while a minority is playing music written for a little one; or, much more, while a single artist is doing a solo. I humbly submit that the place for solos is the recital hall; for the small orchestra, when the majority of a modern orchestra with their effective wind instruments are not standing idle; and for piano concertos, before audiences, if any can be gathered, who don't object to the horrible way piano and orchestra swear at each other whenever they both speak at once. In a second letter Mr. Edison has endorsed these opinions.

In the Drapers' auditorium I have seen a wireless message shot by Barker through a sofa-ful of ladies, and on another occasion, a cupful of frozen air thrown by its inventor over the silks and satins of another batch of ladies. Again I saw Godkin search with his fingers in the mouth of a man who had chewed up a wineglass, in order to assure the company that the proceeding was genuine. I have heard there Professor Pickering describe the work done at the observatory in the Andes placed there by the fund which the Drapers established at Harvard. In short, to have the *entrée* of that house was to keep up,

under peculiarly agreeable conditions, a fair acquaintance with the progress of science. And Nature, instead of being, as she so often is, niggard with other gifts when she has endowed a woman with intelligence, had made Mrs. Draper beautiful and *simpatica*.

At these places one used to meet the Stedmans, the Stoddards (Mrs. Stoddard had written some novels that some critics praised very highly), the Bayard Taylors; the Barnards, Roods, Chandlers, and Jays of Columbia College, the Parke-Godwins, George Warings, occasionally Bryant, sometimes John Fiske and Frank Walker, and other illuminati from the provinces. There were artistic folk too — the Giffords, the MacEnties, the Eastman Johnsons, Quincy Wards, and among the young fellows not then pluralized, John Hay, Clarence King and Whitelaw Reid.

For a time, too, there was a series of "Sunday evening teas," more specifically associated with Columbia, perhaps, at which pretty much the same people gathered.

I don't think it's merely because I am a very old man and therefore a *laudator temporis acti*, that I think the talk was better then than now: for there was better stuff to talk about. The new books were by Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Trollope, Mrs. Oliphant, Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Kingsley, Tennyson, Browning, Jean Ingelow, William Morris, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Longfellow, Lowell, Norton, Holmes, the Jameses and Aldrich, the last three in vigorous youth. There were literary critics because there was literature. In comparison, what a set of pygmies are we who are writing now, many of whom think to exalt themselves by depreciating that great Victorian Age — an age which, though it had no Homer, Dante or Shakespeare, no Socrates, Plato or Aristotle, no Euclid, Copernicus, or Newton, was nevertheless, as a whole, the greatest age that Literature, Philosophy and Science have ever known.

Writing of the Knickerbocker flats, as apartments were generally called then (contrary to the usual tendency to begin with the longest name), I am reminded that that apartment house was but the second in New York. It must have been built in the early seventies. Its predecessor was the Stuyvesant on East Eighteenth Street. For years land in New York had been growing in value at a rate that put separate houses more and more out of the question, and, greatly to their detriment, young couples had to choose between the tenements, the country, and "the family of the bride," or occasionally of the groom, despite the saw that when a son marries you lose a child, and when a daughter marries you gain a child. The young couples between the period of available houses and that of abundant flats, had a hard time of it. So hard put to it were they that I remember one in the best society, living in the story over a butcher shop in a three-story building on a Sixth Avenue corner. It's hard to tell which of the alternatives was the worst. I should choose for my own children independence at almost any cost — and the country anyhow from the time the first baby can walk until the oldest girl grows up, and later, perhaps, if she's attractive (which the parents can't judge): for, jolly as it must be to be a belle in New York, it's a hard strain on character in many ways. I suspect that sending girls to college is going to be a good thing, though it's getting more and more questionable with boys, especially at the colleges generally regarded as at the top. It ought somehow to be made impossible for a boy to stay there unless he studies and behaves himself, at least as well as his grandfather did, which is not asking much.

But I'm getting away from the people I started to tell you about.

Quincy Ward, whose statues in the Park you know — the Shakespeare, the Puritan, the Seventh Regiment man, the Indian and his dog — was prominent in the society I've been talking about — *salon* as well as club. The

first time I remember seeing him was when he invited a lot of people to his studio to see the Shakespeare, which he had just completed. It was in the plaster, and younger by twenty years than the bronze in the Park. When the company in the studio had dwindled down to three or four, and continuous talking was possible, Ward said: "I haven't got him at all as I intended him. I wanted to represent him at the maturity of his powers, and always started work in the morning intending to get that effect, but by night I had got him young. The next morning I would start again with the same intention, and put the lines of thought and care and habit into the face, but by night they were all gone." Then he clenched his fists and made all his muscles as rigid as necessity, and exclaimed: "I *had* to make him young!"

How he got him as old as he is in the Park I don't know. Of course the bronze helped some, but he was very much more beautiful in the white plaster.

Ward was probably the best story teller I ever knew. He did not invent his stories, as Hay and King did, but simply related his experiences, of which he was a man to have many, and always ended with some quip, like the "I had to make him young," which was worth all the rest of the story. Here are a couple of examples as nearly as I can reproduce them, but my writing of them can't compare with his telling of them.

He was in Germany during the war with France in 1870. One night at the Century, soon after he got back, he told us:

One night in a beer garden they had a play in which they brought in the soldier's dream. He was asleep by the camp-fire, when the scene at the back — the distant camp-fires, the trees and all that — was slowly rolled up, and there was his home and the family at supper — his portrait at the back. Soon they left the table and the mother dressed the two children for bed, then they all went on their knees before the portrait, and after that the mother lifted the children up to kiss him goodnight, and the curtain came down slowly. I'm not ashamed to confess that my eyes were moist.

But at a table between me and the stage, sat a fat German woman, before her everything to eat that the house could furnish — würst, kartoffel salat, kalbsbraten, pretzels, and while all that was going on, on the stage (And it fixed me!) — that woman sat there between her children, and though she knew what was going on, she hardly raised her eyes from her plate, but she ate and she ate and she ate as if — [and he hesitated for an adequate expression] — as if there were no God.

Here's another:

When I was out West getting impressions for my Indian hunter, I thought one morning that I'd like to go turkey-shooting. I remember that it was a coolish morning, for I asked Sam, who usually went around with me, how the Indians could stand it with nothing but breech-clouts on them, and he said: "Indian all face!" But that has nothing to do with the story. For some reason, Sam couldn't go, but he sent one of his boys, a young fellow about twenty, who communicated with me only by signs, with which they can do wonders. We didn't have much luck at first; in fact I'm afraid I missed my aim more than once, but at last I got my bird, and as soon as he fell, that Indian who had been silent all day, began jumping up and down and yelling: "God damn! God damn! God damn! He got a turkey!"

And there I found he knew the English language as well as I did.

Ward was a good-sized, well-made, handsome man, inclining toward the blond type, with sandy hair and mustache. Recalling his fine face, I am reminded of what somebody said of St. Gaudens: "His face looks as if he had made it himself," to which I answered, "Of course! Everybody's does." Not meaning, of course, the fundamental physical structure, but the expression of individuality. Ward's forehead reminded me of Michelangelo, and I began calling him that occasionally, but it was rather long for frequent use, and soon got abbreviated into Mike. When I happened on it when somebody else was present, I explained it, and it got passed around until to quite a bunch of us he was, absent or

present, "Mike Ward," — to which the implied compliment entirely reconciled him.

But he was not the man to frown on a bit of fun under any decent circumstances. I see him now at the Century in a circle which he was as likely as anybody to have got together, of which his face is the only one I recall, dancing to a tune which we all sang to words paraphrased, as likely as not by John Hay, from a card of directions to conductors, posted in the horse-cars of those days. The significance will be apparent. It was before the days of transfers. The paraphrase ran:

> Punch, brothers, punch, punch with care,
> Punch in the presence of the passenjare,
> A pink trip-slip for a five-cent fare
> A blue trip-slip for a six-cent fare
> A green trip-slip for an eight-cent fare
> All in the presence of the passenjare

The last time I remember seeing Ward, when he was well over eighty, but in very good trim for his years, he told me that he had planned to give his native town in Ohio a park with some of his works and a museum with casts of the world's greatest statues; but although the town was abundantly able to keep it in order, they had declined to accept it on condition of doing so.

His humor would break out in the queerest places, but I never knew it out of bounds. Once he said to me, "Every man should be married — at least twice." He had been, and I think was advising me to be. He lived up to his principles a third time, which speaks well for his experiences of the first two, and confirms what I know of them.

Sanford Gifford was another artist with character enough to enable him to make a benefaction if he wanted to. Whether he made a material one or not, he lived one. In the sixties and seventies, no American artist was more admired and no private gentleman more beloved. And yet, at the Chicago exhibition of '93 his only picture was skied, and all the glory was gone out of

it, so that I hardly recognized it. The colors must have faded, and that sad circumstance in more of his pictures must account for his being so little known today. It just strikes me, almost like a blow, that that may account for the disappearance I have lately noticed of his wonderful Parthenon which used to hang in one of the rooms at the Century.

He was in the Seventh Regiment when it occupied Fort Federal Hill in Baltimore. A year or two later, on going into an exhibition in the old Tenth Street studio building, my attention was struck by a little poem of a picture near the door. It was a portentous red twilight, already so dark that objects were indistinct. Soon I made out the chief one, which extended from some sort of wall along the bottom of the picture up into the sky, to be a soldier with his gun and bayonet pointing over his head. And in the somber red sky far off rose dimly the domes and towers of a beleaguered city, and by the soldier's side was trained upon it a great cannon. It was terribly impressive—how impressive to me you can imagine when I tell you that with a half prophetic impulse I made out the domes and towers to be those of the city of my birth and boyhood's home. The picture is now hanging in my Summer home in Vermont, where I am writing, and of course when I am through with it, it is to go to Baltimore.

Gifford had painted it when he was one of the beleaguerers. He made a large copy of it which hangs in the Seventh Regiment armory. The artist and I soon became friends, and he made a very instructive and suggestive answer when I asked him to paint for me a third one, of dimensions between the two: "No, I'd like to please you, but I don't think I ought to; I have already learned all that I can from that subject."

MacEntie, another dear artist friend who shared with Gifford the best appreciation of those years, seems to have found his beautiful Paestum a more fruitful subject; for I know at least four renderings of it.

At various times Gifford gave me glimpses of his method of work. Once he said: "I'm rather fond of traveling, but there's really no need of going after pictures. If you wait patiently, they'll come to you." A wonderful illustration of this he made of a bare sand beach with a mere telegraph line stretching along it, but such a sky! He made his memoranda from Nature, of course, but I doubt if he ever did much to a picture out of doors. He told me that when he had decided to develop one of his subjects he took care of himself and went to bed early for two or three days, and then the first morning the light was good, locked himself in his studio, admitting no one except the bearer of a light lunch. By night he either had the canvas covered with the effect he wanted to express, waiting only for details, or he had not. If not, the subject was not for him. If yes, he finished it when he felt like it.

Gifford was tall and spare and dark. He was not a hearty man like Ward, but so gentle and of such quick sympathies! Once when I needed them sorely and he gave them generously, he said: "How much one can be made to suffer depends upon how much one has at stake. I've always kept my stake small."

It is easy to believe that he learned this doubtful lesson young: for when he was well on in years he astounded his friends by marrying an elderly widow whom none of them knew, and whom some have supposed, I think without any warrant from him, to have been the love of his youth. I dined with them once and approved the match, but he did not live to enjoy it long.

Though I worked very hard in those days, I seem somehow to have found more time for play than I have in my old age. Perhaps it was because I didn't get sleepy as often as I do now, though I remember doing it once at the Philharmonic. Considerable of my playtime was spent in the Tenth Street studio building. My friends could talk as they painted, and didn't mind.

Among the things I picked up there was my first realization that faces are never symmetrical. I got it when I asked Beard, who painted such lovely bears, how he could tell whether a picture was a portrait or not.

Somebody speaking of a previous batch of these garrulities, said: "Why did you bring in Reid and Hay only to run away from them?" Well, I expected to come back. Wherever one is, he is at the center of a lot of radiant lines, and he can't follow them all at once. When we were all young, those two fellows were very intimate, Hay being with Reid on the *Tribune*. Those were Hay's *Little Breeches* and *Jim Bludsoe* days. I don't think any of us who laughed and felt like crying over those poems realized their author as the coming statesman. To him was then closely attached that wonderful wit, Clarence King; Henry Adams was attached to both of them, while Adams and I had at least the intimacy of a secret in common: for I had published his *Democracy*. Godkin was attached to Adams and, especially through him, to the group; and Pumpelly and Clarence King had a strong personal as well as professional intimacy. All but Adams were in New York around 1870, and much at the Century Club. Hay, King, Pumpelly and Reid were then bachelors and pretty often at my house.

Stedman gave lavishly of his criticism and advice to people who sent for them, but at last he had to come to a printed circular which he showed me, stating his inability to find the time, and his regret.

About the seventies he and Jim Alexander (the president of the University Club who wrote its history about 1915) lived on the 54th Street block west of Fifth Avenue. I lived on the one east, and Charlie Chandler, who taught into his eighties in the Columbia School of Mines, lived on the block east of me. Eastman Johnson lived in the block above Stedman. We used to stay at the Century until two o'clock of a Saturday night (The typewriter and the telephone have knocked such hours: too much work

in a day now) and go home together. This circumstance came to be noticed, and we got to be labeled "The 54th Street gang." I remember an illustration of our little ways: one night when some of us came out of the club, and probably Bayard Taylor, Whitelaw Reid, Quincy Ward, John Hay and Clarence King, or some of them, were of the party, we found a string of ash cans on the sidewalk and began playing leap frog over them.

Anybody knowing Reid only in those days would find it hard to recognize him in the days of his pointed gray beard. In his bachelor days he wore only a black mustache and his black hair was long and wavy. He was quite the beauty of his set. Yet in those days some of us habitually spoke of him as "Uncle Whitelaw," for, bachelor as he was, he took two orphan nieces to live with him. It was, by the way, in a little house, one of three that stood on the Park Avenue corner where the great Robb house now stands. Reid took it over from me, lease, furniture and all. Later in connection with Reid I saw quite a little of his father-in-law — that admirable man D. O. Mills. I remember three wise bits of his experience which he told me — that he never bought a long leasehold unless he had to, that few men who had handled as much money as he had had paid interest on as little, and that it never paid to get mad. Reid habitually alluded to the *Tribune* as "the great moral organ." He was tall, while Hay, King and Adams were little chaps. Yet "Tydeus though a small man, was a warrior."

Hay and King used to make all the jokes and short yarns those days. One night when I came into the club, Hay asked, "Have you heard the latest tragedy?" Of course I hadn't, and he told me that two Jews rescued from a raft had been brought in that morning on the Cunarder, and the captain told him that one of them had told *him* that they both were pretty well used up when one saw the vessel and faintly murmured: "A sail, a

sail!" The other revived at once and exclaimed: "Mein Gott! I haf no gatalog!"

I had a rather large dinner one night when I sat at the middle of one side of the table and put those two fellows — not the shipwrecked ones, but Hay and King — at the ends, thinking that each of them would keep his end going. All the evening they fired at each other, the whole length of the table, and hardly anybody else said a word.

Once at another dinner something came up which led me to say to myself: "By telling such and such a mild lie, I could make a splendid joke out of that." King, I think it was, promptly told the lie, and gave us, and himself, the benefit of the joke. Pity I can't remember what it was.

An oil magnate gave a relative whom we knew well a very conspicuous house. King, when told of it, remarked: "Oil's well that ends swell!"

As of late folks have been especially interested in Adams, I will tell more little details connected with him than I have gone into generally.

The first time I saw him was at Godkin's in the later sixties, when, at the instance of Henry Villard, Godkin got together a lot of men to form the American Social Science Association. This was before Villard's railroad days. The association was duly organized, but I do not remember that it did much of anything. I think three of the Adamses were there — Charles Francis, Henry and Brooks, and I remember that we had a good time walking home. In the spring of '79 Henry sent me the manuscript of *Democracy*, under a pledge of dead secrecy. I read it myself and accepted it at once. The secret inevitably got out to one or two men in my office, and in time to three or four, but it never got farther until Thayer told it in his biography of Hay, and even to this day people ask me if Adams wrote the book, or even "who" wrote it.

We must have rushed it out regardless of season, which we would not be apt to do now, but possibly Adams may have been eager for it, or taken the risk himself. I think

he did. At all events the book was out, and had created some sensation in England, though not yet in America, when I met Adams and his wife in Paris in July or August. I need not tell anyone who has read his letters that they were very exceptionally good company, especially when we used "to meet at the Venus of Milo" and loaf a bit in the Louvre, and then go off to lunch together. How often we did this I don't remember, but I wish it had been oftener: for they not only were delightful, but very instructive in a place like the Louvre, and I had never been abroad before. I was even so ignorant, in spite of having translated a couple of French books, that I asked them what *terre cuite* meant. The only other detail that I recall of those delightful days is that once when we were ordering lunch, which I believe that Mrs. Adams insisted on doing as "housekeeper," Adams remarked that a lunch should have two characteristics — that it should be (I think) digestible and (I know) economical, which latter surprised me a bit from a rich man.

In the Fall I dined with them in lodgings that they had on Half Moon Street in London. The only thing I remember of that is that as Adams and I were, somehow, going to the house together, he stopped to speak to a friend whom he addressed as "Sir Frahncis," and I was impressed with his Anglicized accent, though I don't think I had noticed it before.

Adams lunched with me at the University Club when I was intensely interested in starting the Library, and apropos of it he made the very well-worth-preserving remark that "A library should be a big dictionary."

Before many years he brought me his second novel, *Esther*. That, too, he wanted kept anonymous, and for a new set of reasons. He wrote me that he was at the time especially adverse to being talked about. This was, I think, because of the peculiar circumstances of his wife's death. As I write, tantalizing recollections of our correspondence come up — tantalizing because its secrecy

prevented its being kept where it would naturally be found after so many years, and I realize that it was by no means confined to business, and his letters must have contained much of interest: for I still naturally remember that one of them began "My dear Philosopher," and that I responded with "My dear Historian." And the inability to recall any more becomes still more tantalizing when I remember that Adams, perhaps in those letters, though I think it was in conversation, was the first man to call my attention to that commonplace of philosophy that every one of our beliefs rests fundamentally on an assumption. It is strange, but interesting for reasons which will appear in a moment, that I should attribute this illumination to Adams, and not to John Fiske, with whom I had been as intimate as one man could be with another a dozen years before I knew Adams at all. The interesting point is that John was an optimist and full of faith, while Adams was a pessimist and full of skepticism.

But it's too bad about those letters. I have found a few, but not the important ones. One reason why they were hidden away with such care that they can't be found is that they were in a handwriting recognizable as far as it can be seen, and that would therefore so easily give away our secret. Another reason was — what I have already expressed my mourning over in the cases of Fiske and Walker and James — the impossibility, or at least my incapacity, of realizing greatness while one is growing up with it.

But I haven't told of Adams's experiment with his second novel. He wanted to test how much the success of a book depends on pushing — how far a book can make its own publicity. He didn't want *Esther* advertised, or, I think, though it hardly seems possible, even any copies sent to the press. Of course he took the risks himself. The result was nil. But who can tell if it would have been enough to pay for the advertising if any had been done. There are many respectable books that don't, and *Esther* was not *Democracy*.

If the great disseminator of *Kultur* had not made publishing such a desperate venture at this time of wide interest in Adams, I should feel tempted to republish *Esther* out of mere curiosity as to the result. But it is already known, as the Shah said it was known that one horse would go faster than another, that an author's previous vogue will do something for a book — and that it won't do everything. Adams's surviving brother does not care to have the experiment tried, and people are not calling even for *Democracy*.

I took over from Osgood that very remarkable book *Chapters of Erie* by Brooks Adams and Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and this reminds me of a little circumstance that has amused such people as I have happened to tell it to. Charles Francis once took out to dinner at the legation in London my daughter Win, and asked her, on parting, to remember him to her father "if he remembers me."

This reminds me of meeting him when he presided at the dinner to Carl Schurz on his seventieth birthday. And that reminds me, after some serious things, of something funny which I'll tell first. At a fancy-dress party, some young fellow called my attention to a figure, exclaiming: "By Jove what a make-up as Carl Schurz!" It was Schurz himself.

The world doesn't begin to know what a man Schurz was. He was no sentimentalist, but his capacity of loving people and making them proud and happy by telling them so was a thing rare among great men — and rarer still among small ones. The night his wife died, he sat till morning over his piano. Few people have helped so many others to do their best. Although I knew him well I recall only one thing that he ever said to me — a thing I can't tell, but I don't remember as much trouble about the eyelids when writing of any other man, unless Frank Walker, or Sex Shearer, or — Oh! What's the use?

THE EDITOR.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Great Life

Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Perhaps we are too near this history to see it in proper proportions, but in the time to come it should gain in perspective and in interest. The generations hereafter may realize the wonder of it more fully than we of today."

So says the editor, Professor Van Dyke, in his preface. We agree, only to us the "perhaps" becomes *probably*.

While the author had not the early advantages — or disadvantages — of wealth or a conventional education, his people were far from lacking in character, intelligence and knowledge, while his mother's family was associated with the polite world.

The truth that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, applies also to his own time. Carnegie has not begun to have due appreciation. Envy has distorted his very virtues: his childlike candor — so characteristic of genius — has been regarded as egotism, and his very generosity as ostentation. Neither has justice been done to his literary ability, as readers of this book will be abundantly convinced. And although those who knew him little or not at all often accused him of overweening vanity (which I never knew anybody who knew him well to do), he apparently did not himself do justice to that ability: it was a favorite saw of his at the Authors' Club that whatever opinion may have existed that he was too rich a man to be interested in the club's homely ways, nobody could doubt that he was a poor enough author. Many a man has made a recognized place in literature through capacity less than his.

Though the author does not so mark them, the book covers naturally and almost chronologically four pretty definite periods — laying the foundations of fortune in character and self-denial, building the superstructure, distributing the fortune, and resting after the labors.

The first period seems to us, on the whole, the most interesting. It is the *fons et origo* of all the rest. It is the most individual — the evolution of a great and unique character — a great intellect, accompanied, as few great intellects have been, by great judgment, great sympathies and a great ethical sense. While we were reading this part we wished, as we still wish, that everybody, especially every boy, might read it. This part especially has many of the qualities of great literature, including the fundamental one of universal appeal.

This is hardly true of the second part — the building of the fortune: for that requires some knowledge of the technique of "big business," but it contains much that is interesting, instructive and suggestive, including some fine instances of generous deeds (not the author's) in the course of "business," which is usually counted selfish.

The third part, telling of the distribution of the great fortune, can interest everybody worth interesting. It imparts some valuable ideas regarding the knowledge for whose promotion the author was building so many great institutions, and it is full of the wisdom with which he built. It is nothing less than a great and unique pioneer chapter in history. It is wonderful that Carnegie should not only be able to do the work and do it so well, but should also be able to tell it so well.

In the third part he does not attempt a list of his benefactions, but gives only an account of those which had for him some special interest, and naturally they were generally the largest. And yet there was a minor one, which he does not name at all, made year by year for over a decade, to which he gave an interest and personal attention entirely out of proportion to the money, and which

at the outset, made perhaps a greater stir than any of the others. It was his gift aggregating a quarter of a million to promote the simplification of English spelling, that the language might be easier of acquisition and thus more rapidly fulfil its apparent destiny of becoming international, and so promoting the peace of the world.

Neither does he mention the fifty thousand dollars given to the Authors' Club for the relief of writers and writers' kin in distress. This was supplemented by two hundred thousand in his will.

The whole book of course gives incidental glimpses of interesting people, but after the author's story of the benefactions that interested him most, he gives, in what we call the fourth part, more detailed accounts of the intimacies with men of mind and character comparable with his own, which were probably the greatest reward of all his labors and benefactions. We have reason to know that these men enjoyed him as much as he enjoyed them. Among these well-deserved friends were several of whom he has given valuable reminiscences, including Lincoln, Earl Grey, Matthew Arnold, Gladstone, Chamberlain, Mark Twain, Richard Gilder, Joe Jefferson, Cable, Beecher, Spencer, Dr. Holmes, Lord Rosebery, Harcourt, the Earl of Elgin and many more. Of his interviews with Kaiser Wilhelm, he gives an interesting account. He attributes that man's bad deeds to bad company. But more of them were due to a bad example. The present writer happened to be in Germany when old Kaiser Wilhelm died, and the universal talk was that the young heir presumptive to the dying successor had modeled himself upon Frederick the Great. The one idea of the whole Hohenzollern line, from the Elector down, had been conquest.

Several times the author speaks of the apparently great influence that some slight occurrence has had upon the course of his life, and it is strange that he does not also call attention to the fact, for he must have real-

ized it, that in such a case great forces, in the individual and the environment, must be in position to produce great results, and that the little circumstance that sets these in operation is merely a pressure on the button.

There are far more than the average number of nuggets of wisdom, and even of philosophy and prose poetry, scattered through the autobiography. We extract a few.

He says of his success, that it was

. . . not to be attributed to what I have known or done myself, but to the faculty of knowing and choosing others who did know better than myself.

Wise men are always looking out for clever boys.

Whenever one learns to do anything, he has never to wait long for an opportunity of putting his knowledge to use.

My two rules for speaking . . . were: Make yourself perfectly at home before your audience, and simply talk *to* them, not *at* them. Do not try to be somebody else; be your own self and *talk*, never "orate" until you can't help it.

That "until you can't help it," is worth more than most volumes on eloquence. It's then that the eloquence begins.

If you want a contract, be on the spot when it is let. . . . And if possible stay on hand until you can take the written contract home in your pocket.

Nothing tells in the long run like good judgment, and no sound judgment can remain with the man whose mind is disturbed by the mercurial changes of the Stock Exchange.

Speculation is a parasite feeding upon values, creating none.

The losses men encounter during a business life which seriously embarrass them are rarely in their own business, but in enterprises of which the investor is not master.

A rule which we adopted and adhered to has given greater returns than one would believe possible, namely: always give the other party the benefit of the doubt.

The policy I had pursued in cases of difference with our men was that of patiently waiting, reasoning with them, and showing them that their demands were unfair, but never attempting to employ new men in their places — never.

My experience is that you can always rely upon the great body of working-men to do what is right, provided they have not

taken up a position and promised their leaders to stand by them. But their loyalty to their leaders, even when mistaken, is something to make us proud of them. Anything can be done with men who have this feeling of loyalty within them. They only need to be treated fairly.

It is far better for both employers and employed to set no date for an agreed-upon scale to end. It should be subject to six-months' or a year's notice on either side, and in that way might and probably would run on for years.

If I returned to business tomorrow, fear of labor troubles would not enter my mind, but tenderness for poor and sometimes misguided though well-meaning laborers would fill my heart and soften it; and thereby soften theirs.

No man is a true gentleman who does not inspire the affection and devotion of his servants.

My first decoration then came unexpectedly. The French Government had made me Knight Commander of the Legion of Honor. . . It was a great honor, indeed, and appreciated by me because given for my services to the cause of International Peace. Such honors humble, they do not exalt.

He is a great soul who passes instantly into the heart [of another] and stays there.

Democracy worships a precedent-breaker or a precedent-maker.

In China I read Confucius; in India, Buddha and the sacred books of the Hindoos; among the Parsees, in Bombay, I studied Zoroaster. The result of my journey was to bring a certain mental peace. Where there had been chaos there was now order. My mind was at rest. I had a philosophy at last. The words of Christ "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," had a new meaning for me. Not in the past or in the future, but now and here is Heaven within us. All our duties lie in this world and in the present, and trying impatiently to peer into that which lies beyond is as vain as fruitless.

This does not preclude attention to any apparent glimpses nature may vouchsafe.

When I . . . was in this stage of doubt about theology, including the supernatural element, and indeed the whole scheme of salvation through vicarious atonement, and all the fabric built upon it, I came fortunately upon Darwin's and Spencer's works — "The Data of Ethics," "First Principles," "Social Statics," "The Descent of Man." Reaching the pages

which explain how man has absorbed such mental foods as were favorable to him, retaining what was salutary, rejecting what was deleterious, I remember that light came as in a flood, and all was clear. Not only had I got rid of theology and the supernatural, but I had found the truth of evolution. "All is well since all grows better" became my motto, my true source of comfort. Man was not created with an instinct for his own degradation, but from the lower he had risen to the higher forms.

I am as a speck of dust in the sun, and not even so much, in this solemn, mysterious, unknowable universe. I shrink back. One truth I see. Franklin was right. "The highest worship of God is service to man." All this, however, does not prevent everlasting hope of immortality. It would be no greater miracle to be born to a future life than to have been born to live in this present life. The one has been created, why not the other?

He writes thus of his birthplace:

How beautiful is Dunfermline seen from the Ferry Hills, its grand old Abbey towering over all, seeming to hallow the city, and to lend a charm and dignity to the lowliest tenement! . . . What Benares is to the Hindoo, Mecca to the Mohammedan, Jerusalem to the Christian, all that Dunfermline is to me.

He wrote thus to the trustees of the park he gave to his native town:

To bring into the monotonous lives of the toiling masses of Dunfermline, more of "sweetness and light," to give to them — especially the young — some charm, some happiness, some elevating conditions of life which residence elsewhere would have denied, that the child of my native town, looking back in after years, however far from home it may have roamed, will feel that simply by virtue of being such, life has been made happier and better. If this be the fruit of your labors, you will have succeeded; if not, you will have failed.

And he expresses as follows his feeling regarding the park itself:

Thus Pittencrief is the most soul-satisfying public gift I ever made, or ever can make. It is poetic justice that the grandson of Thomas Morrison, radical leader in his day, nephew of Bailie Morrison his son and successor, and above all son of my sainted father and my most heroic mother, should arise and dispossess the lairds, should become the agent for conveying the Glen and

Park to the people of Dunfermline forever, which no air-castle can quite equal or fiction conceive. The hand of destiny seems to hover over it, and I hear something whispering: "Not altogether in vain have you lived — not altogether in vain." This is the crowning mercy of my career.

And this may fittingly close our inadequate sketch of this wise and noble book. It is human, of course, but splendidly human, and we find growing upon us the conviction that to more than one reader will be suggested the possibility of its taking a permanent place among the great autobiographies, along with Cellini's and Franklin's. As a moral stimulus and especially as a guide to the settlement of the wider questions of this wider age, it surpasses even Franklin's. H. H.

Disraeli Uncloaked

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By George Earl Buckle, in succession to W. F. Monypenny. Vols. V and VI. New York: The Macmillan Company.

These concluding volumes of Disraeli's Life are of surpassing interest. They deal with the climactic period of his career and they contain a mass of new material which is of the utmost value to the biographer. Mr. Buckle was lucky enough to have placed at his disposal by King George the correspondence between Queen Victoria and Disraeli during the years 1868–1881, and he also had the use of the strangely intimate letters of Disraeli to Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield. By aid of this material he has come near to unhooding and uncloaking the reputedly enigmatic figure of the great Jew; he shows us at any rate a man most human and, indeed, elemental.

In his concluding chapter Mr. Buckle prints some notes found among Mr. Monypenny's papers which were evidently intended by the writer to form a part of his final estimate of Disraeli.

"I have sometimes been asked," Mr. Monypenny says, "if my book would at last dispel the mystery that surrounds Disraeli; and my answer has been invariably that unless the mystery remained when I had finished my labors I should have failed in my task of portraiture; for mystery was of the essence of the man. Yet to those who want not portraiture but explanation, not synthesis but analysis, there is really no mystery at all, except in the sense that every personality is mysterious. Given his complex character and genius and his peculiar origin and environment, everything naturally follows, correspondence, works and career." (VI, 640.)

But was Disraeli's character after all so "complex"? Is it so difficult to discern his motives? Readers of the earlier volumes may have been puzzled at times to separate out from the intricate if not actually tangled skein the main thread of his purpose, to pick out from the apparently confused mass of mixed harmonies and discords the main theme, the great *leit-motif* of his life. But (if this reviewer be not badly deceived) in these last volumes the thread becomes plain and the theme is carried by full orchestra in unison.

Disraeli was not cheated of his birthright. He possessed to the full the sensuous nature, the ardent temperament, the exotic tastes, the unclouded vision, and the indomitable will of his race. He shared liberally in the uncanny shrewdness that is part of the heritage of Israel, and in the native dignity and pride of ancestry that sit so naturally upon the Hebrew at his best. There was in him a certain Olympian quality; he was at ease in the seat of judgment; he observed the struggles, the weaknesses, the littlenesses of his fellows, with a calm and critical tolerance, always sure of himself. Aristocrat to the very marrow of his bones he withdrew himself alike from the cheers of the crowd and the familiarities of his fellows. Patient, generous, and loyal to those who worked with him, he gave his confidence wholly to none of them; he reserved that for his friends, and his only friends, in the full sense of the word, were women. Inexorable realist

in his dealings with men and things, he was realist with himself. He knew his own powers as he knew the weaknesses of other people, he trusted those powers and exulted in their use with the full enjoyment of the artist. His sense of the dramatic was consummate and his histrionic instinct was unerring, he never missed his "effect" and he was never "out of the part"; but his acting was merely the acme of self-expression — there was no deception about it. He had no illusions about anything, yet he combined with his capacity for profound scepticism a capacity for genuine enthusiasm. His biographer ascribes his seeming flippancy to his hot hatred of cant and pretence, and it is a plausible ascription. Sir Henry Lucy described the "peculiar genius" of Disraeli as a "sublime sort of tact." His tact was the result of his complete confidence in himself and his complete comprehension of others. He was always at ease because he was always adequate to any situation.

In statecraft Disraeli had a simple creed and in the Government of England he had but a single purpose. His creed of statecraft was precisely what it had to be, the man being what he was. It is stated over and over again in an endless variety of language in his speeches. Sir John Gorst, organizer for the Tory party in Disraeli's closing years, has described it as follows:

> The principle of Tory Democracy is that all Government exists solely for the good of the governed; that Church and King, Lords and Commons and all other public institutions are to be maintained so far, and so far only, as they promote the happiness and welfare of the common people; that all who are entrusted with any public function are trustees, not for their own class but for the nation at large; and that the mass of the people may be trusted so to use electoral power, which should be freely conceded to them, as to support those who are promoting their interests. It is democratic because the welfare of the people is its supreme end; it is Tory because the institutions of the country are the means by which the end is to be attained. (V, 369.)

Disraeli himself in a farewell address to the Bucks electors when he left the Commons for the Lords "summed up," as his biographer truly says, "in one sentence the two chief objects at which he had aimed throughout his public life. 'Not insensible to the principle of progress I have endeavored to reconcile change with that respect for tradition which is one of the main elements of our social strength, and in external affairs I have endeavored to develop and strengthen our Empire, believing that combination of achievement and responsibility elevates the character and condition of a people'" (V, 518). He utterly rejected the notion of progress through sweeping organic changes. He believed profoundly in the permanent value of a strong Throne, a strong House of Lords, and in the House of Commons only as a coördinate branch of the civil power. It is not unjust to suppose that he regarded the Established Church rather as a necessary part of the social and political structure of the nation than as a divinely instituted organism with supernatural functions. That he laid great store by the doctrine of the Royal Supremacy there is no reason to doubt nor need to explain. What he thought of "democracy" in our sense of the word may be guessed from what he said in 1879 speaking at Aylesbury on the agricultural system:

> But a year ago they [Cockney agitators] were setting the agricultural laborers against the farmers; now they are attempting to set the farmers against the landlords. These men were opposed to our free and aristocratic government. You may get rid of that Government, gentlemen, but, if you do, you will have either a despotism that ends in democracy or a democracy that ends in despotism. (VI, 499.)

Disraeli was born to this political faith, but it perfectly corresponded to the order of nature as he saw it. To him "democracy" was a denial of plain facts — therefore, he denied "democracy."

"Zeal for the greatness of England," Lord Salisbury said, "was the passion of his life"; and for Disraeli the

greatness of England was her Empire. His vision of that he once described in the peroration of a speech in the Lords (VI, 284) in terms that plainly show how complete was his consecration to its service. It was an ideal which wholly satisfied his imagination, evoked all his enthusiasm, and engaged his powers to the full.

Now the fates so arranged it that there came to him at the very close of his career the opportunity for which his whole life had been a preparation. In 1874, at seventy years of age, he was called back to power as the favorite minister of a Queen whose views were in complete accord with his own, whose confidence and even affection he completely possessed, and towards whom he cherished a genuine devotion. "To Disraeli," Mr. Buckle says, "his whole life was a romance; and nothing in it seemed to him more romantic than his relation to Queen Victoria." Even before the official summons to Windsor arrived Lady Ely wrote to him: "My dear mistress will be very happy to see you again and I know how careful and gentle you are about all that concerns her. I think you understand her so well, besides appreciating her fine qualities." That he served a Queen gave to Disraeli of all men the one incentive that called with irresistible appeal to his whole nature. It was a touch of consummate artistry on the part of the fates; one might imagine that, womanlike, they themselves were enamored of the man!

Hardly had he gathered up the reins of power when the "Eastern Question" loomed upon the horizon. Disraeli faced it with positive exultation. "These are politics worth managing," he wrote to Lady Bradford. The game and the stakes perfectly suited his fancy.

For the Queen, as for himself, there was but one aspect of the "Eastern Question," one plain duty before England. That was to keep Russia out of India by keeping her out of Constantinople. Now to keep Russia *out* of Constantinople it was necessary to keep the Turk *in* Constantinople; consequently it was a case of full part-

nership — no less — with the Sultan. He was not, superficially regarded, a nice partner for Queen Victoria. It was quite impossible to defend in principle either his theories or his practices in the way of Government. Moreover, his ideas of team-work were, to say the least, rudimentary. Russia was able to make war against him on high "moral grounds"; Mr. Gladstone leaped from his "retirement" to set the heather on fire over the "Bulgarian Horrors," and to demand that the "Unspeakable Turk" should be expelled once and for all from Europe. The Nonconformist Conscience functioned volubly all over England. About the only really popular representative of their policy that the Queen and Disraeli had was "The Great McDermott — *lion comique*" who bellowed nightly in the music-halls the classic ballad:

We don't want to fight, but by Jingo! if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too: —

and was greeted with roars of approval as he asseverated Britain's fixed determination,

The Russian shall not have Constantinople.

It was not a subtle argument but it was concrete and easily grasped. It placed the "needs of empire" squarely against the "moral issue" — which latter the Queen plumply characterized as "mawkish sentimentality." The strength of Disraeli's position lay in the fact that he was prepared to go to war with the world to carry England's point, and, together, on these lines Queen and Premier fought the thing out to the end. Disraeli went to the Congress of Berlin early in June, 1878, having in his pocket an agreement with Russia that made safe the road to the East. Less than six weeks later he returned and from the windows of Downing Street announced that he had brought home "Peace with Honor."

The Lords promptly ratified the Treaty of Berlin without a dissenting vote and the majority for ratification

in the Commons was, *maugre* Mr. Gladstone, overwhelming. The Queen offered Disraeli every honor within her gift; he accepted the Garter after he had secured it for Salisbury. "He will not trust himself now," he wrote to her of himself, "in endeavoring to express what he feels to your Majesty's kindness. He thinks he is ennobled through your Majesty's goodness quite enough though with infinite deference to your Majesty's gracious pleasure he would presume to receive the Garter; but as he always feels your Majesty's kind thoughts are dearer to him than any personal distinction however rich and rare. The belief that your Majesty trusts and approves of him is 'more precious than rubies.'" Undoubtedly florid, but also undoubtedly sincere! Six months later he wrote to Lady Bradford: "Everything, they say, comes too late. It is something if it comes. However, I can't complain of life. I have had a good innings and cannot at all agree with the Great King that all is vanity." Some two years afterwards, Disraeli being in his grave, Gladstone himself recognized the return from Berlin as the zenith of his rival's career, and aptly — if a trifle tardily — quoted Virgil's

> *Aspice ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis*
> *Ingreditur, victorque viros supereminet omnes.*

All very nice and interesting, my reader will (I hope!) say; but you said he was "elemental." Expound!

In this respect, so please you (subject to correction for a possible miscalling of technicalities), Disraeli was elemental; he was the complete antithesis of what our psychiatrists call the "wishful thinker." He was an utterly "adequate" person and the "inferiority complex" was not found in him. He saw clearly; he thought clearly; he never deceived himself; he never doubted himself; he was lord of his own hopes and fears; he made "phrases," but they were his servants, not his master; his imagination dealt with concrete images not with abstractions; his word

was good, and he bore no malice. Vindictiveness was not in his nature. The imperial problems which he faced are gone up in smoke, the three great Empires with which he dealt are ashes, the Crown which he sought to strengthen is today a mere legal fiction, the House of Lords of whose power and prestige he was so jealous a guardian is tied to the chariot wheels of the Commons, and the "democracy" which he dreaded is enthroned. What remains of his creed of statecraft, of his policy of "empire," of his treaties? Yet, forty years after his death, on April 19th in each year Englishmen wreathe with primroses his statue in Parliament Square, and the name of "Dizzy" is held in affectionate pride by Englishmen.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

TWO PHILOSOPHERS OF THE FLUX

Mind — Energy. By Henri Bergson. Translated by H. W. Carr. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

Reconstruction in Philosophy. By John Dewey. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

Professor Bergson, as we all know, is a spiritualist; and this volume adds weight and clearness to his spiritualism. He avers that mind is more than brain-process can express, a power with laws of its own and largely independent of bodily conditions. Current psychology of course is materialistic, and so, to all intents and purposes, is current philosophy — neither dares give mind a directing power over body, lest the law of the Conservation of Energy should be broken. Bergson boldly declares that this law holds only of dead matter; mind has never been found empirically to verify it, and in fact, if we follow the evidence, will be seen to be a unique mode of energy, whose law is self-increase. This energy inserts itself into that mêlée of physical energies which constitutes the material

world — the brain is its entering wedge — and turns that world more and more to its uses. It contains forces whose nature and strength we are only beginning to suspect — forces which enable mind to communicate directly with mind, to heal disease, to dominate the environment far more than it now does. And probably the mind, being so largely independent of bodily limitations, will survive bodily death. It is in this direction that Professor Bergson frankly confesses he is working; and he encourages us to hope for a new and spiritual psychology to replace the present physiological hybrid. Well! his views may be right or wrong — we incline to think them in the main right — but at any rate they are based on empirical evidence, which is more than most philosophers can boast of their own.

It is a rare and refreshing spectacle to find a professor of philosophy who dares write on interesting topics like these. Instead of asking how knowledge is possible, how there can be an external world, or whether all things are dependent on one another, he goes direct to the facts, and outlines for us, however schematically, a map of the universe. Instead of perpetually fitting a shoe to walk with, he walks; instead of discussing forever the meanings of terms, he tells a story. He thus arouses thought instead of discouraging it; almost alone among the professionals, he is a true metaphysician.

We cannot here criticise Professor Bergson's arguments, his theory of dreams, of paramnesia, of intellectual effort. We sometimes find his reasoning loose; his phrases, dazzling as they are, occasionally leave doubt as to their meaning. This however is no objection to his aim and method. If he is at fault, it is only because, while more empirical than almost any other thinker of today, he is not yet empirical enough. For it is true, we think, that his dynamic, temporal point of view shuts his eyes in a very un-empirical way to the static side of things. Life, for him, is but mind growing in efficiency, in control over

Nature and the body; but what is the efficiency for? Ever for more life and more efficiency, he says; as if we were to move for motion's sake. But this deification of process — which another age than our own might possibly have needed — points to no true growth. True growth consists in the acquisition of permanent, unchanging possessions — in property, in knowledge, in mental habit and stable character. It is only in the rest after toil that we can enjoy the fruits of toil. It is only in the contemplative side of life that life can be *seen* to be worth living. But for Professor Bergson contemplation is sleep, and waking life is wholly action and willing — a radical misapprehension of which he would not have been guilty had he kept as a fixed and static possession the teaching of Plato and Aristotle. We cannot but feel it a loss to humanity that M. Bergson, with his brave spiritualism and his concreteness, should be blind to one whole side of human nature — the side that enjoys rest and still thought, the end for the sake of which all activity is undertaken.

Professor Dewey's *Reconstruction* of philosophy lacks the objective interest of Bergson's presentation, and at the same time is equally one-sided. Mr. Dewey would give up the attempt to map the universe, and would substitute the task of social amelioration. He condemns the alleged knowledge of the metaphysician, because it claims to be higher than other knowledge, and self-sufficient. His democratic soul revolts at the assumption of superiority and self-sufficiency. He is indeed the democrat in philosophy; a new type, uniquely characteristic of this country. None of the so-called "higher" things — scientific knowledge for its own sake, æsthetic delight, ecstatic union with God — are of value to him except as they contribute to a better social life shared by all men. Human association, equal participation in everything by all, is the goal of life; and it is no static goal, but an ever-continuing process. Dewey like Bergson

deifies process, growth perpetual, activity; but being American he socializes these. And being pre-occupied with social needs, he gives us no picture of the universe, no general laws on which human nature is based; he rather inculcates an attitude, a method of approach, viz., the democratic spirit. Nor does he justify this spirit, as a pragmatist should, by results delivered. Hence his "reconstruction" is thinner and paler than Bergson's offering. It suggests that hurrying, fevered spirit of the modern world, which is more concerned with doing than with what it does, with change than with the result procured by change — an exclusive practicality which not only ministers to no spiritual culture, but sooner or later defeats its own purpose.

W. H. Sheldon.

The Renaissance by Sample

Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century. By Henry Osborn Taylor. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The accomplished author of *The Mediæval Mind* has written two well-packed volumes on the Renaissance without mentioning that word. This expresses a conviction that no abrupt change occurred but merely an accelerated development. Now every shift in human affairs is conditioned by what Mr. Taylor calls the "proximate past." It may also be affected by a remote past which has been long in abeyance. When the remote suddenly hurdles over the proximate past and becomes actual, we have a renaissance. This seems to me so exactly to describe what went on between Petrarch and Poliziano that I feel Mr. Taylor's tenderness for the surviving Middle Ages somewhat misleads the reader as to the facts. In compensation for such blurring of the larger facts the smaller facts are presented with thoroughness and sympathy.

The task was no less than to write the history of European ideas for a century, and it naturally involved extreme difficulties of plan and proportion. The logical framework for a history of ideas would be topical. Such subjects as humanism, pictorial expression, political theories, would be carried through the entire field in so many considerable treatises. This was the method of Burckhardt in his classic treatment of the Renaissance in Italy. But the literary obstacles to such a handling increase almost geometrically as the field extends, and the pitfall ever yawns that individuals shall be fractioned off as illustrative examples and not considered for themselves. For such reasons, I imagine, Mr. Taylor has used the topical method only when it seems obligatory, as in Italian painting, scientific discovery, and philosophy, adopting generally a method thoroughly tested in his earlier books, which may be called that of samples. Of the thirty-five chapters twenty-one are strictly biographical and others largely so. What we have is a gallery of representative men of the Renaissance with a modicum of generalization and comment.

That Mr. Taylor had made of literary sampling a fine art no one who has read *The Mediæval Mind* will question. He has an extraordinary way of reading through texts which bore professional historians to extinction without losing his alertness or interest. He not merely devours Erasmus, or Pico, or Ficino, for example, but returns from these prodigious adventures bearing toothsome prey in the way of enlightening extracts. It is in every way more economical and delightful to read with Taylor than to walk with Hare. He makes the men of the Renaissance reveal themselves in their own words. The tact and patience involved in this process of discovery and selection are of no common order. It is as a super-sampler that Mr. Taylor will be long and gratefully remembered.

The proportions of this book are unusual. Far from

playing up the Italian humanists, they are dispatched with a bare hundred pages, out of eight hundred. Perhaps six hundred more are devoted to Germany, France and England. England alone accounts for most of volume two. This rather sparse treatment of Italy is perhaps due to the fact that the material is otherwise readily accessible. Yet the omissions are serious. Certainly a real portraiture of Count Baldassare Castiglione, the author of *The Courtier*, is sorely missed. He fixes the modern ideal of the gentleman, which implies a magnanimity and understanding far transcending the mediæval books of courtesy. Then Mr. Taylor's Italy is almost exclusively a man's world. The bluestocking sisters Beatrice and Isabella d'Este are perhaps ignored as already fully exploited by Mrs. Cartwright's skilful pen, but the puritan humanist Olympia Fulvia Morata might have been cited on the side of the angels and on the other side the enigmatic Lucrezia Borgia. Among the Italian samples I also sorely miss a villain. Not Aretino, for he is almost as dull as he is foul and violent, but say, Pope Alexander VI or his portentous son. Or that sportsman connoisseur Leo X might serve a better because less hackneyed turn. In short Mr. Taylor as much underplays the lurid aspect of the Italian Renaissance as Henri Beyle and Symonds overplay it.

From the author's silence as to architecture, contrasting with his enthusiastic and competent treatment of Italian painting one may guess that he regards, with Ruskin to back him, the Vitruvian revival as insignificant. Right or wrong, and here opinion is free, I believe that the monumental building of the sixteenth century not only expressed current ideas with energy and accuracy, but also reacted powerfully upon literary ideas. Without St. Peter's and what it implies we might have had quite a different Corneille.

In the northern field we have admirable portraiture — Montaigne, Calvin sympathetically and comprehensively

outlined, Luther solidly built, and "Queen Bess" hit off with almost rapturous gusto. Indeed the whole English portion is carried off with such insight and enthusiasm that one readily condones its disproportionate scale. Here the author's style, always clear and urbane, often rises to eloquence. On the whole matter of the formation of the Anglican Church he expatiates, again out of all relation to its European importance, probably because it ideally illustrates the reasonable use of "proximate pasts."

The encyclopedic chapters on science, philosophy, and medicine are well put together, especially good the insistence on the close relation between Renaissance science and magic. The author, as does the reviewer, doubtless recalls a boyhood before which experimental science was dangled simply as a wonderful box of tricks. In its present concern with spiritism modern science is conceivably merely reverting to Renaissance type, say as represented by Paracelsus.

The summing up is gingerly and leaves the impression that the author would rather have let it alone. We come to something like a generalization in the statement:

> It was not the new content of thought, or the emotional increment, that was to impress the sixteenth century upon the future, but the influence lying in its expressional power and charm and beauty.

Here is matter for a very pretty quarrel into which under a peace-loving editor the reviewer would do well not to enter. But I may do a little resampling on my own account and ask if any mediæval thinker could by any possibility have even thought Pico's great utterance: "For none other cause have I philosophized save that I might philosophize." To think thus is to lift the lid and leave it off. In the Middle Ages the lid was always on. The boldest thinker could at best only break his head on it. The Renaissance, while often pretending prudentially to the contrary, effectually lifted the lid, which,

to our present good and also abundant hurt, has ever since stayed off.

With its competent scholarship, well arranged as it is for the serious reader's convenience, this work has an amateur quality which is at once its attraction and limitation. With all its ballast of apt citation, it remains a personal book. There is no evident programme, just a genial and perceptive exploration of an interesting field somewhat casually conducted. The writer has none of the audacity necessary to the professional generalizer, and the joyous effrontery of the Renaissance largely escapes him. He makes them all seem just a little more gentlemanly than they really were. Most historians of the period have fallen into the opposite extreme of overemphasizing the ruffianism of the age. Thus Mr. Taylor's book will help both the student and the gentle reader to deal more intelligently with the "proximate past" represented by Burckhardt and Symonds.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

LUBRICIOUS ART

In Chancery. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Galsworthy's newest novel is reminiscent. We are asked to remember that Soames Forsyte, the "man of property" of the early novel of that name, has been deserted by his wife on the death of her lover in the third year of her marriage. *In Chancery* picks up the thread of Soames's fortunes, after a dozen years in which he has neglected to procure a divorce, and at a moment when his longing for a son is spurred by a flutter of middle-aged love, and in turn spurs him to seek the divorce he had so long shrunk from. The absence of the necessary evidence, the return of his old passion for his wife, and her renewed refusal to return hang them up in chancery until

at last she creates the evidence by going abroad with a new lover.

The fable itself, like the fable of its predecessor, *Saint's Progress*, is eminently Galsworthy, though in a different strain. It is in the impression left by the handling of the theme, however, that the reminiscent note is strongest. The author, indeed, has cast many of his younger faults — the stifling, pent-up atmospheres in which obstructed wills gasp ineffectually for breath, the tawdry epithets, the stained-glass-window men, the moonlit-bull-dog men, of his *Fraternity* days. He has gained steadily both in ventilation and in spontaneity, so that, since the *Freelands* at least, he moves with the easy stride of one who has swung into step with the gait of his own generous talent.

In another and more important respect, however, Mr. Galsworthy's later and latest work is of a piece with his earliest, and stirs in the reader the same half-defined restlessness and distress as of old — the more disturbing now for the very naturalness and vividness of the scene. The more "convincing" the moving picture, the more one is piqued to inquire into its significance. And it is just the significance of his facile matter that from the first has remained vague.

In Chancery, for example, is by every outward sign a satire — a satire on the possessive instinct, from the first sentence, "The possessive instinct never stands still," to the last, "By God! this — this thing was *his*." And yet the catastrophe bears no relation to the possessive instinct. The Forsyte family — the very name is suggestive of the morality — is the embodiment of that instinct, and Soames is the embodiment of the family. But poor Soames, who is satirized throughout for his desire for wealth, his desire for his own wife, his desire for a son, is everywhere thwarted; while Cousin Jolyon, who has wealth, who has had two wives, who has had three children, and who has come into possession of the very house

which Soames had built for his own, is blessed in the end by the possession of Soames's wife herself. It is true that this is a mad world, and that kissing goes by favor. But it is not the ironies of life that Mr. Galsworthy celebrates. Both comment and dramatic emotion are so managed as to throw obloquy upon the man of property and the glamor of sympathy upon Cousin Jolyon and the wife Irene — not on the score of the possessive instinct, but, simply and believably, because Soames is unloved and Jolyon is loved.

In the end the reflective reader, when the glamor of his sympathy has dimmed, finds himself bewildered. And on looking back to similar experiences over the last pages of the earlier novels, he is led to conclude that the bewilderment is, in the first instance, the bewilderment of Mr. Galsworthy himself.

This defect is apparently a quality in the eyes of his very modern audience. If one may judge by appreciative essays and reviews, that audience is highly sophisticated and cultured — cultured, that is, in the somewhat soft conception of culture of the times, a decorative, self-indulgent, æsthetic culture, with but one rigidity in its convictions — that morals do not enter into art. Now whatever may be said of the other arts, the art of the novelist can no more help being "moral" — or perhaps immoral — than the art of the painter can help being æsthetic. The materials of the novel — the interplay of human characters and the evaluation of their acts through the consequences that flow from them — are themselves moral. To make a virtue of taking no point of view, of letting life speak for itself, to be as inconclusive as life itself, is possible only to the gods in their silence and their immortality. The poor novelist must speak; and while life itself is inconclusive, the novel stops.

As for Mr. Galsworthy, however vividly he may render up the objective scene, he seems in the end but a bemused providence to his creations. As a matter of intelligible

art, it is open to him, if he is reticent, or indifferent, or misty as to his own understanding of life, to provide in each tale "at least one calm observer" — to use Hawthorne's phrase — or a protagonist, from whom as a constant its values may take their measure. But it is his practice to provide no such constant. The point of view shifts with dizzy frequency. We are thrown back, therefore, upon the author himself, the more that in his rôle of satirist his own comment is profuse. And in those comments, in the easy disposal of the reader's sympathies, and in the tacit significance of his consummations, the author himself proves shadowy, evasive, shifty.

The effect is that both his comments and his catastrophes seem to emerge gratuitously from his nerves and his temperament. And as one looks back over the drift of his dozen novels to catch, as a last resort, the clue to that temperament, one finds it, as might have been expected, temperamental, irrational, suffused with a sympathy that leans, whenever the alternative is presented, to the irrational appetites. And naturally such a temperament leans towards lubricity, as in the noisome *Dark Flower*, or towards an emotional celebration of promiscuity, as in the *Saint's Progress*. In this championship of the animal against the man one catches the clue, perhaps, to that evasion by which Mr. Galsworthy himself eludes us as a rational constant from which to measure the humane values of his work.

How "sincere" he is in all this, whether sincerity is at all separable from some constancy of rational principle, are perhaps idle questions. One reader of the *Saint's Progress*, a little sickened as he came to the last pages, was suddenly arrested by what could only have been a deliberately planned incident, coming as it did at the very consummation of the tale. The central theme has been mooted in terms of all the modern philosophies, Christian, pragmatic, æsthetic, scientific, the condemning philosophies all confuted. The heroine, sitting at night

in an upper window and seeing a goat in the yard straining at its tether, is filled with pity for all restrained things.

George Laird, returning half an hour later, heard a voice saying softly: "George, George!"

Looking up he saw a little white blur at the window, and Noel's face just visible.

"George, let the goat loose . . . "

Something in that voice, and in the gesture of her stretched-out arm moved George in a queer way, although, as Pierson had once said, he had no music in his soul. He loosed the goat.

Is Mr. Galsworthy laughing at us in his tweed sleeve?

SHERLOCK B. GASS.

MRS. PIPER OUT-PIPERED

Revelations of Louise. By Albert S. Crockett. New York: Stokes.

One of the remarkable things about this book is the publishers' note, which in our judgment ought not to have been restricted to the wrapper. It is:

The decision to publish this book was reached only after the most careful consideration, and after consultation with several of the men named and others — men who have been associated with the author and have tested his accuracy of statement in their past connection with his work as a newspaper writer.

If a similar note could have been truthfully prefixed to the majority of psychic books published during the last few years, the subject would have been in much better repute.

If the reader of this document does not hold his judgment in absolute suspense — and no one will be able to do that — he has got either to admit the statements of the

book, or to believe one or more of the following propositions: (1) that the author is a super-monumental liar, or (2) that he was deluded every day for months in scores of ways absolutely inconsistent with sanity, or (3) that half a dozen well known and reputable people who vouch for his truthfulness and sanity were inconceivably mistaken, or (4) that a dozen people whom he alleges to have been co-witnesses, either do not exist or participate by silent assent in his lies or illusions.

Unless a denial can be found to those propositions, this volume contains accounts of the most remarkable series of phenomena in any volume known to us, and we should be slow to contradict the same assertion if made of all the other volumes put together.

The alleged medium is a young girl of thirteen. Her telekinetic phenomena surpass all those of which we have read except Home's levitations, elongations, and experiences with fire. Her "possessions" during the few months reported were probably at least equal to those of Mrs. Piper for any similar period, and some of them might perhaps be considered superior (if that word fits) to any of Mrs. Piper's. Mrs. Piper never gave any telekinetic manifestations, so far as we know, and that is our chief reason for giving this article its title.

Take it all in all, the book's "evidence" is in accord with that of the other books worth attention. Yet while, like virtually all of them, it depicts, on the whole, a rational Heaven, it has, in that regard, like most of the rest, its own fringe of nonsense carried over from previous speculations.

In reading the book, after we were satisfied that it was worth marginal marks for review, we soon found that we were marking pretty much the whole of it; so we will not attempt extracts, but refer those interested to the book itself as certainly well worthy of their attention in comparison with any similar book we know.

T. E.

Shakespeare on the Stage

Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving. By George C. D. Odell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

From the point of view of posterity, perhaps the most ironical joke ever perpetrated by the Muses on the English theatre was to have Shakespeare born and live in the period just before the Elizabethan — we almost said mediæval — stage ceased to exist. No other dramatist, who wrote plays worthy of a better fate than being interred with his bones, ever became such a tantalizing and baffling problem to managers and actors who wish to produce his dramas before the eyes of posterity. The best that Athens and Rome, Spain, Italy, Germany, and France have to offer in the realm of dramatic art, no matter when it was first represented, can not only be produced on the modern stage just as it was designed to be presented, but also the audience has no reason to fear that the presentation will betray or do violence to the original idea of the playwright. The problem of how to produce Shakespeare on the stage arose as soon as the theatres reopened in England shortly after the Restoration in 1660, when the kind of stage, with its own peculiar mechanism and conventions, for which Shakespeare wrote had become only a memory and a subject for historians of the theatre.

In his study of *Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving* Professor Odell traces the history of this problem with a scholarly minuteness and a wealth of detail which are manifestly the result of painstaking research extending over many years. The two large volumes fairly bulge with facts concerning the English stage which might weary the ordinary reader, did the author not illumine them with delightful and suggestive *obiter dicta.* Furthermore, the ordinary reader will be delighted by the complete absence of footnotes which, as a rule, crowd the page of works of this kind in a most distracting manner. It is

a scholarly work without pedantic impedimenta. The scholar investigating the history of the English theatre will find within these pages an invaluable fund of information on every subject relating to the drama as presented in the theatre, with the exception, which the author notes in the preface, of the art of acting. It would, perhaps, seem ungracious when so much is offered, to regret this omission. However, the first volume especially contains much more than the title implies. It furnishes by far the best history of the English theatre of the period, and, no doubt, many years will pass before it is superseded. Always keeping in view his main subject of Shakespeare as produced on the stage, Professor Odell gives an account of the elements of theatrical representation during the latter half of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth centuries. The volume devoted to more modern times deals almost exclusively with Shakespeare. Accompanying the text is a series of many illustrations constituting in itself a vivid history of English stagecraft and theatrical costumes.

Professor Odell shows how, in the age of Betterton, Shakespeare was re-written and mangled by men who ought to have known better, as well as by those whose sole claim upon immortality lies in their invincible stupidity. Painful as the account of this wholesale butchery is, the scholar will be grateful for the clear and minute descriptions of the changes made in Shakespeare's plays in each period. Then, in the age of Cibber, at least a more respectful attitude towards the great Elizabethan arises, in spite of the contemporary attempts at adaptation which were, for the most part, bungling affairs with the exception of Cibber's *Richard III*. This version, as is pointed out, has never been displaced because it is actually a more dramatic piece of work than the original play. Professor Odell never allows his profound admiration for Shakespeare to degenerate into the fanaticism infecting so many critics who denounce as profane the idea that

Shakespeare ever nods. Furthermore, Shakespeare to him, at least in this book, is first and foremost a playwright. This is a compliment too rarely paid to the great dramatist by his admirers.

The attempts at an actual "restoration of the poet here-to-fore manhandled by the Philistines" began with the age of Garrick, with the result that, by 1773, the comedies of Shakespeare were recognizable, although the tragedies were still rewritten, adapted, and injected with new material such as appears in the last act of Garrick's version of *Romeo and Juliet.* In the early part of the nineteenth century the process of restoring the original text is carried on and the changes are reduced to "cuts" and to the rearrangement of scenes. Also, during this period, the special scenic productions, culminating in the remarkable productions made later by Irving and Tree, are considered as a solution of the problem of producing Elizabethan dramas on the modern stage. Antiquarians and archeologists direct the scene painters and the costumers, who lavish their art on astounding spectacles in which it is soon found, alas, that Shakespeare is too often buried under an avalanche of scenery. Finally, after Granville Barker's tawdry bid for novelty, we have completed the circle, and the younger generation is demanding the whole Shakespearean play without any scenery or as a replica of the Elizabethan stage.

Still the problem remains unsolved, and, no doubt, will remain so. One thing is certain: we cannot adapt Shakespeare to the stage. A possible solution may be to adapt the stage to Shakespeare. In other words, can some method be devised to play his dramas as they were intended to be presented: more to be heard than to be seen? But modern productions on an Elizabethan stage tend to become a pious homage and an antiquarian exercise. The uncontrollable imagination demands that the dream-like picture conjured up by the lines be reproduced on the stage. We are so accustumed to scenery

that to place Shakespeare on a bare stage sets him off as a man apart; and we resent that as much as he would. Yet the modern theatre, though rich in mechanism and art, can never reproduce him so that the physical eye may behold what the mind's eye beholds. We know Shakespeare too well. We are too conscious of his genius. The man is to be envied — if he exists — who can listen to Shakespeare untrammeled by a strange mixture of notions preconceived from childhood on. Thus we can scarcely share with Professor Odell the conviction that the "way will be devised for presenting Shakespeare so that he will not spell ruin but the fullest measure of success." Nevertheless, each succeeding generation will valiantly make this effort with reverence and respect.

DONALD CLIVE STUART.

A DOCTOR'S BOOK

The School of Salernum. New York: Paul B. Hoeber.

One of the seductive byways of English literature leads through the small but curious collection of books concerned in one way or another with the practice of medicine and the life of the mediciner. To name two recent volumes of the latter sort which happen to lie before us, there are Dr. Osler's *An Alabama Student and Other Biographical Essays* and the charming reprint of Dr. William Macmichael's *Gold-Headed Cane*. More for doctors than about them is the book now published, yet it may be not without interest also for the laity who are inclined to a little laughter at the ancient superstitions, not yet entirely exploded, of their medical guides and friends.

The great school of Salerno, finally abolished by Napoleon in 1811, was flourishing in the age of the Crusades, and some time about the year 1100 one of the sages of the institution, whose acquaintance with the human fram- was better than his knowledge of Latin prosody, come

posed a poem on the rules of health (*Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*) for Robert of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, who had stopped at Salerno on his way back from the Holy Land to be healed of a poisoned wound in the arm. "A romantic tale," Dr. Packard tells us in his History of the School prefixed to the present volume, "states that the physicians told him that there was but one chance for his recovery. This was to have the poison sucked from his wound. His affectionate wife volunteered for this service, but the Duke sternly refused to consider the proposition. Sybilla, not to be daunted, waited until he was sound asleep one night and then proceeded to suck the wound, with most wonderful results, as it healed as if by magic."

Of course modern investigators have tried to show that the poem never was written for Duke Robert, never, in fact, was properly composed at all but just grew up like Topsy. However Dr. Packard seems to be satisfied with the traditional ascription, and what profit is there in discrediting a pretty story which does no one any harm? At any rate the poem ran over the world, taking on many accretions in its course and undergoing many changes. The editors who now offer it for entertainment rather than admonition reproduce the text published by Croke in 1491, with notes giving variations and supplementary lines from the edition of Dr. John Ordronaux in 1870. With the Latin text they print the rhymed version made by John Harington, and published anonymously in 1608 with the entrancing title: *The Englishmans Doctor, or The Schoole of Salerne, or Physicall obseruations for the perfect Preseruing of the body of Man in continuall health.* As an example at once of Harington's English and the Salernian wisdom we quote the opening lines of the poem:

> The *Salerne Schoole* doth by these lines impart
> All health to *Englands King*, and doth aduise
> From care his head to keepe, from wrath his heart,
> Drinke not much wine, sup light, and soone arise,

When meate is gone, long sitting breedeth smart:
And after-noone still waking keepe your eyes.
When mou'd you find your selfe to *Natures Needs*,
Forbeare them not, for that much danger breeds,
Vse three Physicions still; first Doctor *Quiet*,
Next Doctor *Merry-man*, and Doctor *Dyet*.

If the Salerne Schoole gave degrees to no more drastic practitioners than Drs. Quiet, Merry-man, and Diet, it would have been well for the world. The droll thing about the poem is the mixture of common sense in ordinary things with the wildest notions about the properties of herbs and meats. The proper rule of health should seem to have been to consult a physician and then eschew his drugs. However, what was terrible once in practice, may be amusing now to reflection, and this little book is a pleasant addition to that byway of literature of which we spoke. It is adorned with quaint pictures taken from old German woodcuts, and in the notes gives a number of quotations from Gerarde's *Herbal* and other ancient treatises.

X.

With Admiral Sims

Simsadus: London, The American Navy in Europe. By John Langdon Leighton. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

This is at once a lively narrative and a statistical history, with plenty of charts and illustrations. The author was a reserve ensign in service of information at London. He describes the building up of a work which, beginning as a mere mission, eventually included sixteen squadrons scattered from Murmansk to Corfu. Admiral Sims, whose cable address furnishes the title, and his young aide believed the mission of the navy to be a simple one — to prevent the submarines from winning the war by cutting off the munitions of France and the food of England. From this point of view the guarding of the

sea approaches off Ireland was always the main and indispensable concern. To this the mine barrage and even the escort of troop ships were secondary. Ensign Leighton even makes it appear probable that the Germans never intended to divert their submarines from the food blockade to the destruction of transports. They knew that the only way of winning the war on the sea was to starve England; they at once underestimated the menace of the new American armies and also perceived their own inability to check the troop convoys. This single-mindedness of Admiral Sims, based as it was on sound military conceptions, was never shared by the Navy Department, which pursued various and often incompatible aims. Although Mr. Leighton never mentions the controversy between Admiral Sims and Secretary Daniels, his book affords an admirable historical background for the student of the affair.

As to the anti-submarine campaign, the figures are at once sensational and instructive. Our fighting ships sunk only four submarines and damaged seventeen — this in 197 engagements. This seems like a pitifully meagre result for so great an effort. But it was enough to make the submarines ineffectual. It is startling to learn that the average number of submarines operating at one time in British and French waters was only twenty-two, about one-seventh of the fleet. In spite of the fact that these were very accurately located and systematically hunted, very few were destroyed by the patrol craft. During the entire war the Allied navies sunk only twenty-three by gun-fire and thirty-five by depth charges out of a total of 203 destroyed. Such figures stress at once the terrible destructive power of the submarine and the virtual impossibility of denying it the sea. The much advertised North Sea mine barrage destroyed only six U-boats, besides injuring some seventeen. Short of taking the German bases, the most effective method of combating the submarine remained that of so patrolling the surface

that the enemy could do little damage. Success of the patrol should be measured not in fights and smashed "subs" but in diminished sinkings and tonnage safely carried through the danger zone.

The method by which the undersea craft were eventually reduced to impotence is shown in the figures for Plymouth. In May, 1918, there were 65 sinkings within a radius of one hundred miles. Then a force of American submarine chasers was assigned to those waters. The 110 footers got only one fight and destroyed only one "sub," but by July the sinkings had sunk by one-third, — to 45. What was being taken away from the U-boats as the patrol improved was the power to harm and, eventually, the will to win. How Admiral Sims fought for his patrol and how his patrols served is well and vividly told in this excellent book. The statistical tables are as valuable to the student as the text is informative and readable to the layman.

F. J. Mather, Jr.

EN CASSEROLE

Are We Free from Foreign Complications?

HAS the difference between England and Ireland kept us out of the League of Nations, and created most of our municipal corruption?

Prohibition

IT seems pretty well agreed that on the occasion of the Harvard-Yale football game on the 20th of November there was more liquor and worse liquor in evidence than ever before. This was true on the trains, at the game, at the clubs in the evening.

How far does this illustration of the badness of the law offset the many illustrations of its goodness?

How far is it possible to get rid of the badness without doing away with the goodness?

How far does Great Britain's experience of "Dora" indicate that it is a better law than ours?

These questions deserve most serious consideration by all of us, much more than we can give them here.

Our Neighbors' Sins — and Ours

APROPOS of prohibition, do we begin to realize the denial imposed upon us by the aims of our neighbors, — and on our neighbors by the sins of ourselves? It's not a mere question of excess and prohibition. We are the victims of it at every turn. We lately met an interesting illustration.

We wanted to check some baggage by rail to a point to which we were going by auto. When we asked for checks, we offered the baggage master a mileage book. He said, "Are you going with the baggage?" When we said "No," he refused to check it. When we asked what difference our going made, so long as he had the baggage coupons, he said the company had to make the rule because people would buy tickets, check on them, and then get them

redeemed at the ticket office, and the company would have to carry the baggage without receiving any equivalent whatever. I told him that could not be the case if he took my baggage coupons from the mileage book, and he replied, not unreasonably, that the company had not qualified its rule to permit that, and could not make rules to fit all particulars. So I had the bother and double expense of expressing my baggage, because some people will "beat" the company, just as sober people have to go without wine on their tables, and Scotch whisky in their old age, because other people get drunk.

Literature at the Dentist's

A DEMOCRATIC decade must welcome the broadening of the word literature to include the masses of printed matter not formerly admitted to that once aristocratic term. The present paper employs the word literature in this newer sense, today so genially generic as to cover even the appeal of a typewriter or a newly-created tourist Paradise which ingratiatingly offers the prospective purchaser "some literature" descriptive of its advantages. Literature thus popularly defined means simply anything printed for easy instruction or entertainment, which definition causes one sharply to realize how completely both these results elude the reader at the dentist's.

Literature at the dentist's is of the hardy nickel-and-dime variety. It is singularly the same whoever the dentist and wherever his office. A carping spirit may wonder whether the selection is indicative of the dentist's own literary taste or of what he supposes his patients' taste to be. Any one will admit that certain magazines are always conspicuously absent,[1] and when one observes the treatment of those magazines always conspicuously present, one is thankful for the omission. Happily there are some pet periodicals, such as the one now publish-

[1] The editor's dentist is enthusiastic over this REVIEW. Yet it must be admitted that the editor is enthusiastic over his dentist: Mary and the lamb. EDITOR.

ing these words, which need never be connected with certain trepidations in the pit of the stomach. These tremors are associated rather with the lurid crimson cover and thrilling illustration of the more strenuous purveyors to mirth. How flat to the palate tastes the comic column when one's mind is purged by the pity and fear which anticipate the tragedy beyond that closed door!

It distracts a little from our own familiar outer-office sensations to observe other people's reactions to the literary and artistic entertainment provided by the dental profession for our solace during suspense. I frequently visit a waiting-room where one wall-space exhibits an immense photograph of the Coliseum. Have you ever squinted at that familiar shape through half-closed lids? You would recognize its conspicuous resemblance to a fleshless jaw with gaps in the masonry suggestive of bridge work and porcelain crowns. It is not, however, on mural decoration that a dentist relies to distract us. To judge from the appearance of his office, his faith is mistakenly pinned to those sprawled and sat-upon sheets characterized by the provocative foot-note "continued on page 99." Perhaps the lurid romance really is continued on page 99, but the patient is too perturbed to find out. Small difference it makes to a reader whether or not the assassin's dagger penetrates the hero's vitals, when momentarily one images the tweezers gripping one's own most cherished molar.

I wonder by what means the martyrs were amused when they were awaiting the arena. Probably some of them entered the underground passage with the grim nonchalance one notes in some of one's fellow victims in the outer office. Some brave man is seen to enter, and panoplied in stern endurance, to seat himself far from the spread feast of magazines. The inner door opens, a wan woman propels herself through our midst, weakly adjusting a hat-pin. A nurse in chill linen admits a new patient. The grim gentleman fidgets. Beyond the door are stealthy sounds, a stifled protest, the grating of a

drill. Again the door opens, emitting this time a teary child and palpitating mother. The grim gentleman springs toward the table, grabs the first sheet near his hand, knowing neither then nor after perusal what he is reading. It does not matter that in the outer office, the magazines are always six months stale. At the dentist's one may still tremble before the Kaiser trampling us in floating cloak upon a flying steed, quite forgetful that we have since met him photographed in gentle beard and slouching coat as innocuously civilian as Jo's Mr. Baer. While we pretend to ourselves that we are reading, surreptitiously and askance we are watching the fluttered nerves of our companions, and the opening and shutting of that portentous door. Even the literature so carefully prepared for the tired business man fails to divert him at the dentist's. A close study of the waiting patient's reactions to book or paper reveals that literature, whether great or small, is not meant for the perturbed mind. It is a fallacy to regard reading as relaxation; rather it is labor for the taut intellect. We are not half so civilized as we suppose.

Since atavism is never more active than in a dentist's office, it is time some practitioner adjusted his diversion-devices to this fact. Some day an enterprising practitioner will recognize the inadequacy of the periodicals which bestrew his antechamber, and will turn to the zoo for suggestions. He will observe the methods in vogue when a veterinarian operates upon the jaw-bone of a trembling tiger or panicky elephant. How are the beasts of the circus calmed and cajoled into opening their mouths to the surgeon? There, surely no one offers a poor molar-maddened monkey a magazine!

Apart from the zoo there are other sources where a dentist who is honestly seeking efficacious amusement for his patients may find fresh inspiration. Outside of the menagerie there are in active use forms of entertainment far more direct and primitive than the sophisticated expedient of reading-matter. It remains for some dentist

to dispense entirely with literature as a means of allaying terror, and to install instead a jazz band that may successfully drown the sounds escaping from his chair; a still more popular innovation might be inaugurated by spreading upon the ceiling, during such time as a patient's face is extended in pained contemplation of the same, the antic gambols of Charlie Chaplin or the hair-raising adventures of William Hart.

Advice to Young Interviewers

INTERVIEWING was once a comfortable, law-abiding art, followed by studious and respectable men for the benefit of a public with simple tastes and tolerant hearts. In the quiet days before jazz bands, shimmying, shuttles, and snappy interviewing, it was permissible to begin one's article in some such fatuous way as this, —

"When I saw Hall Caine lately in his sweet little home among the mountains of the Lake Country, he was bedding a row of heather the while he discussed some of his recent books with Malloch McClough, the well known political leader."

The good humored reader of the Nineties knew that we could be depended upon in a reasonable course of time to ask Mr. Caine what he considered the trend of modern fiction to be, whether he thought there was much jealousy among literary men, and other questions of an equally popular and engrossing nature. In the meantime he was content to sentimentalize over the sweet little home and the Scotch heather. But the day has long since passed when people could afford to sentimentalize over homes and heather. Unless there is a very good reason no one wants to read of men in their own homes and you will give a deal more satisfaction if you take them out to lunch and snap up the attack in some such way as this.

"Fi-fi-fo-fum!" said Mr. Leacock as he lashed his chop to bits. "The bond between England and America ought

to be subsidized. Moreover there should be an accident policy for humorists. Suppose I lose my humor? What then? How could I go on with my political economy?"

If possible insert on the side, little touches which will expose your large knowledge of the world. When interviewing Theodore Dreiser remember to mention that he is brother to Paul Dresser, who wrote *Just tell them that you saw me.* Many people who have never heard of Theodore Dreiser are intimate friends of that song. Do not fail to include in your article on the Countess Zodiac the fact that she wears digitated stockings. Everyone, be he great or small, will be interested in that. It is no longer permissible to describe a man as a "great big breezy athlete," or as "sitting at his desk in shirtsleeves and sombrero, writing notices for the *Daily Star.*" These primitive methods went out with horse-cars and bustles, and even though the latter may be considered indecent they are no longer in vogue. I have seen a look almost of hatred pass over the face of a dignified playwright on reading a description of himself sitting in his shirtsleeves.

There are rare occasions when the old fashioned descriptive pattern might serve even yet, were it not for the odious habit of exacting promises from the long-suffering interviewer. Take the case of a Bulgarian prince recently arrived in the country, whom it is your good fortune to have known in Roumania. You write to him laying bare a few facts concerning the article on his views of America which you are about to publish, and he replies most courteously, offering permission to quote him as having said anything. "But don't for the nom de dieu say anything about my long painting smock, the green and purple studio, my temper, or the wolf hounds; and don't, I implore, try to imitate my accent." He is a man familiar with the profession, and utterly heartless. The article is ruined, as you can see at a glance. Take away the wolf hounds and the accent alone, and there is no use writing it.

Of all types, the most annoying is the man who begins by

telling you that he could interview you much better than you are interviewing him, he having been a police reporter on the *Indianapolis Record*. Now this is all very well, and may be true, but why be cruel? He opens the interview thus —

"What did you conceive the inspiration of my book to be, Madame X?" It is not necessary to answer. One of the best things about *The Earthworm* was a very evident lack of inspiration — and besides there isn't time.

"Well, it was my wife," he laughs coyly, "you will find that she is the inspiration of all that I do. By the way, I should like to have her talk with you about her work on the psycho-analysts. I'll get her down."

We pass over the next half hour.

Note: Beware of the man who tells you that his wife is the finest woman in the world. He has nothing to say, or he wouldn't say that. Leave him untouched.

It is idle to suppose that interviews have really taken place. Such faith is not only childish but pitiful. In nine cases out of ten the interviewer plans the entire operation, writing out the questions and most of the answers, to save trouble; gets the celebrity's permission and fits him in as neatly as may be. In the other nine cases the celebrity does the whole thing and leaves it to the interviewer to adjust himself. The second method is extremely pleasant, enabling the interviewer to make himself appear a really clever fellow — there is no limit in fact to what he can make of himself in this way.

Sometimes the subject eliminates himself entirely, and this is of all possibilities the most pleasant. We use as an illustration the entirely charming publisher whom you have been sent to question in the interests of the poets. He is a jolly plump person, who greets you in the nicest way imaginable with —

"Oh, let's not have any interview. I don't know anything about poetry. You come along and have some lunch with me, and then go back to your office and say

I have said anything you like; but don't worry me now. I have a meeting of publishers, underwriters, and landlords in an hour, and I need food."

The tenth case — i. e. — the hand-to-hand interview where the principal and co-respondent really meet with serious intent, is apt to be painful all around. We do not deny that it is sometimes well for an interviewer to have met his victim, just as it is for a reviewer to have read his book; but unless it can be arranged in some underhanded manner, such as having the interviewer come disguised as a friend, and reveal his identity only upon the moment of departure, it is an inhuman proceeding, and should not be taken up by any except the stout hearted and heavy handed.

Hypnagogic Dreams

We do not remember seeing any attempt to correlate hypnagogic dreams with the rest of our experiences, and there seems some reason to hope that doing it would shed some light on our deeper dream experiences, including those which seem to come from agencies outside of ourselves. In the hope of encouraging others to send us their experience for comparison, we give our own.

I. With us, the dreams do not always precede sleep. Generally we go to sleep without them, and sometimes lie awake long after them.

II. We think they come oftenest in a condition of moderate fatigue, especially in the absence of a customary nap before dinner.

III. They are apt to be grouped around some special type. Once they were all Watteau. Sometimes they are national — Dutch, Japanese, Chinese, or of a period — Puritan, Colonial or the Spanish Ascendancy. At other times they are a jumble of various nationalities or periods.

IV. Sometimes the faces contort, like the gutta-percha faces children used to pinch into all sorts of grimaces, sometimes change into one another, generally follow in succession.

V. Once we noted that their expressions seemed to comment on our passing thoughts. Since, we have had two or three slight impressions of the same kind, but hardly enough to be worthy of comment.

VI. Once very lately we distinctly noticed that attempts to think brought on the visions so that they obstructed thought. Probably this has been true before but unnoticed.

VII. As a rule there are several faces at once.

VIII. Four or five times in reading or writing we have been troubled with visions of arabesques or perhaps mere spots on the paper. They began in very faint colors, and sometimes matured to bright red. They may come only once or twice in a day, but on one occasion they came often in two or three consecutive days, when one evening they were varied by showers of bright colored spots averaging an eighth of an inch in diameter against the dark fire-place or white wainscoting, different colors for each. That night in the hypnagogic dreams, these spots seemed to be replaced by myriads of little figures, mainly or entirely Japanese, a couple of inches high like little dolls but apparently alive, crowding together and moving among each other. They were so crowded that I could see little but the heads. They seemed to fill the whole range of vision.

IX. Sometimes the visions are kaleidoscopic variations on an inanimate figure. Recently they started with a bright metal object of various colors half between a candlestick and a lantern. It kept varying its shape.

X. The experiences are on the whole pleasant, though generally grotesque and sometimes verging on the horrible.

XI. They do not seem to have any bad effects, but we doubt if they are quite normal, especially as they have had the slight association above indicated with fatigue, and once or twice, very definite association with disturbed vision.

If you have similar experiences, pray send them to us, and we will see if we can discover any more laws pervading them.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

OPINION divides sharply upon the inner meaning of the overwhelming defeat of the Democrats in the election. Some talked rather wildly of misguided and maudlin sympathy with Sinn Fein Ireland and perverse if yearning tenderness for defeated Germany as motive powers behind that tidal wave. Some will have it that it was an uprising of good Americans against the wicked Wilson plot to reduce this free cisatlantic nation to a state of vassalage to the transpontine powers of discord and darkness. Some say that the vote convicts the American people of narrow selfishness and a mean disregard of a manifest duty to humanity. Others view the whole affair as the return of a penitent and affrighted electorate to the safe fold of the grand old Republican Party, after a lamentable adventure with the Democratic wolves. Still others hint that the women did it — or a lot of it.

It seems safe to say, however, that disgust with Mr. Wilson's party and disillusion with regard to Mr. Wilson's policies was at least a more active agent than was any clear popular faith in the promises of the party of Mr. Wilson's enemies. The country wanted a new deal — and nothing that Mr. Harding, with reservations, said against the League of Nations, and nothing that Mr. Cox dutifully said for the League availed to turn the country from its fixed resolve to make that new deal sure.

As was written in the installment of this survey which preceded the election, the advertised and publicly debated issue between the parties was a forced issue. The Republicans had to be against the League because the Democrats had to be for the League. If either party had been free to choose, they might quite conceivably have changed sides.

The result would have been the same. In other words, Mr. Wilson's "solemn referendum" upon the League was

nothing of the sort. Not the League was condemned and utterly repudiated, but the Wilson method of trying to force the country to swallow whole the League potion as prescribed. Sentiment against European entanglements as dangerous and inconvenient for American business and American homefolk's cherished habits is strong, deep-rooted, and generally diffused. Sentiment for the idea of a league of nations to prevent or minimize the chances of war is likewise generally diffused. It is vague as to form and it is not so deep-rooted in the soil as the other sentiment, but it is no merely idealist aspiration. It is backed by potent and primitive instincts of caution and conscious considerations of self-interest.

It was the misfortune of the administration that the League in the concrete, as fetched back from Paris bottled up and neatly labeled by the Democratic President, was presented to the people in such fashion as to seem to array these two sentiments against each other instead of hitching them in double harness to pull together for the league idea. That might have been done reasonably enough — or so it would appear. But it was not done.

Thus the League issue made political capital for its enemies and not for its friends. It became a two-edged sword in the hands of the Republicans and as harmless as a clown's prodigious brandished sausage in the hands of the Democratic campaigners. All the while, the more intelligent politicians on both sides were perfectly aware that neither party could hope to put over Mr. Wilson's League *cap-à-pie*. Equally, all the while, most of these wise ones seem to have been fairly clear in their own minds that some league of nations there must be. And such old hands could hardly avoid the suspicion that the actual league of nations, as finally accepted by this country, would be very much the same kind of league, whatever party furnished the President and Senate that voted and signed it.

This suspicion, firmly lodged in the minds of considerate

persons not politicians, enabled many worthy citizens to vote for Mr. Harding with at least average good conscience — in spite of Mr. Harding's campaign deliverances against the League. And the same suspicion dimly shadowed in the minds of less considerate persons was far from being a negligible factor in the general apathy on the whole question of League or half a League or no League. For that general apathy was a palpable fact, enthusiastic pro-League publicists to the contrary, notwithstanding.

In short, what really happened on November 2d was this: The men and women of America with a sweeping and unceremonious gesture rejected a boss. They did not do it because he was a bad boss, or even merely because he was a school-masterly boss — though being schoolmastered is not long to be endured with equanimity by any free people. They did it simply because he *was* a boss.

Everybody was thoroughly and unscrupulously bossed throughout the war, and everybody stood for it as a thing that had to be stood for in order to win the war. But a fierce distaste for bosses was engendered in all but the meekest breasts. Mr. Wilson, as the boss pre-eminent ex-officio (and by intellectual habit and academic training) got the full brunt of the reaction. Mr. Wilson's party went with Mr. Wilson. It had no character or personality otherwise and so far as the legislative and administrative personnel was concerned, it could be scrapped as unconcernedly as the tardy unused airplanes and eagle boats that represented in a not too discriminating popular imagination the reduction to the absurd of the achievement of complicating for the country the job of getting with credit through our share of the great war.

Thrust upon us and accepted reluctantly though that affair was, once in, our pride was engaged and no party in power could have made us shirk the task. No wonder, then, that the Democratic party now gets less credit for

winning the war than it got for keeping us out of war — till the presidential election of 1916 was safely over.

As to particular features of the election, quite absurd conclusions might be drawn from the way it looks on the map — with everything south of Mason and Dixon's line (Tennessee excepted) Democratic, and everything north of it Republican. That does not mean that the late Confederate States voted "Aye" in the solemn referendum in which the other states of the present Union voted "No." It merely means that those states still have their negro problem and cannot afford yet, as a matter of practical administration of home affairs, the luxury of two parties. The Democratic Party just after the Civil War got the job as trustee for white civilization down there. It regularly gets its vote of confidence on the simple basis of delivering the goods in that trusteeship. If national issues get mixed up in the election they are not allowed to count toward the defeat of the Democratic ticket.

So far as the issues of this campaign were concerned, it is safe to say that the South felt not very differently from the rest of the country. The proof is the victory of the Republicans in Tennessee where the negro problem, except in the Memphis section, does not count heavily. Breaches in the Solid South are possible in exact proportion as that problem is eliminated. And this is most simply and automatically accomplished where the number of negroes can be stated in terms of modest fractions as related to the number of whites. Such is the case in Tennessee.

The effect of the woman's vote — beyond adding a good third to all the totals — is hard to figure in this, the first Presidential election in which the women of all the states have had the right of suffrage. It does appear, however, that the women used to an unexpected extent their own, and not their menfolks', judgment. In a general way,

public clamor about the League issue had more real effect on them. It worked both ways. But, where one woman voted for Mr. Cox because she believed the people who told her the League would keep us out of war, it is to be suspected that two or three voted for Mr. Harding because they believed what they had been told about those fearsome European entanglements consequent upon Article X of the League. To these women European entanglements meant sending back to fight somewhere over-seas cherished male belongings who had only recently returned from France. None of that for them. They probably put the case to themselves just as simply as it is stated here. The blame is hardly theirs if they failed to envisage Article X (as Mr. Wilson at the eleventh hour directed us all to do) as the one thing that would chain up the war demon still lurking in nations predaceously minded. That much buffeted article had been too cleverly advertised in the other aspect.

As to organized labor's share in the Republican victory the magnitude of the figures is clear proof that it was at least not labor's vote that turned the scale. It may be argued, however, that the official association of Mr. Harding with the McKinley tradition of High Tariff and protection for high wages counted for something with the not wholly disinterested labor voter — as it certainly did with the sedulous nurses of industrial war babies, viewing with unconcealed alarm the idea of an unsheltered future for their charges under peace-time conditions of international competition. These war babies were responsible for more than their share of that inflation of wages which has since the war operated so universally toward the reduction of per capita production, and counts, therefore, as a double factor in the H. C. L.

At all events protection for war-babies and organized labor is good old-fashioned Republican doctrine with a good old-fashioned Civil War record. It remains so,

whether Mr. Gompers is or is not a fair judge of the effect of the consciously directed union labor vote in punishing particular enemies and rewarding particular friends of labor's private cause.

Symptoms of public indigestion induced by Constitutional Prohibition have been observed in many quarters and suspected in others. Whether people's views on that question affected the election it is impossible to determine, though it is true that the victorious Republicans made more unequivocal profession of bone-dryness than their defeated rivals, and inferences may be drawn accordingly by those whose wishes run that way.

The fact is, of course, that the pinch of real Prohibition has not yet come. Even the official agents of the prohibitory powers admit that. The constitution notwithstanding, the traffic in liquor continues, and the person whose taste in drinks has refused to conform to law has pretty generally found means of satisfying his illegal thirst, if not of pleasing his cultivated palate. In the large cities, certainly, Prohibition is not yet a fact. It is a staggering item in the highest cost of living, a whet to ingenuity, a cross to lovers of good wine and mellow old liquors, and a corrupter of private taste and public manners. This is true in spite of the liberally advertised activities of the Federal army of enforcement agents, the closing of many corner saloons and the apparent monopoly enjoyed by ice water as a beverage in respectable hotels and club dining rooms.

What will happen when Prohibition does indeed, begin to prohibit is something which may affect the next election more seriously. The recent Supreme Court decision that a man may store his private stock elsewhere than in his own home constitutes, so far, the only high official or judicial action which may be construed as reflecting a sense that the popular will toward bone-dryness has been over-shot by the zeal of the regulators.

By the middle of November the promised cuts in the cost of the necessities and luxuries of life had proceeded from the centre of supply outward to points where they were visible to the anxious eye of the ultimate consumer. Clothing purchased in shops not too proud to fight for the common people's trade was sensibly cheaper, and conscientious housewives reported that food for the family, even in the cities, did not cost quite as much as it did last year. The reductions were a long way off from restoring the balance between income and outgo, but they could sometimes be expressed in respectable percentages. There were even signs of a realization on the part of the landlords that rents could not be pushed any higher on any pretext of housing shortage, that they might even have to be reduced in cases where it was a question of getting a tenant for tenantless quarters. Such a thing was unheard of a year, or even six months ago, in New York, at least. The landlord preferred to let the unmarketable flat stand vacant. The general level of rents in the more considerable cities continued, nevertheless, dangerously above the level of the average income of the city dweller with a family to be housed, and the courts continued the policy of refusing to enforce evictions.

Scandalous exposures in regard to graft paid to labor leaders in connection with building operations and evidence of collusion between the union managers and the contractors in sky-rocketing the prices of such operations have upset the hitherto accepted conservative theory that the failure of building to keep pace with housing demands was a necessary and unavoidable consequence of the war. That being the case, the prospect of speeding up necessary building seems less desperate than it did before the Lockwood Committee and Mr. Untermyer uncovered the activities now associated in the public mind with John T. Hettrick and his one per cent. As a matter of fact, casual observation shows that a not negligible amount of

building is going on in New York City, for instance, and that the difficulty of finding a place to live is seriously increased by the number of apartments being obstinately held for rents higher than they can command in the present declining market.

Across the Atlantic, this chronicle's last number left Poland in the centre of the stage at the interesting moment of her rescue from the outstretched hand of Lenin. The French and their General Weygand got the credit for that salvage job, which had seemed to England and the rest of Europe a forlorn hope. About the end of October, the Poles, after continued successes in arms over seemingly demoralized Red forces, were signing a tentative peace with the Soviet Government at Moscow, a peace which gave Poland boundaries to eastward more advantageous than those provided by the Allied stipulations under which Poland was reconstituted as a nation.

Polish armies had overrun the disputed territory and the Soviet powers merely resigned what they were unable to keep. As the spokesmen of these powers make no pretense of keeping faith with other nations, this scrap of paper (whatever its terms) may be regarded as of small importance compared with the Poles' physical ability to keep their armies on the line they have won.

Shortly after this signing, General Weygand was reported dispatched to the aid of Baron Wrangel, who was retiring upon his base in the Crimea under heavy pressure from Red troops apparently not in the least demoralized. The situation was thus the reverse of that which had existed earlier, when the Poles stood with their backs to the wall and Wrangel was putting up the front which emboldened the French, without waiting for the aid, consent or advice of Mr. Lloyd George, to recognize his South Russian government. Wrangel has not justified the high hopes of his admirers. The first week in November found his levies retiring before the Bolshevist advance and the

French professing that they had done all they could for him. November 7 he was reported holding the isthmus of Perekop, the land gate of the Crimean peninsula, and quoted as declaring that the enemy should not pass. November 14 his armies were practically wiped out by the victorious Reds. He himself took refuge aboard a French war-ship and Allied vessels began evacuating the civilian population of the Crimea. It was said that the Red army, skillfully generaled, had turned the flank of the defenders of the isthmus by crossing on the ice of the frozen sea, and that they admitted heavy losses. Other reports spoke of mutiny in Wrangel's forces.

Simultaneously with the accomplishment of this coup in the Crimea came the announcement that the Soviet representative at the Riga peace meeting was already accusing the Poles of violating the terms of the so recently signed preliminary peace treaty. November 20, negotiations for the permanent peace were reported broken off by the Reds, who alleged that certain bodies of Polish troops remained east of the armistice line.

Reports which got into print under Washington dates around November 5 asserted that Lenin had actually been put on trial by the Central Soviet in Moscow. The Red dictator (these reports pretended) was charged with being a grafter and a tyrant. Information as to the outcome of the trial was naïvely admitted to be lacking. At the same time dispatches by way of London quoted Lenin as saying that the food crisis in Russia was more acute than ever, that Moscow and other cities were paralyzed by famine and that the Red army was insufficiently rationed. In both these stories may be suspected the hand of the press-agents of that exiled Russia which would willingly win home again if Russia were another color. The extent to which the first yarn was displayed in the conservative press reflects the something more than willingness in that quarter to believe the worst about the Soviet State.

Yet it was just at that time that Mr. H. G. Wells was asserting that the Soviet Government was the only government the Russians would have, and laying the blame for the distressful plight of the country, not upon the Reds, but upon old dead Russia and old dead Russia's backers, the Allied powers.

As a matter of fact, Bolshevist rule still holds its own against all comers in most of what used to be the Russia of the Czars. The Red victory in the Crimea meant not only the elimination of Wrangel from the immediate problem but the defeat or discredit of that aggressive French policy which had seemed to score so handsomely in Poland. It left a wide opening for the opportunists of the other policy — that toward which the British Government had been inclining for so many months. All but formal recognition of the Soviet Government was implied in the terms of the agreement for the resumption of "peaceful trade relations" which Mr. Lloyd George on the 18th of November announced as ready to be submitted to the ruling powers at Moscow. This agreement provides for the mutual exchange between the parties of "agents" with the duties and privileges if not the titles of regular diplomatic representatives.

Comfort for those to whom this prospect is grievous is hardly to be found in the development in the Near East, where hopeful plans of Bolshevization seemed well on the way to success when the Turkish Nationalist forces, fortified with Red aid and comfort, engineered the three spear-head coup which resulted in the conquest of Armenia. This business began some time back, when, upon promises of Red backing, Mustapha Kemal Bolshevized officially by proclamation his own warlike followers. Lenin propaganda in Persia and thereabouts diverted from the immediate scene British forces in that quarter in spite of the strengthening of these forces by additional troops fetched from India to make Mesopo-

tamia safe for the Empire. Perhaps the Allied warships in the Black sea had their weather eye too singly fixed upon Wrangel and his concerns to attend properly to the job of disturbing evil communications between the Sovietized Tartar and his friend the Sovietized (by proclamation) Turk.

Even so the Armenians (refusing to stay dead in spite of Turkish massacre parties) obstinately resisted giving assistance or even connivance to the program of the unholy alliance. They held out stoutly till the middle of November while Mustapha Kemal was supposed to have his hands full with the Greeks and the French. Some say neither Greeks nor French were wholly reluctant to leaving the Armenians to their fate. At all events the overthrow of the Armenian military power seems to have been complete, before the League of Nations assembly in Geneva got started upon the plan of saving Armenia by deputizing some particular nation to treat with Kemal, nominally in the eyes of international stipulations no better than an outlaw.

However, the East is still the East. It may meet the West in a Bolshevist Near-Eastern masquerade. But "Divide and massacre" is the slogan of that part of the world, subject though it is of international agreements without number.

November saw in its first week the belated announcement of the terms of the secret British-French-Italian agreement about the division of the spoils (otherwise spheres of influence) in Asia Minor. The details of the instrument hardly matter, but it is interesting to note that it was executed at Sèvres, August 10, the day of the public ceremonial of the signing of the Turkish peace treaty. Immediately upon the publication of the tripartite agreement, the Government at Constantinople announced that the present was not an opportune time for the ratification of that treaty. It appears that France got less than hopeful Frenchmen expected, that Italy got

what she particularly needed in the control of the coal mines of Herakleia, and that Great Britain figured as a sort of residuary legatee of opportunities and responsibilities.

That has been the British rôle in international affairs for some time past. In the case in hand it appears that the responsibilities are the more serious element in the situation, and that the willingness of the other powers to leave the British sphere undefined was at least partly due to a sense of the weight of these responsibilities.

The death of the young King Alexander of Greece, October 25, left Prime Minister Venizelos still seemingly completely master of the destinies of Hellas, though the event from the first fluttered somewhat the hopes of the partizans of ex-King Constantine. The prompt offer of the throne to Constantine's son Paul followed, and the reply of the cadet of the house, though it made a decent show of respect for the prior rights of his father and elder brother, testified at the same time to the general disposition of the royal exiles in Switzerland not to stand on punctillios of primogeniture when it was a question of keeping a crown in the family. There are not many crowns left.

The complete overthrow of the crafty Cretan in the Greek elections of November 14, in spite of his control of the electoral machinery, seems to have been singularly unexpected in those quarters from which foreign news is officially disseminated. Since the event, however, there is evidence that the true state of feeling among the Greeks with regard to Venizelos and his policies was not hidden from observers in whom Allied predilections did not efface the impression of the facts. The ministry of M. Rhallis presumably represents current Greek feeling more nearly than that which it replaced. But when this was written the plebiscite of November 28 had not yet decided whether Constantine was to return as King instead of one of his sons more in Allied good graces. Meantime, owing largely to the defeated Venizelos's vaulting ambition in pursuit

of his grandiose schemes for a Greater Greece, Athens may still flatter herself that the centre of Levantine politics and intrigue has shifted from the shores of the Golden Horn to the shadow of the Acropolis.

A state of guerilla warfare of a particularly uncivil civil sort has prevailed in Ireland for many months. It began with Irish patriots (of Sinn Fein sea-green incorruptible hue) killing Irish policemen and British soldiers. At first the police were generally patient. They usually only arrested and jailed the homicidal patriots. But the patriots grew so persistent in homicide that the regulars of the Royal Irish Constabulary had to be reinforced by auxiliary constables. These auxiliaries, recruited in England and Scotland and known as Black and Tans proved woefully deficient in that sense of humor which alone can make a policeman's lot a happy one. When from ambush and otherwise the exuberant patriots began to kill these men their comrades could not see the joke. Apparently also they failed, in their inexperience, to realize that it is a policeman's business to get killed, not to kill. Most of them were ex-soldiers who had seen service on the Western Front. They had been trained in the business of soldiers — which is to kill the enemy.

The Sinn Feiners openly professed to be the enemy — to regard the police not as guardians of the public peace but as hostile invaders. They treated them accordingly. The new recruits accepted the assigned rôle in good faith, and began a series of retaliatory raids upon Irish towns and villages. This conduct, irreconcilable with any decent idea of the function of a police force, and officially inexcusable, is, nevertheless, perfectly consonant with human nature and logic. The raiding and burning of towns and villages by the police has now become as much a matter of course as the raiding and burning of barracks and other public buildings by the Sinn Fein. Both sides shoot to kill, and one victim is as good as another.

Sunday, November 21, armed gangs invaded hotels and lodgings in Dublin and murdered fourteen British officers connected with the administration of that court-martial law which the disordered state of the country has put in the place of the ordinary civil processes. The same day troops and police fired into a crowd gathered for a foot-ball match at Croke Park. It appears that a cordon had been thrown around the place with the hope of catching some of the murderers and it is charged that Sinn Fein pickets fired first upon the military.

Obviously, it is an intolerable state of affairs in a civilized country. But Ireland is not a civilized country. It has been "pacified" several times in the picturesque course of its history. But the wild Irishman is still wild — even when it is only with an amiable wildness.

Condemned to serve time for sedition against the British Government, Terence MacSwiney Lord Mayor of Cork, died in Brixton Prison, October 25, after seventy-four days of hunger strike. This second death among the recalcitrant men of Cork furnished the occasion for bitter attacks upon England wherever, the world over, Irishmen of Sinn Fein leanings were to be found. The resolution of MacSwiney and the others to die rather than submit to be fed by their jailors — and to die in a peculiarly lingering manner — is the sort of resolution no man may despise when it holds through to the bitter end. The right of rebellion against any government is a natural, if not a legal, right which carries with it the privilege of dying for the cause in behalf of which it is exercised.

However, neither the temper of Ireland nor the temper of the Government in the making of which Ireland so largely shares, was helped by the spectacle of these men's long agony. In spite of all the conciliatory suggestions of Lord Grey, Mr. Asquith and others, the Irish question is seemingly as far from settlement as ever. Ireland is

still divided against itself, and the orange stripe in the flag of the *soi-disant* Irish Republic does not heal that division. England dare not for her own sake give all of Ireland all of what some irreconcilable Irishmen think they want. It is not to be forgot that in the crisis of the war with Germany these irreconcilables did not scruple to prefer their private grudge to the whole world's salvation.

Nor is it to be forgot, either, that these irreconcilables owe most of their power and financial backing to the adherence of Irishmen who have ceased to be British subjects or residents of Ireland. Many are voting citizens of this country and feed at the public crib as office holders here. At the meeting at the Polo Grounds in New York to glorify the martyr MacSwiney and crucify the British Government as his murderer, Irish expatriates and their sympathizers found protection under the flag of the United States, and the Governor of New York and an official representative of the Mayor of New York lent the countenance of their presence. It can hardly be argued that the right of British subjects of Irish race and residence to rebel — at their own proper peril — against any government set over them, operates to invest our citizens of Irish race with the right to wage war against a friendly power. The complexion of that meeting, therefore, made it an argument, not for, but against recognition by Great Britain of an Irish nation existent, if at all, largely, as the old ecclesiastical phrase went, "*in partibus infidelium*" — that is to say otherwhere than in Ireland.

Attempts of little mobs of American so-called Irish patriots to tear down British flags displayed as a part of Armistice Day decorations were not pretty international incidents. But in this case, at least, the official decencies were observed. The New York police defended the right of the Union Jack to its place in the festival color scheme.

With Ireland relapsed into a sort of savagery, organized labor, through the mine workers, on the road as a licensed

highwayman, and international police duties accumulating in number and complexity, Great Britain has had her hands full. Whether that agile opportunist Mr. Lloyd George has been the best pilot of the ship of state in such troubled waters is a question upon which a variety of opinion has been expressed. In a general sort of way, however, the little Welshman seems to have got away with the job. So far at least, the ship has kept off the rocks. Whether a less tricky helmsman would have been able to steer a straighter course in international and home affairs and still avoid disaster is a question of more curious interest than practical importance.

M. Millerand, no longer Premier but President of France, since the retirement of M. Deschanel, has apparently been able so far to keep his policies going in spite of his misfortune in being kicked up-stairs. Enlarged presidential powers, if not a permanent result of his acceptance of that office of dignity and helplessness, are his for the present at least. France even with Wrangel beaten has not shown as yet any disposition to tread softly in dealings with Soviet Russia. And arrangements for the conference of the powers upon the German indemnity were reported to be such as, in the main, meet the views of the French Government, though it is evident that British influence is still directed rather toward mitigating the conditions than toward strict enforcement.

The second anniversary of Armistice Day, November 11, found a state of affairs which must be discouraging to the prophets of millennial pacifism who filled the air with their glad cries when the fighting ceased on that Western Front where it was fondly believed the last great battle of the world had been fought and won. Not one of the warring nations has returned to a peace footing according to pre-war standards in the matter of the military establishment — unless it be Germany, where the victors have imposed at least a nominal partial disarmament.

Each other first-class power maintains a larger army and a larger navy than it ever did in peace days before. And each of the new nations, created under the pretty principle of self-determination, has its army, which is usually or often engaged in fighting the army of another new nation with a view to determining what self-determination means in some border region of inextricably mixed racial complexion. At least a score of wars are going on in various parts of the world. The theory of the settling of international disputes by negotiation and peaceful give-and-take has never been more honored in the breach than since the organization of the League of Nations.

That does not prove that a league of nations is a bad idea. The present League of Nations was sadly crippled at birth. Crippled as it is, it has already exercised a restraining influence, without which there might easily have been even more wars going on. The first assembly of the League met in Geneva, November 15th, with forty-one nations, big and small, represented. Four committees with forty-two nations represented upon each were presently employed upon getting matters in shape for full Assembly action. The privilege of secrecy was allowed these committees, but with so many commissioners party to all that was going on the veil of silence was not impenetrable. The idea of the immediate admission of the late enemy nations to League privileges failed to win general or sufficient favor, and Germany, Austria, and Turkey remain for the present outside the gates. A minor action not without significance was the employment of a military force (borrowed from the signatories) but designated as the League's own to supervise the Polish-Lithuanian plebiscite. Steps taken or sought to be taken with regard to Armenia may also be regarded as indicating at least a disposition to make of the League not a mere pacifist influence but a true league to enforce peace — *vi et armis*, if need be.

HENRY IRVING BROCK.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY JERSEY CITY, N. J. O.K. MNCR

THE COSMIC RELATIONS AND IMMORTALITY

By HENRY HOLT

Editor of The Unpartizan Review

The present interest in psychical research has caused an urgent demand for this new edition of Mr. Holt's "On the Cosmic Relations," which attracted such wide attention on its publication in 1915.

A new Preface, 80 pages of new material, and an extensive bibliography bring down to date the progress of psychical research and Mr. Holt's investigations.

"The most notable contribution since the appearance of Myer's 'Human Personality,' partly because it offers a convenient summary of the evidence for survival, including that accumulated since Myer's death, and by its acute criticism of rival theories makes any other interpretation of that evidence difficult." — *The Nation.*

"The author's personal charm, engaging modesty and warm humor make whatever he touches not only readable, but absorbing and delightful. These two thick volumes are never dull and chill; they capture the imagination and stir the interest like a romance." — *New York Times.*

"One of the most astonishing books that has appeared in years . . . both scientist and layman would do well to struggle through it ponderingly." — *Boston Transcript.*

"An extraordinarily fascinating book admirable alike for the thoroughness with which its underlying theory is worked out, the skill with which the facts are marshalled. It carries a stimulating, heartening message." — *Literary Digest.*

"He asks us to look beyond the material facts of our lives into the larger spiritual universe toward which every fact of evolution unerringly points the way. He is able to substantiate his statements by personal experiences that are remarkable and convincing." — *Review of Reviews.*

"The careful statements by a sensible man of what psychical students are aiming for and what results they believe they have attained." — *New York Sun.*

"A warmly sympathetic survey. . . He perpetually takes the reader into his confidence, and he imparts to his pages an unusual piquancy by a humor that is a strange intermixture of the sardonic and the genial." — *The Bookman.*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 Park St., Boston, Mass. **16 East 40th St., New York**